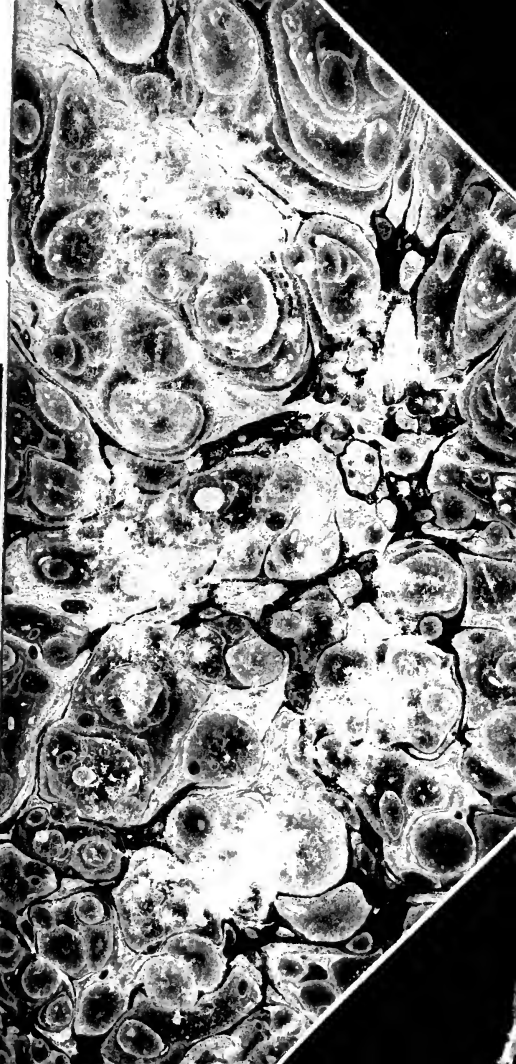


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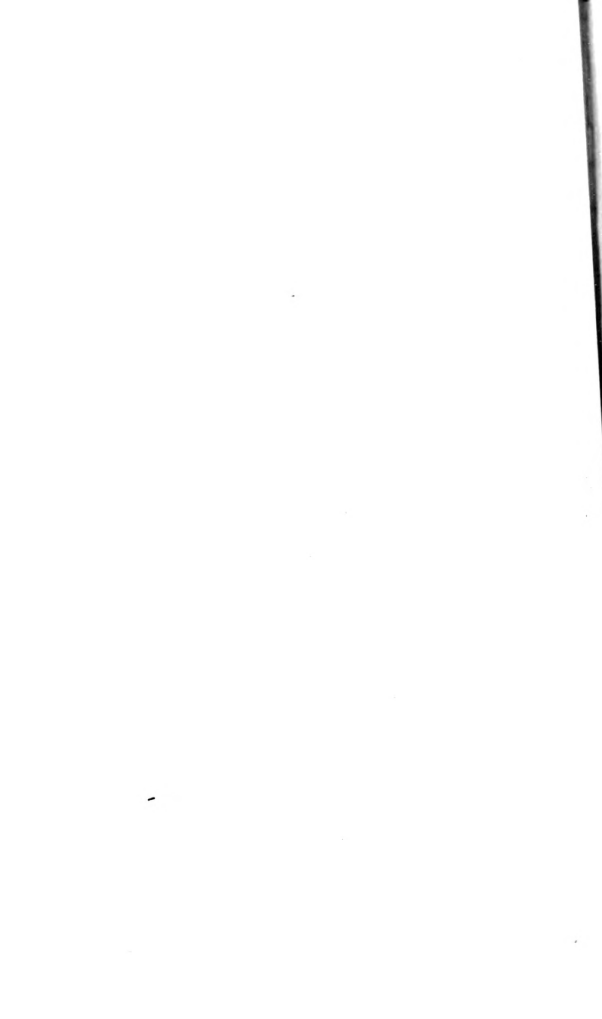




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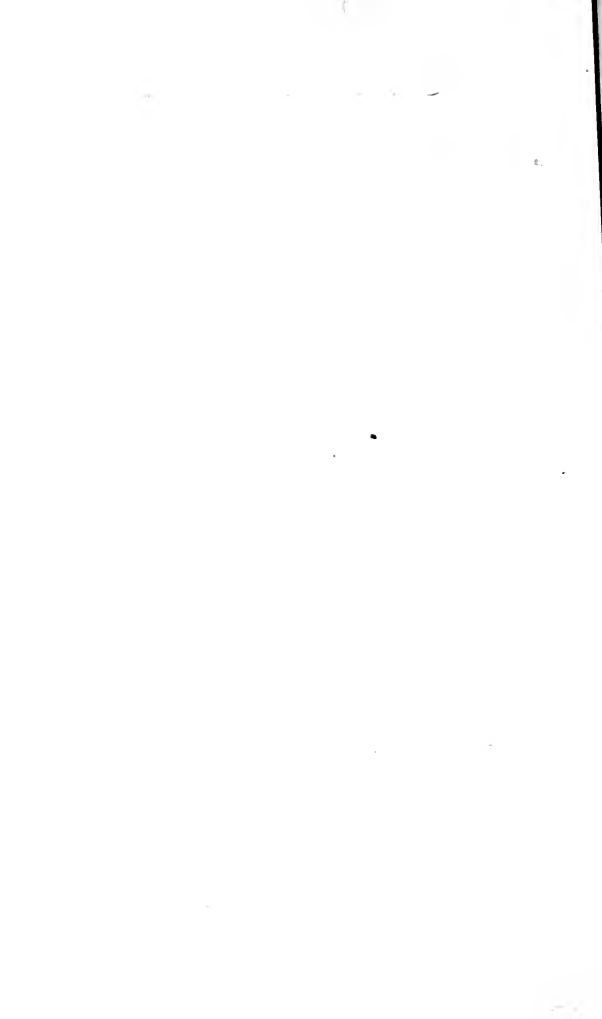
TOPOGRAPHY
OF
Great Britain,
OR,
BRITISH TRAVELLER'S
POCKET DIRECTORY;
BEING AN ACCURATE AND COMPREHENSIVE
TOPOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL DESCRIPTION
OF
ALL THE COUNTIES
IN
England, Scotland, and Wales,
WITH THE
ADJACENT ISLANDS:
ILLUSTRATED WITH
MAPS OF THE COUNTIES,
WHICH FORM
A COMPLETE BRITISH ATLAS.

BY G. A. COOKE, ESQ.

VOL. XXII.
CONTAINING
WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND.


London:

Printed, by Assignment from the Executors of the late C. Cooke,
FOR
SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, PATERNOSTER-ROW :
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



TOPOGRAPHICAL
AND
STATISTICAL DESCRIPTION
OF THE COUNTY OF
WESTMORELAND.

Containing an Account of its

Situation,	Minerals,	Markets,
Extent,	Fisheries,	Curiosities,
Towns,	Manufactures,	Antiquities,
Roads,	Commerce,	Biography,
Rivers,	Agriculture,	Natural History

Civil and Ecclesiastical Jurisdictions, &c.

To which is prefixed,

A COPIOUS TRAVELLING GUIDE :

Exhibiting,

The Direct and principal Cross Roads,

Inns and Distance of Stages,

Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats.

Forming a

COMPLETE COUNTY ITINERARY.

Also,

A LIST OF THE FAIRS;

And an Index Table,

Shewing, at One View, the Distances of the Towns from
London, and from each other.

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER COOKE,

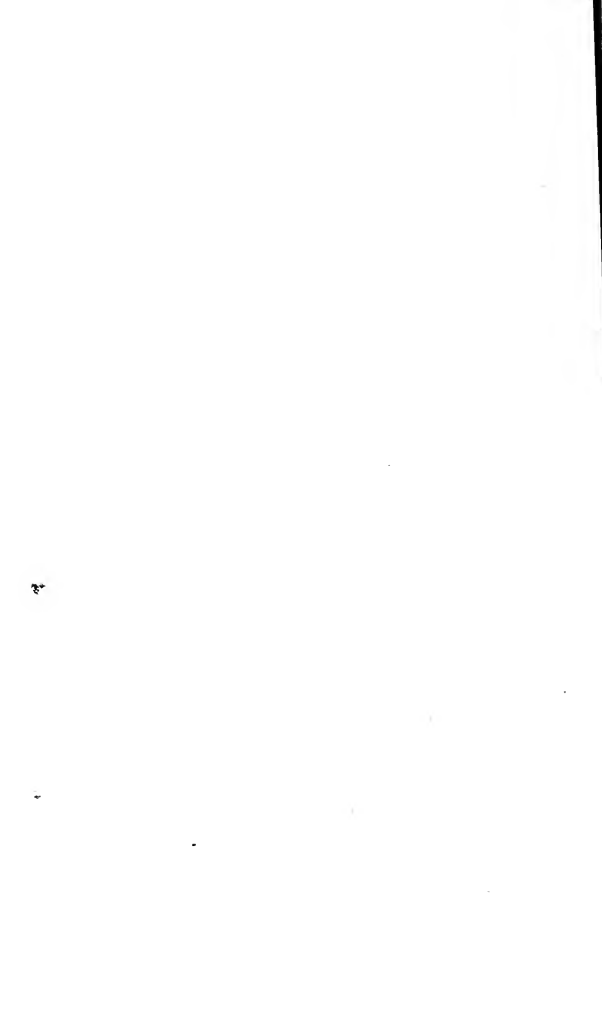
Editor of the Universal System of Geography.

Illustrated with

A MAP OF THE COUNTY.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster Row,
by G. Brimmer, Water Lane, Fleet Street,
And sold by all the Booksellers in
the United Kingdom.



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INDEX OF COMPUTED DISTANCES FROM TOWN TO TOWN, Within the County of Westmoreland.

The names of the respective Towns are on the top and side, and the square where both meet gives the distance.

	Ambleside,	-	Distant from London,	-	Miles,	278
Appleby,	33	Appleby,	-	-	-	270
Brough,	38	8	Brough,	-	-	261
Burton,	24	33	34	Burton,	-	251
Kendal,	14	21	20	10	Kendal,	262
Kirkby Lonsdale	24	30	28	5	12	252
Kirkby Stephen,	34	13	4	33	24	266
Orton,	26	9	14	24	13	267
					23	
					12	
					Orton,	

27 05 52 9

INSPECTION TABLE FOR THE COUNTY OF WESTMORELAND.

<i>Bounded by</i>	<i>Extent.</i>	<i>Contains</i>	<i>Sends to Parliament</i>	<i>Produce and Manufactures.</i>
Cumberland on the north and north-west. On the east by Durham and Yorkshire. And on the south and south-west by Lancashire.	In length about 40 miles, from north-east to south-west. In breadth from 16 to 25 miles.	4 Hundreds. 3 Towns. 8212 Houses. 41,617 Inhabitants. About 450,770 acres of land.	4 Members, viz. 2 for the county 2 for the town of Appleby.	Good corn and grass. The chief manufactures are stockings and woollen cloth.
Westmoreland is included in the Northern Circuit, and in the Province of York.				

AN ITINERARY

of all the

DIRECT AND PRINCIPAL CROSS ROADS

IN

WESTMORELAND.

In which are included the STAGES, INNS, and
GENTLEMEN'S SEATS.

N. B. The first Column contains the Names of Places passed through; the Figures that follow shew the Distances from Place to Place, Town to Town, and Stages; and in the last Column are the names of Gentlemen's Seats and Inns. The right and left of the Roads are distinguished by the letters R and L.

JOURNEY FROM ROTHER BRIDGE TO EMONT BRIDGE,

THROUGH KIRKBY-STEPHEN, BROUGH, AND APPLEBY.

Rother Bridge to Ravenstone Dale	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Two miles and a half beyond, on L. a T. R. to Kendal and Orton.			
— — —			Within two miles of Kirkby Stephen, on R. Wharton Park, Lord Lowther.
KIRKBY STEPHEN	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	
At Kirkby Ste- phen, on R. a T. R. to Askrig.			Hartley Castle, Sir John Chardin Musgrave, bart. R.
Brough Sowerby	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	
BROUGH	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	12 $\frac{3}{4}$	
— — —			— Preston, esq. L.
APPLEBY	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	21	Inn—King's Head. Rev. John Moore, and the Castle, Earl of Thanet.
At Appleby, on L. a T. R. to Ken- dal.			
Crackenthorp	2	23	

Kirkbythore	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Temple Sowerby	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	27 $\frac{1}{4}$	Acorn Bank,
Cross the Eden river.			H. R. Edmonstone, esq. R.
Lowther Bridge	6	33 $\frac{1}{4}$	Brougham Castle, R. and
At Lowther Bridge, on L. a T. R. to Kendal.			on L. Brougham Hall,
Cross the Lowther river.			H. Brougham, esq.
Emont Bridge	$\frac{1}{2}$	33 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Cross the Emont river, and enter Cumberland.			

JOURNEY FROM KENDAL TO APPLEBY,
THROUGH ORTON.

KENDAL to			
Lambrigg	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Grayrigg	$\frac{1}{2}$	7	Shaw End, A. Shepherd,
Low Borrow			esq. L.
Bridge	3	10	
Cross the river Loyne.			
Tebay	2	12	
At Tebay on R. a T. R. to Killath and Kirkby Stephen.			
Cross Orton Common to			
ORTON	2	14	John Burn, esq.
Cross Orton Moor and Ravensworth, and Meabourn Moors to			
Hough	3	22	
Burwalls	1	23	
APPLEBY	1	24	

JOURNEY FROM BURTON TO EMONT
BRIDGE,

THROUGH KENDAL.

Burton to			
<i>A little beyond</i>			
<i>Burton, on L. a</i>			
<i>T. R. to Kendal.</i>			
Farlton Lane	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$	
<i>Cross the Beeloo</i>			
<i>river.</i>			
End Moor	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$	
Barrow Green	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{3}{4}$	
Mill Beck	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$9\frac{1}{2}$	
<i>A little further</i>			
<i>on R. a T. R. to</i>			
<i>Kirkby Lonsdale.</i>			
<i>Cross the Lan-</i>			
<i>caster canal and</i>			
<i>the Ken river.</i>			
KENDAL	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$10\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Abbot Hall, Charles Wilson,</i>
<i>At Kendal, on</i>			<i>esq. and the ruins of Ken-</i>
<i>L. a T. R. to</i>			<i>dal Castle, R.</i>
<i>Ambleside; and on</i>			
<i>R. to Kirkby Ste-</i>			
<i>phen.</i>			
Hutter Bank	$3\frac{1}{4}$	14	
Gate side	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{3}{4}$	
Banisdale Bridge	$1\frac{1}{4}$	17	
Hause Foot	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$19\frac{3}{4}$	
Demmings	1	$20\frac{3}{4}$	
SHAP	$5\frac{3}{4}$	$26\frac{1}{2}$	
Thrinby	3	$29\frac{1}{2}$	
New Village	$2\frac{1}{2}$	32	<i>Lowther Hall, Lord Low-</i>
			<i>ther, L.</i>
Clifton	2	34	<i>Clifton Hall, — Wy-</i>
			<i>bergh, esq. L.</i>
Lowther Bridge	1	35	<i>Brougham Hall, H. Brough-</i>
			<i>am, esq. and Brougham</i>

On R. a T. R.
to Appleby.

Cross the Low-
ther river.

Emont Bridge

Cross the Emont
river and enter
Cumberland.

$\frac{1}{2}$

35 $\frac{1}{2}$

Castle, anciently a Roman
station, R.

Carlton Hall, Right Hon.
Thomas Wallace, R. Skir-
gill, Hugh Parkin, esq. L.

JOURNEY FROM KIRKBY LONSDALE TO DUNMAIL RAISE STONES,

THROUGH KENDAL AND AMBLESIDE.

Kirkby Lonsdale
to

On R. at Casterton, Caster-
ton Hall, C. Wilson, esq.

Kearswick

1

1

Old Town

2

3

Old Hutton

4 $\frac{1}{4}$

7 $\frac{1}{2}$

Chapel House

$\frac{3}{4}$

8

At the entrance
of Kendal, on L.
a T. R. to Lan-
caster.

Cross the Ken
river.

KENDAL

4

12

Ruins of the castle.

At Kendal, on
R. a T. R. to Ap-
pleby.

Gate Side

2 $\frac{1}{4}$

14 $\frac{1}{4}$

At Gate Side, on
L. a T. R. to Bow-
ness.

Staveley

2 $\frac{3}{4}$

17

Wreston Hall, R.

Garth Chapel

1 $\frac{1}{2}$

18 $\frac{1}{2}$

Pandrig

1 $\frac{1}{2}$

20

Orest Hall, R. and on L.
on Winander Meer, Roy-

			<i>rigg, Rev. J. Fleming ; and about two miles to the L. of Pandrig, on Winan- der Meer, opposite Bow- ness, Belle Isle, J. C. Cur- wen, esq.</i>
Trout Beck Bridge	2	22	<i>Colgarth, Bishop of Llan- daff, L.</i>
<i>Cross the Trout Beck.</i>			
Kitty Gills	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$23\frac{1}{2}$	
Low Wood Inn	1	$24\frac{1}{2}$	
AMBLESIDE	$1\frac{1}{2}$	26	
<i>Through Rydal Park to</i>			
Rydal	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$27\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Rydal Hall, Sir Daniel Fleming, bart. R.</i>
Dunmail Raise			
Stones	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$31\frac{3}{4}$	
<i>Enter Cumber- land.</i>			

JOURNEY FROM BURTON TO BOWNESS,
THROUGH MILTHORPE.

BURTON to			
Holme	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$	
<i>Cross the Beelo river and the Lan- caster Canal.</i>			
Milthorpe	3	$4\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Dallam Tower, Daniel Wilson, esq. L.</i>
Haversham	1	$5\frac{1}{2}$	
<i>Cross the river Ken.</i>			
Syzergh	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$8\frac{3}{4}$	
— — —			<i>Syzergh Park, Chas. Strick- land, esq. L. and further to the L. Brig Steer Park.</i>
KENDAL	4	$12\frac{3}{4}$	
Bonning Yate	3	$15\frac{3}{4}$	

Quakers' Meeting	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$18\frac{1}{2}$
Bowness	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$21\frac{3}{4}$
<i>Ferry over Wi-</i>		
<i>nander Meer to</i>		
<i>Claiſe in Lanca-</i>		
<i>ſhire.</i>		

END OF THE ITINERARY.

A
CORRECT LIST OF ALL THE FAIRS

IN

WESTMORELAND.

Ambleside.—Wednesday after Whitsunday, for horned cattle ; October 29, for horned cattle and sheep.

Appleby.—Whitsun-Eve, for horned cattle ; Whit-Monday, for linen cloth and merchandize ; June 10, for cattle and sheep ; August 10, for horses, sheep, and linen cloth.

Brough.—Thursday before Whit-Sunday, for horned cattle and sheep.

Brough-Hill.—September 30, for horses, horned cattle, &c.

Kendal.—April 25 and 26, for horned cattle, sheep, and pedlary ; November 8, for horned cattle, horses, and sheep.

Kirkby Lonsdale.—Holy Thursday, horned cattle ; St. Thomas, December 21, woollen cloth.

Kirkby Stephen.—Easter-Monday, Tuesday after Whit-Sunday, St. Luke, Old Stile, October 29, for black cattle, sheep, and flax.

Milthorpe.—May 12, for horned cattle, horses, and sheep.

Orton.—May 2, for black cattle ; Friday before Whit-Sunday, for sheep and black cattle.

Shap.—May 4, for horned cattle.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE
COUNTY OF WESTMORELAND.

SITUATION, BOUNDARIES, EXTENT, CLIMATE,
AND FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

WESTMORELAND is an inland county, being bounded on the north-west and north by Cumberland; on the east by Durham and Yorkshire; and on the south and south-west by Lancashire. It is about forty miles in length, from north-east to south-west, and from sixteen to twenty-five in breadth, and contains about 450,000 acres. The air is sweet, pleasant, and healthy, but it differs according to the various situations. On the hills it is sharp and piercing, but in the vallies it is mild and serene.

This county is divided into two parts, one of which is called the Barony of Westmoreland, and the other the Barony of Kendal. The former of these, which comprehends the north part of the county, is an open champaign country, consisting of arable land, and producing great plenty of corn and grass. The Barony of Kendal, which comprehends the south part of the county, is very mountainous; but the vallies between them are fruitful, and even the mountains yield good pasturage for sheep and cattle.—There are several forests and parks; and both baronies afford great plenty of wood. The western mountains contain mines of copper, and in some places have been discovered veins of gold, but not sufficient to answer the expence of working.

NAME, &c.

Westmoreland received its name from its situation to the west, and the principal part of it being formerly moorish barren land. It is one of those counties, which, in the time of the Romans, was inhabited by that tribe of the ancient Britons called
the

the Brigantes. By the Romans it was incorporated with the province of Maxima Cæsariensis; and under the Saxons it made part of the kingdom of Northumberland. In it are traces of two Roman military ways, in one of which several relics of very remote antiquity have been discovered. It runs south-east from the city of Carlisle, in Cumberland, to Penrith, near which it passes the river Eimot into Westmoreland; and crossing the county, in nearly the same direction, through Appleby, enters Yorkshire at Rear-cross, north-east of Brough-under-Stanmore. The other Roman highway, commonly called the Maiden Way, enters the north-east part of this county at Rear or Roy-cross, and from thence passes to Maiden Castle, a small square fort, supposed by some to have been built originally by the Romans. After this it runs to Brough, and over Brough-Fair-Hill, and then passes over Sandford Moor to Coupland Beckbrig, where, on the right, are the ruins of a noble round tower, and on the left is Ormside Hill. From hence it passes to Appleby, and to the camps on Crackerthorp Moor; then by Kirkby-Thore, through Sowerby; and afterwards takes its course by Wingfield Park to Hart-Hall-Tree. It runs from hence directly westward to the Countess's Pillar, from which the way leads to Brougham Castle, and from thence passes over Lowther Bridge, into the county of Cumberland.

RIVERS.

This county is well-watered by rivers, the principal of which are the Eden, the Eimot, the Loder, the Ken, and the Lune, or Lon.

The Eden, which is one of the most considerable rivers in the north of England, rises in the moors of this county, near the borders of Yorkshire, and, after receiving several tributary streams, enters Cumberland, at its confluence with the Eimot; and, taking a north-westerly direction, after passing Kirkos-

B

wold

wold and Carlisle, flows into the Solway Frith, near Rockliffe Marsh. The common people have a tradition that Uter Pendragon endeavoured to change the course of this river, but found all his efforts of no effect ; and they still preserve the tradition by the following lines :

“ Let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
The river Eden will run as it ran.”

The Eimot rises at Ulleswater, and, forming the boundary between this county and Cumberland, runs into the Eden about two miles north-east from Penrith.

The Loder, rising at a lake called Broadwater, runs north-west, and falls into the Eimot, near the borders of this county.

The Ken rises from a lake called Kent Mere, near Ambleside, and running south-east passes by Kendal, where it forms an angle, and turning south falls into the Irish Sea, a few miles below Burton.

The Lon, Lone, or Lune, (which gives name to a track called Lonsdale) rises near Kirkby Lonsdale, and running south west, after being augmented by several streams, passes into Lancashire, and, running by the town of Lancaster, falls into the Irish Sea, about four miles below that town.

Besides these there are several other rivers in this county ; but as they all run into those already mentioned, neither of them merit particular description.

There are besides the rivers several lakes in this county ; the largest of them, and indeed the largest in England, is Winander Mere, so called probably from its winding banks ; it is situated partly in Cumberland.

All these rivers and lakes produce great plenty of fish ; and the red char is said to be peculiar to the river Eden, and the lakes in Winander Mere and Ulleswater. These fish swim together in shoals, and
though

though they appear on the surface of the water in summer, yet they are very difficult to be taken; the only season for catching them is, when they resort to the shallow parts, in order to spawn.

CANAL.

The Lancaster Canal (the only one by which this county is immediately benefited) is not only of advantage to the lands and estates in the neighbourhood of its course, by making communications from the extensive mines of coal at the southern extremity of this canal, to the inexhaustible quantities of lime-stone at its northern end, of both which articles all the intermediate country is greatly in want; but also by uniting the port of Lancaster with so large a tract of inland country (wherein very extensive cotton and other manufactories are carried on) very considerable advantages are derived.

Its course is nearly due north; it begins at West Houghton, from thence to near Wigan, along the course of the Douglas river, by Chorley, Whittle, and, near the road from Wigan to Preston, intersects the Leeds and Liverpool Canal; from thence crosses the river Ribble to Preston: from whence by Spittal Moss it makes a bend to Salwick, by Barton to Garstang, where it crosses the river Wyer, and thence to Lancaster; then, running by the side of the town, it crosses the river Loyne above Skerton, to Hest, Bolton, Carnforth, by Capanway Hall, and passes Burton; from thence by Hang Bridge, through a tunnel, near Lever's Park, to Kendal. There is a collateral cut from Gale Moss, by Chorley, to near Duxbury; and another from near Borwick, by Warton, to Warton Crag. The feeder is one mile from the bason at Kendal, and is supplied by the river Mint. The total length of this canal is near seventy-six miles, with a rise of 222 feet, and a fall of sixty-five feet. The collateral cuts together make five miles and a half in length, and are level.

The following, which is the course of this navigation, is well deserving attention:—From the extremity of the Lancaster Canal, at Kendal, in this county, it is carried on by the town of Lancaster into the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, down to Liverpool, from thence up the river Mersey into the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, as far as Preston Brook. There the Staffordshire Canal breaks off, which joins the river Trent to the Severn; but the navigation to London is still carried forward by the Coventry Canal, which continues the line to where the Oxford Canal commences, which continues it to the river Thames, and by that river it is brought forward to London; being a course of inland navigation, reckoning all the windings, of very near 600 miles extent. There is also a cut from the dock at Glasson, at the mouth of the river Loyne, to communicate with the Canal at Galgate, which is about six miles to the south of Lancaster; this cut is about four miles long, and has an immediate communication with the sea.

POPULATION, &c.

The population of this county consisted, according to the late returns, of 41,617 persons; viz. 20,175 males, and 21,442 females; of which number 12,141 were returned as being employed in agriculture, and 8,673 in various trades and manufactures. Westmoreland returns but four members to parliament, viz. two for the county, and two for the town of Appleby.

CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL DIVISIONS.

Westmoreland is divided into four wards, instead of hundreds, viz. East, West, Kendal, and Lonsdale Wards, containing one borough, Appleby, and seven market-towns, Ambleside, Brough, Burton, Kendal, Kirkby Lonsdale, Kirkby Stephen, and Orton. The whole county contains 32 parishes, and 8,212 houses. It lies in the province of York and diocese of Carlisle, and is included in the northern circuit.

TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTY OF WESTMORELAND.

*Journey from Brougham to Rear Cross; through
Appleby.*

THE village of BROUGHAM is situated at the northern extremity of the county, on the military way to Carlisle, where that way crosses the river Eimot, it is generally believed to be the Roman station Brocovum, in which the company of the Defensores were quartered. Though time has reduced this ancient city to an inconsiderable village, yet it has preserved the Roman name almost entire; and here have been found several coins, altars, and other testimonies of its splendour and antiquity.

To the north of the village are the venerable ruins of Brougham Castle, which appears from its ancient remains to have been of Norman architecture, but history has not recorded its builder, nor handed down to us the time when it was erected. It is situated on the banks of the river Eimot, and its remains shew that it was once a strong, extensive, and beautiful edifice; but we shall extract the following agreeable description of this castle as given by a late writer.

“ We quitted (says our author) the high-road in order to pass by Brougham Castle, a spacious ruin, on the banks of the river Yeoman. That we might enjoy the prospect to advantage we crossed over the river, and made a sweep round the mill, which stands almost opposite to Brougham, from whence a view opened upon us delightfully.

“ The mill, with its streams, lay on the foreground to the left;—a beautiful and shining canal, formed by the river Yeoman, margined with shrubs, laid spreading to the right;—in front, the streams which fell over the weir made a foaming cascade;—immediately on the opposite brinks of the channel arises Brougham Castle;—three square towers projecting,

but yet connected with the building, form the front ; —from thence, on either side, a little wing falls back some paces ; to the north-east a thick grove of planes and ashes block up the passage, and the gateway ; —to the south-west the walls stretch out to a considerable distance along a fine grassy plain of pasture-ground, terminated by a tower, one of the out-posts of the castle. In the centre of the building arises a lofty square tower, frowning in Gothic strength and gloomy pomp. The shattered turrets which had formed the angles, and the hanging gallery which had communicated with each, were grown with shrubs and waving brambles. The sunbeams, which struck each gasping loup, and bending window, discovered the inward devastation and ruin ; and touched the whole with admirable colouring and beauty. To grace the landscape, fine groups of cattle were dispersed on the pasture ; and through the tufts of ash-trees, which were irregularly dispersed on the back ground, distant mountains were seen skirting the horizon.

“The lower apartment in the principal tower is still remaining entire ; being covered with a vaulted roof of stone, consisting of eight arches, which, as they spring from the side walls, are supported and terminate on a pillar in the centre. The apartments mentioned to have been in Bowes Castle was assuredly of the same architecture ; appears from the remains of the groins, still projecting from the walls there, together with part of the elevation of the centre pillar.”

Brougham was the lordship and castle of the Viponts, included in the barony of Appleby and Burgh, given to Robert de Vipont by King John, in the fourth year of his reign ; from whose family, after a few descents, it passed by the heir-general to that of the Cliffords ; and they enjoyed it for several generations. For through Brougham, and divers of their estates, (says Mr. Gough) occur as in the possession

session of Guy Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, and others, about the 7th of Edward the Second, yet they held them not in their own right, but as guardians to Roger de Clifford, then in his minority, who had them restored to him when he became of age. To him succeeded his brother Robert, who entertained Robert de Baliol, king of Scotland, at this castle, who came hither to enjoy the pleasure of hunting. How this manor became alienated does not appear; but that it was, seems evident from the following circumstance:—When the Lady Anne Clifford endowed her almshouse at Appleby, she (it is said) purchased this manor to settle upon it.

A little to the south of the village, on a small but beautiful eminence, stands Bird's Nest, or Brougham Hall, the seat of H. Brougham, Esq. a handsome building, which, not only from its elevated situation, but also from its extensive and various prospects, has, not improperly, been styled the 'Windsor of the North.'—The house has a long front to the west, with a terrace of considerable breadth running from north to south. The views from this terrace, both for variety and extent, are seldom to be equalled, and the scenery around exceeds all description. It is observed of this place that there is one uncommon advantage, which it enjoys from these varied landscapes at each point of view, viz. that the whole is taken in (the view to the north only excepted) from every room in the house. The shrubberies and pleasure grounds, which are very extensive, are perhaps the first of their kind in the north of England. Within the former, in a recess adapted to the purpose, and near a fine spring, is a hermet's cell, a small circular building, covered with thatch, and lined with mosses of various kinds: the seats around are matted, and the windows are of painted glass, with the usual characteristics of a hermit in his retirement, viz. the hour-glass, cross and beads, and a skull. On the table some appropriate lines are painted

painted from Milton's *Il Penseroso*; and in another part of the building is a scroll, with these lines :

“ Beneath this moss-grown roof, this rustic cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, sequestered dwell :
Say, you who dare our hermitage disdain,
What drawing-room can boast so fair a train ?”

An adjoining wood of several acres contributes greatly to the beauty of the scene, and is so much in character, as to be considered a necessary member of the whole.

On the brink of the Louthers stands a thatched building, consisting of two rooms, one of which contains a collection of curious prints, and specimens of natural history, with a gallery for the convenience of angling in the river beneath ; the other is the residence of the person, who feeds the poultry, and takes care of the pleasure grounds, &c.

A short distance to the east of Brougham stands the Countess's Pillar, erected by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke. The pillar is adorned with coats of arms, dials, and other embellishments, and is terminated by a small obelisk. In the front of it is an inscription, importing, that this was the place where she parted with her mother ; and that she left 4*l.* a year to be distributed to the poor of the village, every second of April, for ever.

On leaving Brougham our road lies in a south-easterly direction, across the northern part of Whinfell Forest, and, at the distance of four miles, we pass, on our left, Hart's-Horn-Tree, where the heads of a stag and dog were formerly nailed against a hawthorn-tree, in Whinfield Park, in memory of a famous chace ; it seems the dog (not a greyhound, but a staunch buck-hound), singly chased a stag from this park as far as the Red Kirk, in Scotland, (about 60 miles) and back again to the same place ; where, being both spent, the stag, exerting his last force, leaped the park pales, and died on the inside ; the
hound,

hound, attempting to leap after him, had not strength enough to get over, but fell back, and died on the outside just opposite.

About one mile beyond Harts-Horn-Tree, we pass through the village of Temple Sowerby, which once belonged to the Knights' Templars, a little to the left of which is Acorn Bank, the seat of R. H. Edmenson, Esq.

At the distance of two miles from Temple Sowerby, we pass the village of KIRKBY THOR, or Kirby Thor, supposed by some to have been the ancient Brovonacæ; the manor-house and most of the town being built out of ruins, called Whelp Castle, of which there are now scarce any remains. The main body of it stood in a place called the Burwens, on the bank of the rivulet called Troutbeck, not far from the river Eden. The square enclosure, called the High Burwens, seems to have been the area of it, containing eight score yards in diameter, now ploughed and cultivated, and the outer buildings to have run along the said rivulet, at least as far as to the fulling mill, or farther beyond the Roman way, and so up the west side of the High Street, about 160 yards, and thence again in a strait line to the west angle of the said area. In all these places have been found conduits under ground, vaults, pavements, tiles, and slates, with iron nails in them, foundations of walls, both of brick and stone, coins, altars, urns, and other earthen vessels; and, in the year 1687, among the foundations, was found a wall made up of four others of hewn-stone, each two feet four inches thick; and in another part an altar, inscribed FORTVNÆ SERVATRICI: also some leaden pipes, and a drain through the wall above-mentioned, and divers arched vaults under ground, flagged with stone or paved bricks, about ten inches square, and two thick. At the lower end of the town, an ancient well was likewise discovered by the side of the Roman road, in which were several urns and
fine

fine earthen vessels, the head of a spear, and sandals of leather stuck full of nails.

Kirkby Thor has been supposed to retain the name of the god Thor, whose figure was thought to be found on a singular coin, late in Mr. Thoresby's museum. The characters on the reverse are Rhunic, and were read by Dr. Hickes, *Thor gut luntis*, and explained by Bishop Nicholson, *the face of the god Thor*, but by Dr. Hickes, *Thor, the national God*, to whom also the moon and the stars concurred to accompany them.

About three miles to the north-east of Kirkby Thor is Howgill Castle, the mansion of Milbourn manor. Some of its walls are ten feet and a half thick, and under it are great arched vaults. In this manor, near a place called Green Castle, a round fort with deep trenches about it, on the south end of Dunfell, was found an altar, inscribed DEO SILVANO.

Returning to our road, at the distance of two miles from Kirkby Thor, we pass through the village of Crackenthorpe, in the neighbourhood of which are several considerable camps, and many antiquities have been found hereabouts, which were preserved by Mr. Thomas Machel, brother to Hugh Machel, lord of the manor.

About two miles beyond Crackenthorpe, we arrive at APPLEBY, which was formerly of considerable extent; but a great part of it having been destroyed by the Scots, it is now reduced to a small but pleasant town. It is supposed by Camden to have been the Roman station *Abullaba*, which the sound countenances. It is a neat compact town, situated on the Eden, which almost surrounds it, and consists of one broad street, and three smaller, with one of the best markets in the county, held on Saturday. It is the only borough in Westmoreland, and sends two members to parliament. It is likewise a corporate town, consisting of a mayor, recorder, twelve aldermen,

men, sixteen common council, two chamberlains, two serjeants, and two beadles.

Here is an excellent free grammar-school, founded by Queen Elizabeth; the standing salary is about 120*l.* per annum. The number of scholars is from 60 to 70; but has often been known to have near a hundred. At this school were bred Bishops Barlow, Bedel, and Smith, the latter of whom was a great benefactor.

There is also an hospital here, endowed by the Countess of Pembroke, for thirteen poor widows, who used to receive about five pounds per annum each; but, by the improvement of the estate for its endowment, it is now advanced to eight guineas each, and the mother of the hospital ten guineas, which is regularly paid quarterly by the steward to the Earl of Thanet, with a cart load of coals to each every Christmas.

In the church, which is small, is a beautiful monumental figure of Margaret, countess of Cumberland, with these comprehensive lines under the epigraph:

“ Who Faith, Love, Mercy, noble Constancy,
To God, to Virtue, to Distress, to Right,
Observ’d, express’d, shew’d, held religiously,
Hath here this monument thou seest in sight,
The cover of her earthly part; but, passenger,
Know Heaven and Fame contain the best of her.”

There is also an altar-tomb for her daughter; over which is a tablet, with the succession and arms of the lords and earls of Westmoreland, from Robert Vipont to herself. This church, and that of Bon-gate adjoining, were repaired by the liberality of the Countess of Pembroke.

Here was a house of White Friars, said to have been founded by Lord Vesey, Lord Percy, and Lord Clifford; which was granted at the dissolution to Christopher Crackenthorp.

The

The assizes are held in the town hall, a spacious and convenient edifice, and the judges lodge in the castle, an ancient building, formerly belonging to the Countess of Pembroke, but now to the Earl of Thanet, whose steward resides in it. The steep on whose brow this noble edifice is erected, is richly clothed with wood; save only where a rugged cliff of a red hue breaks through the trees, and gives an agreeable variety to the landscape. The front of the castle is irregular and antique; but loses great share of its beauty by the joints of the building being whitened with lime. Over this front the top of a fine square tower is discovered, whose corners rise in turrets; the landscape to the left is richly wooded; to the right it is divided by hanging gardens, which adjoin the town, overtopped with dwellings. The prospect from the terrace, which is under the eastern front, is very beautiful. To the right the river Eden forms a winding lake, the distance of half a mile, whose banks are clothed with lofty hanging woods, descending in a swift but regular sweep to the brink of the stream. On the left, lofty cliffs and precipices arise perpendicular from the water, over whose brows oaks and ashes hanging render their aspect more romantic by the solemn shade.— On the ground above, the public road leading to the town, winds up the hill, on whose side some cottages are scattered; whilst all behind the distant ground is formed by mountains, shadowed with clouds.

Appleby has several evidences of its ancient splendour. Henry the First gave it privileges equal to York; that city's charter being granted, as is pretended, in the forenoon, and this in the afternoon, of the same day. Henry II. granted them another charter of like immunities, as did Henry III. in whose time here was an Exchequer. These privileges were in all points like those of York, and confirmed by succeeding kings. When it was first governed

verned by a mayor does not appear ; but here was one in the reign of Edward I. with two provosts, who seem to have been formerly equal to sheriffs or bailiffs, and signed the public acts of the town with the mayor, though now they only attend him with halberts. Bromton mentions *Aplebyschire*, which seems to imply that it had then sheriffs of its own, as most cities had, though now they are called bailiffs. For in the second of Edward I. in a confirmation-charter to Shap Abbey, we find this subscription : *Teste Thoma filio Johannis tunc vicecomite de Apeby*. The Scotch wars by degrees reduced this town : it was burnt in the twenty-second year of Henry II. and again in the eleventh of Richard II. when of 2,200 burgages by due computation of the fee-farm rents, there remained not above one-tenth, as appears by inquisitions in the town-chest. Since that time it never recovered itself ; but lay dismembered, like so many separate villages, which could not be known except by records to have belonged to the same body. For though *Burgh-gate* is spoken of as the principal street, yet *Bon-gate*, *Battle-burgh*, *Don-gate*, *Scatter-gate*, are all members of it, and that it was anciently of greater extent appears from the *Burrals*, near a mile from it, which word being a corruption of *Burrow-walls*, may prove its having been walled about, because the town walls of Bath are called *Burrals* ; and ruins of buildings have been dug up two or three miles from the present town, which, according to the late returns, consists of 121 houses, and 711 inhabitants ; viz. 344 males, and 367 females, of which number only 74 were returned as being employed in trade, no particular manufacture being carried on in the town.

The Viponts and Cliffords (ancestors on the mother's side to the Earls of Thanet) have been lords of the country, and flourished at this place for upwards of 400 years.

Christopher Bambridge, archbishop of York, and
C cardinal

cardinal priest of the Romish church, was born at Hilton, near Appleby, about the latter end of the reign of Henry VI. He received his education at Queen's College, Oxford, where he took up his degrees, and entered into orders. His first preferment was the rectory of Aller, in the diocese of Bath and Wells; after which he rose to be prebendary of Salisbury, provost of Queen's College, dean of Windsor, master of the rolls, bishop of Durham, and last of all, in the year 1508, was promoted to the see of York.

Being sent by Henry VIII. some years after he received this dignity, on an embassy to Pope Julius II. he was advanced by that pontiff to the dignity of cardinal, by the title of St. Praxede; but when he was preparing to return to England, some dispute having arisen between him and his cook, he was so irritated that he struck him, and in revenge the cook conveyed poison into his victuals, which put a period to his existence. He died on the 14th of July, in the year 1514, and was buried in the English church of St. Thomas, at Rome.

Resuming our journey, at the distance of five miles from Appleby, we pass, on our right, the village of WARCOP, which gave name to a family so early as the reign of King John, and was afterwards possessed by the Braithwaits: this village affords an agreeable view. Warcup Hall (the seat of W. S. Preston, Esq. lord of the manor), shrouded with a rich grove of sycamores, overtops the village; the meadows, with some extensive fields of corn, contrasted by the hills of pasture ground, which lie on the southern side, tufted with brush-wood, give a pleasing variety.

Returning to our road, after passing Brough Hill, the valley, growing more extensive, exhibits a new scene of cultivation and husbandry; large tracts of ground, which were formerly common, are now divided and formed into inclosures. Three tumuli of
different

different magnitudes lie on the left, one of which was opened at the instance of the Bishop of Carlisle, a few years ago, and some remains of arms, with the ashes of the interred, were discovered. By what was found there it was apprehended that the tumulus was British. At the sixth mile-stone there is a beautiful and singular view : a range of mountains arising from the extensive plain, and stretching to the westward, afford a romantic and noble scene ; the nearest hills, with rocky brows and barren cliffs, raise their grey fronts above the humble brushwood, which girt them in the midst, whilst their feet in hasty slopes descend the vale in pasturage ; farther retiring from the eye the mountain called Cross-fell, with a front of naked rock, overtops the adjoining hills ; being said to exceed the mountain Skiddaw, in Cumberland, by one hundred and ten perpendicular feet in height ; farther extending westward, the chain of mountains lie in perspective, till they die away upon the sight, and in azure hue seem to mix with the sky ; whilst, at the foot of this vast range of hills, three smaller mounts, of an exact conic form, running parallel, beautify the scene, being covered with verdure to their crowns ; the nearest of them is called Dufton-Pike ; and their cliffs, caverns, and dells, in grotesque variety, give a most picturesque and romantic appearance to the landscape.

At the distance of two miles from Brough Hill, we arrive at BROUGH, or Burg-upon-Stannmore, a market-town, situated on the western bank of the Eden, and consisting, according to the late population act, of 117 houses, and 694 inhabitants ; viz. 318 males, and 376 females.

Here is a cotton-mill, which employs a great number of people, and is of great benefit to the poor, whose children can earn their living at six or seven years of age : there are no other manufactures carried on at or near this place, except the knitting of

white yarn stockings, which is the chief employment of most of the poorer sort of the female inhabitants. Here is a considerable dye-house, situated about 200 yards below the bridge, belonging to Mr. Wilson, who has also erected a large corn-mill, and an indigo-mill, on the same river, over which he has also built a neat bridge for the convenience of the residents of the upper part of the town, who have business at either of the mills.

The parish church is situated a short distance from the town, in a little village called Church Brough; it is a neat building, but no way remarkable for any thing either internal or external, except the pulpit, which is cut out of one entire stone.

Near the church, on a hill, are the ruins of an ancient castle, supposed (says a late writer) to be a Roman building; possibly a Roman fortress might have stood here before the Conquest, but the present edifice has incontestible marks of Norman origin. In the addition to Camden, printed in Bishop Gibson's edition, the present structure is attributed to the Countess of Pembroke, if the following words are to be taken literally: "Here also stands the castle of Brough, and a tower called Cæsar's Tower, or the fort before-mentioned. The castle having been razed to the ground, was rebuilt, not long since, by the Countess of Pembroke." But that this is a mistake is evident from an inscription formerly standing over the gateway, but now thrown down, and laid under the water-wheel of Brough-mill; of which this is a genuine copy: "This castle of Brough-under-Stanmore, and the great tower of it, was repaired by the Lady Ann Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery; Baron Clifford, Westmoreland, and Vesey; High-sheriff by inheritance of the county of Westmoreland, and lady of the honour of Skipton, in Craven, in the year of our Lord God 1659; so as she came to lie in it herself for a little while, in September, 1661, after it
c 2 had

had lain ruinous, without timber or any covering, ever since the year 1521, when it was burnt by a casual fire. Isa. chap. lviii. ver. 12. "God's name be praised." The above description manifestly proves that the repairs done by the countess were chiefly internal, and that the ruins now seen are those of the original building; but by whom or when they were built neither Leland, Camden, or any others of the topographical writers (at least those in print), mention; though the similarity of its keep to those of Dover, Bamborough, Rochester, the Tower of London, and many others, plainly evince it was constructed on the Norman model.—The present proprietor of these ruins is the Earl of Thanet. Of late years they have been much demolished for the sake of the materials, which have been used in building stables, garden-walls, and other conveniences, and particularly about the year 1763, a great part of the north-east round tower was pulled down to repair Brough-mill; at which time, the mason therein employed, for the sake of the lead and iron with which it was fixed, displaced the stone which the Countess of Pembroke caused to be set over the gateway, on which was the inscription before cited.

The walls of the square tower of this castle stood pretty perfect till the year 1792, when, as is supposed, the ground giving way, the bottom part of the south-east corner fell down, leaving the upper part, with the turret at top suspended, and without any other support than the cement of the wall, parallel with it. According to ancient records it is called Cæsar's Tower, and is supposed by many to have been built by him. An evident proof indeed of its being built by, or at least in the possession of the Romans, appeared about thirty years since; for as some labourers were digging the foundation of a house to be built near the castle, they found an urn, or earthen pot, full of Roman silver coins,

about the size of our silver three-penny pieces, but thicker, many of them in high preservation ; one in particular, bearing a fine impression of the head of Titus Vespasian, and on the reverse a female figure, in a weeping posture, representing, as is supposed, the city of Jerusalem, which that emperor destroyed. The situation of this castle, on the Roman road leading to Bronovaicum, by Aballaba, and its distance from Lavatræ, seem to prove that this was the ancient Verterix ; and Camden, describing this country, says, “ Here Eden seems to stop its course, that it may receive some rivulets ; upon one of which, scarce two miles from Eden itself, stood Verteræ, an ancient town, mentioned by Antoninus and the Notitia ; from the latter of which we learn, that in the decline of the Roman empire, a præfect of the Romans quartered here with a band of the Directores. The town itself is dwindled into a village, which is defended with a small fort, and its name is now Burgh ; for it is called Burgh-under-Stanmore, *i. e.* a brow under a stony mountain. It is divided into two ; the upper, otherwise Church Brough, where the church standeth ; and near the bridge is a spaw well, which has not long been discovered.—The other village is called Lower Brough, from its situation, and Market Brough, from a market held here every Thursday.” The name of Burgh or Brough is of Saxon extraction ; such situations were chosen by that people, for erecting castles, as being already places of strength. The whole castle is on a considerable eminence, to the north and west arising swiftly from the plain ; to the south and east the access is not so steep, but is guarded by a deep ditch and rampart, which appear to be the remains of the old Roman station, forming an area to the castle. On the left the prospect is shut in by a range of craggy mountains, over whose steep slopes shrubs and trees are scattered ; to the right a fertile plain extends, surmounted by distant hills. Behind the
building

building the lofty promontory of Windbore Fell lifts its peaking brow, and terminates the prospect.

In the beginning of the Norman government, the Northern English conspired here against William the Conqueror; and, in the year 1174, William, king of Scotland, taking advantage of the absence of King Henry II. then in France, quelling a rebellion excited by his sons, invaded England at the head of an army, chiefly composed of Flemings, and took this castle, together with those of Appleby and Prudenhov; but 400 horsemen being assembled by Robert de Stouteville, Ralph Glanville, William Vesev, Barnard Balliol, and Odenotte de Humfreville, they came up with the Scots, who were retiring from the siege of Alnwick; and finding them dispersed over the country in search of plunder, whereby they had left the king slightly guarded, they attacked, and with very little bloodshed on either side made him prisoner.

There are three annual fairs at this place, on the days mentioned in our list; the one called Brough-Hill Fair, well known throughout the kingdom by that name, is held on a large field, about two miles north-west of the town, where immense numbers of cattle, horses, and all sorts of goods, are exposed to sale. A toll is due on this occasion to Lord Thanet, for every head of black cattle, &c. presented there. The charter for this fair, and also for a market, were granted by Edward III. but being situated so near the market-towns of Appleby and Kirkby Stephen, and the country to the north and east being barren and uninhabited, no market has been held for many years.

John Carleton, Esq. lord of the manor of Hillech, has a beautiful seat, about a quarter of a mile north of this town, called Hillbeck-Hall, which, being situated on an eminence, commands an extensive prospect every way, except the north and east,
which

which is intercepted by a chain of rocky mountains, which runs behind the hall, and extends many miles north. This gentleman has also erected a romantic circular building on a rock, which projects from other rocks, in a hanging wood, and which is called Fox Tower, from the number of those animals with which the wood abounds: the building is surrounded by a platform, on which he has planted seven cannons, which he fires off on birth and rejoicing days.

Resuming our journey, along the Maiden way, at the distance of four miles, we pass through Maiden Castle, a small square fort, in which several Roman mortars have been found; and about two miles farther we arrive at Rere Cross, a large camp, where the stone of King Marius formerly stood, but afterwards succeeded by the Rere Cross Hospital, an ancient foundation, given to the nunnery of Marike, by Ralph de Multon, or Conan, earl of Richmond. It was granted by Edward VI. to William Buckton and Roger Marshall.

*Journey from Brough to Pandragon Castle; through
Kirkby Stephen.*

On leaving Brough we proceed southerly, and, at the distance of about two miles, we pass WINTON, a long straggling village, in which is a seat of T. Monkhouse, Esq. and an ancient building called Winton Hall.

This village gave birth to Dr. John Langhorne, well known by his various essays in verse and prose. The date of his nativity is uncertain: his father was The Reverend Joseph Langhorne, who, dying in his infancy, left him and his brother William to the nurture of an affectionate mother, whose parental care our author, as a token of duty and gratitude, has commemorated in a monody on her death, in the year 1759,

“ Source

“ Source of my life, that led my tender years
“ With all a parent’s pious fears,
“ That nurs’d my infant thought, and taught my mind
to grow.”

It appears from various passages in his poetical works, that he resided near Studley, in Yorkshire, between the years 1756 and 1758; his “Elegy written among the Ruins of Pontefract Castle,” bearing date 1756, and his “Verses left with the Minister of Ripendon,” 1758.

The place of his education is not known, nor is it certain from what university he obtained his degrees, his name not being to be found in the list of graduates either of Oxford or Cambridge.

In 1758, some poetical sketches, with his name affixed, appeared in *The Grand Magazine*, a periodical work, of short duration, published by Mr. Griffith, proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, which in that early state of literary criticism, acquired great reputation in the learned world. In the year 1759 he published, “The Death of Adonis, a Pastoral Elegy from Bion;” and so prolific was his muse, that, in the course of the same year, he produced “The Tears of Music, a Poem to the Memory of Mr. Handel,” with an “Ode to the river Eden.”—In 1760 he resided at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he first courted patronage in a poem written on the accession of his present Majesty, as well as in an ode produced the year following, on the royal nuptials, which was printed in the Cambridge collection of verses on that auspicious event.

About this time he entered into holy orders, and was appointed to superintend the education of the sons of Robert Cracroft, Esq. of Hackthorne, in Lincolnshire; here he gave honourable testimony of his humanity as well as literary ability, in publishing, at Lincoln, a volume of “Poems on Several Occasions,

Occasions," in quarto, for the benefit of a gentleman in distress.

In 1761 he removed to London, engaged as a writer in the *Monthly Review*, and, as party zeal then prevailed in a furious degree, he undertook to espouse the cause of government, at the head of which was Lord Bute, and became a frequent and successful publisher of various performances in prose and verse.

In the year following he produced a poem entitled "*Victory*," complimenting the Earl of Halifax, then lord lieutenant of Ireland; which was followed by "*Solyman and Almena*," an Eastern tale; "*Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm*," and the "*Visions of Fancy, in four Elegies*."

In 1763, Charles Churchill, a satirist of singular acrimony, produced a poem, entitled "*The Prophecy of Famine*," containing the keenest invectives on the country and people of North Britain. Against this piece Langhorne drew his pen, and published "*Genius and Valour, a pastoral poem, written in honour of a sister kingdom*." It was inscribed to Lord Bute, as a testimony of respect from an impartial Englishman. But our author, as well as the greater part of those who espoused the interest of his lordship, derived very little emolument from his labour; yet he was so intent on his literary pursuits, that the same year he produced "*The Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, in several Letters to and from Select Friends*."—"Letters between Theodosius and Constantia, with a Dedication to Dr. Warburton," and "*The Enlargement of the Mind*," an Epistle to "*General Crauford*," written at Belvidere, in Kent.

Langhorne seems to have been more liberally rewarded by Warburton than by the noble statesman whose cause he had so warmly espoused; for that prelate was so pleased with the dedication prefixed to

to the "Letters of Theodosius and Constantia," that he exerted his influence in the appointment of the author, in December, 1765, to be assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn.

In the year 1764, he pursued his studies with unremitted ardour, and published "The Correspondence between Theodosius and Constantia, from their first acquaintance to the departure of Theodosius, with a poetical Dedication to Colman."—"The Poetical Works of Mr. William Collins, with Memoirs of the Author, and Observations on his Genius and Writings."—"Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit."—"The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle II. to William Langhorne, A. M." His brother, to whom he inscribed this epistle, was himself a poet, and published "Job, a poem," and "A Poetical Paraphrase on some part of Isaiah."

The affection naturally subsisting between the brothers, from the ties of consanguinity, had, by a similar genius and propensity, been matured into the highest personal esteem.

———"thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the
same,
Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend than brother of my heart."

In 1766 he published his "Poetical Works, in two volumes, with a Poetical Dedication to the Honourable Charles Yorke." This collection included the pieces formerly printed separately; and "The Fatal Prophecy," a dramatic poem, in five acts, written in 1765.

Langhorne's criticisms in the Monthly Review subjected him, as was very natural, to the censure of those contemporary writers, on whose productions he had animadverted with severity; and he was attacked by Hugh Kelly, an author rising into repute at that time, who published a poem, entitled
"Thespis,"

"Thespis," in which are several harsh and illiberal invectives.

Our author, at the close of this year, obtained considerable church preferment, whether by purchase or gift is not known; being inducted to the valuable rectory of Blagdon, in Somersetshire, as well as appointed a prebendary in the cathedral of Wells. He was also in the commission of the peace for the county of Somerset, and discharged the duties of that office with ability and integrity.

In the beginning of the year 1767, he entered into the connubial state with Miss Cracroft, whose brothers had been under his tuition; but the happiness resulting from his union with this lady was of short duration, as she died in child-bed of a daughter; a mournful event, that occasioned his pathetic "Verses to the Memory of a Lady, written at Sandgate Castle," 1768. The death of his amiable consort was also lamented by two of his literary friends: Mr. Cartwright, in a poem called "Constantia," and Mr. Abraham Portal, in some elegiac verses printed in his works.

In 1768 he published "Precepts of Conjugal Happiness, a poem," addressed to his sister-in-law, on her marriage; and about this time obtained the title of doctor in divinity, supposed to be conferred on him through the interest of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Notwithstanding his ecclesiastical preferment, he prosecuted his studies with the utmost assiduity, and published, in 1769, "Frederick and Pharamond, or the Consolation of Human Life," and "Letters, supposed to have been written between M. de St. Evremond and Mr. Waller." The following year he published, in conjunction with his brother, "Plutarch's Lives, translated from the original Greek, with Notes critical and explanatory, and a new Life of Plutarch," in two volumes.

In 1771 he published "Fables of Flora," in quarto; and, in 1773, "The Origin of the Veil," a poem, in quarto,

quarto, and a "Dissertation, Historical and Political, on the ancient Republics of Italy, &c."

At the importunity of Dr. Burn, a brother of the Bench, he wrote and published, in 1774, a poem, entitled "The Country Justice, Part I" to which he prefixed a dedication, complimenting the doctor on his superior knowledge of civil jurisprudence and refined taste for the liberal arts. He pursued the subject, and the following year produced a second part of the poem, and took the opportunity of addressing some polished lines to Robert Wilson Cracroft, Esq. to whom he had been preceptor, and afterwards stood in the relation of brother-in-law.

In the year 1776 he published several sermons, preached on public occasions, as well as three poetical pieces; the first entitled "Milton's Italian Poems, translated;" the second, "The Country Justice, Part III." and the third, "Owen of Carroa." The last work closed his literary labours, as the impaired state of his health would not admit of any farther application to mental pursuits.

Having laboured under a decline for the course of three years, he expired at his parsonage house in Somersetshire, on the first of April, in the year 1779. His friend, Mr. Portal, as a testimony of regard for the deceased, wrote an elegy to his memory, from which it appears that he commended his orphan daughter to the care of a lady, whose esteem he had conciliated by honourable mention of her in several of his poetical productions. His poems were collected and inserted in the edition of the English poets, published in 1790.

From the most authentic accounts that can be procured, it appears that much respect was attached to the personal merit of our author, who filled the several departments of life in which he was engaged in such a manner as redounded to his own honour and the interest and happiness of society in general. Those with whom he lived in habits of intimacy bear

testimony to the rectitude of his conduct, the liberality of his mind, and the benevolence of his disposition. From early life he affected solitude, and seemed particularly happy in a seclusion from the noisy tumult of the busy world.

“As a poet (says Dr. Anderson) his compositions are distinguished by undoubted marks of genius, a fine imagination, and a sensible heart. Imagery and enthusiasm, the great essentials of poetry, inspire all his works, and place them far above the strain of vulgar compositions. The tenderness of love, and the soft language of complaint, were adapted to his genius, as well as elevation of thought, opulence of imagery, and the highest beauties of poetry. But the qualities for which he is chiefly distinguished are imagination, pathos, and simplicity, animated sentiment, pertinence of allusion, warmth and vivacity of expression, and a melodious versification.—His sentimental productions are exquisitely tender and beautiful; his descriptive compositions shew a feeling heart, and a warm imagination; and his lyric pieces are pregnant with the genuine spirit of poetical enthusiasm; but his style, in the midst of much splendour and strength, is sometimes harsh and obscure, and may be censured as deficient in ease and distinctness. His chief faults are redundant decoration, and an affectation of false and unnecessary ornament. He is not always contented with that concise and simple language, which is sufficient to express his sentiments, but is tempted to indulge in superfluous diction, by the fascinating charms of novelty and harmony. By giving way to the luxury of words, and immoderate embellishment, he sometimes, though rarely, violates simplicity, and becomes unavoidably inaccurate and redundant. His sentiments, however, are always just, often new, and generally striking. A great degree of elegance and classical simplicity runs through all his compositions; and his descriptions of nature, rural imagery, pictures

pictures of private virtue, and pastoral innocence, have a judicious selection of circumstances, a graceful plainness of expression, and a happy mixture of pathos and sentiment, which mark the superior poet."

Dr. Richard Burn, vicar of Orton, in this county, was likewise a native of Winton. He was author of two celebrated books, one on the "Office of a Justice of Peace," the other on "Ecclesiastical Law;" both which have gone through several editions. He died on the 20th of November, 1785.

Resuming our journey, at the distance of about one mile and a half, we pass through KIRKBY STEPHEN, a pretty large populous town, situated on the western bank of the river Eden, which takes its rise from Hughstat mountain, about six miles higher up, on the skirts of Yorkshire, near the sources of the the Swale and the Rother. The whole town consists of one single street, indifferently built, which lies nearly north and south, opening on Helbec mountain at one extremity, and Wildbore at the other. There was once a fine market-place, seventy yards wide, and near one hundred long; but it has been lately built upon. The market is on Monday, and as the stocking manufacture supplies the principal trade, this traffic is the first at the market. Though the situation of the town is under bleak and barren mountains, yet the communication they have with many of their own dales, and with Yorkshire, along the river-heads, affords a pretty considerable market; an advantage which Brough has now lost for want of such connection.

The parish church is large and handsome, with an elegant parsonage house, built by the late Dr. Chaters, prebend of Durham, to whose family the living belongs. The church has a lofty tower, and several ancient monuments, among which is one to the memory of Andrew Harclay, Earl of Carlisle, who was attainted and beheaded by order of Edward II. for betraying the English army at Byland Abbey.

near York, by which means Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, obtained a complete victory, and afterwards plundered the northern counties. It is generally supposed that this nobleman was innocent of the crime for which he suffered, and that he was put to death merely to remove from the king the imputation of cowardice. Here is also the family vault of the Lord Wharton, which title is now extinct, through the misconduct of the late duke, who was remarkable for the misapplication of the greatest abilities. Here is a good free-school, which has two exhibitions.

According to the late population act, Kirkby Stephen contained 209 houses, and 1,141 inhabitants; viz. 484 males, and 657 females, of which number 285 were returned as being employed in trade and manufacture.

About half a mile east from Kirkby Stephen is the small village of Hartley, where was formerly a castle given to the Musgraves, on the attainder of Andrew de Harclay, earl of Carlisle.

At the distance of one mile beyond Kirkby Stephen, we pass through the village of Nateby, a little to the right of which is Wharton Parks, the ancient seat of the family of that name, but now in decay.—Melancholy reflections arise on such a view, when the traveller must necessarily exclaim, with a sigh, “Such are the effects of dissipation and vice!”

About two miles beyond the last-mentioned place, we pass, on our right, the ruins of Pendragon Castle, anciently the seat of the Lords Clifford; originally it was a strong building, the walls being four yards thick, with battlements upon them; time and neglect of the owners, have, however, brought it to little better than a heap of ruins. The remains of a square tower only are left, and that most probably of modern date; for this place was repaired, after it had lain in ruins near two centuries, by the Countess of Pembroke, about the time she had restored Brough.

Brough. The situation of this place being in a deep dell, on every side overlooked by mountains, from whence it might be annoyed, shews that it never could be built as a place of strength, but rather as a retreat and place of concealment in times of danger. Opposite to this ruin, on the other side of the dell, is a small intrenchment, called Castle Thwaite, fortified by a ditch and vallum, but of what date or people no account can be obtained. The Prince Euter Pendragon is of doubtful existence, but he is said to have died by treachery and poison, put into a well, in the year 515.

Journey from Appleby to Tebay; through Orton.

On leaving Appleby, a description of which has already been given, our road lies in a south-westerly direction, and, at the distance of two miles, we pass, on our right, the village of MAULDS MEABURN, the place of nativity of Launcelot Addison (father to the celebrated Joseph Addison). He was the son of a clergyman, and was born here in the year 1632; he received his education at the free-school of Appleby, and at Queen's College, Oxford, where he was first on the foundation; but distinguishing himself by his lively parts, and close application to his studies, he obtained the degree of bachelor and master of arts.

He remained at the University till the Restoration, when he returned to his native place, where he entered into holy orders, and was appointed chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk, at that time possessed by the English; but the air not agreeing with his constitution, he returned home, and soon after went as chaplain to the garrison at Tangier, in Barbary. During his residence at this place he acquired a thorough knowledge of the language; and on his return home, in the year 1670, he wrote a description of the western parts of Africa.

He was afterwards promoted to the rectory of Milston, in Wiltshire, prebendary of Salisbury, arch-

deacon of Coventry, and dean of Litchfield. Besides his description of Africa, he wrote several learned works, particularly the state of the Jews throughout the world; and an essay on the nature and tendency of the Mahometan religion.

He died on the 20th of April, 1703, and was interred in the cathedral of Litchfield.

One mile to the south of Maulds Meaburn, is the village of CROSBY RAVENSWORTH, containing 154 houses, and 789 inhabitants; in this parish is a remarkable heap of stones, called *Penhurrock*, probably a tumulus.

At the village of Witherslack, in this county, John Barwick, D. D. was born on the 20th of April, in the year 1612, and received his first education at the free-school of Kendal, from whence he was sent to finish his studies in St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees, and was elected one of the fellows.

At the breaking out of the civil wars, he distinguished himself by his loyalty in a more signal manner than any clergyman of that age; he was employed by Charles the First in carrying on a secret correspondence with the queen, and some of the royalists; but having been detected, he was committed close prisoner to the Tower, and narrowly escaped being hanged.

During his confinement in the Tower he was treated with great rigour; but, by temperance and a regular course of living, he recovered from a dangerous disorder, under which he had for some years laboured.

When the restoration took place he was offered a bishopric, but declined it, and accepted the deanery of Durham, with the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, and afterwards the deanery of St. Paul's. This last preferment he enjoyed only about three years, when he died of a pluracy, on the 22nd of October, 1664, and was interred in St. Paul's cathedral.

Being almost perpetually engaged in the hurry of

an active life, he had little time for study. He wrote, however, a few pieces, particularly "The Fight, Victory, and Triumph of St. Paul;" and an account of the life of Dr. Morton, bishop of Durham.

Peter Barwick, a learned physician, and younger brother to the before-mentioned John Barwick, was also born at Witherslack, in the year 1619, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge.

Having finished his course of philosophy, he applied himself to the study of physic; and, marrying a relation of Archbishop Laud, he took a house in St. Paul's Church-yard, and became a most eminent and skilful physician.

Attached, like his brother, to the royal cause, he adhered to the crown during the national troubles; and, after the restoration of Charles the Second, he was appointed one of the physicians in ordinary to his Majesty.

Being obliged, by the plague, to leave his house in St. Paul's Church-yard, he removed to another near Westminster Abbey, where he continued to reside till his death, which happened on the 4th of December, 1705.

He wrote, in very elegant Latin, the life of his brother; and deposited a manuscript copy of it in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Resuming our journey, at the distance of about seven miles, we arrive at ORTON, or Overton, a small market-town, situated on a very pleasant spot, and the air esteemed exceeding healthy. The church is a large old building, with a tower steeple. There are two free-schools in the town, and it had a market granted by Edward the First, on Tuesdays, which is now held on Wednesdays. Though this town is so pleasantly situated, it does not contain any structure that merits particular description. According to the late population act, it consisted of 298 houses, and 1,230 inhabitants; 1,198 of whom were returned as being chiefly employed in agriculture.

On a neighbouring hill there was lately a beacon, which, in former times, was used to alarm the country, when the Scotch invaded England. There are wet mosses hereabouts, in which subterraneous trees are frequently dug up.

Behind Orton Scar, to the east of the town, on a large tract of naked rocks, in a solitary situation, is a place called Castle Folds, strongly walled about, and containing about one acre and a half, to shelter cattle in case of inroads; and at the highest corner has been a fort for the keepers. Near Raisgill Hill was a tumulus, in a regular circle, near one hundred yards in circumference, about three high, composed of loose stones, and covering a large stone, supported by one other on each side, and under it a human skeleton, with the bones of several others round about.

At the distance of two miles from Orton, we arrive at the village of **TEBAY**, where there is a free-school, endowed in the year 1672, by Mr. Robert Adamson, who was likewise a benefactor to the church of Orton.

About one mile to the south-west of Tebay, is the village of **ROWNTHWAIT**, near which is a mount called Castle How, with a trench thrown up to check the inroads of the Scots; as was another of the same name at Greenholm, a village, farther west; both these mounts commanded the two great roads. At Greenholm a school was founded, in 1733, by George Gibson, Esq. who died in the same year.

A little above Rownthwait, on the north side of Jeffery Mount, is a small spring, called Gondsike, which continually casts up small silver like pieces of spangles.

Journey from Eamont Bridge to Burton; through Kendal.

Eamont Bridge is situated at the northern extremity of the county, over the river Eamont; a little to the west of the bridge is a large round entrenchment, inclosing a plain area, which has two passages
opposite

opposite to each other, and is called King Arthur's Round Table. The trenches are on the inside, which shew it not to have been designed for a place of strength, but rather a sort of amphitheatre for jousts and tournaments. Near it is a stone fort, in the form of a horse-shoe, opening towards the table, called King Arthur's Castle; it is also named Mayburgh, or Maybrough, which, in the Saxon tongue, signifies the fort of union or alliance, a name which it is supposed to have derived from a peace concluded here in the year 926, between Athelstan, king of England, Constantine, king of Scotland, Hawal, king of Wales, and other princes.

About one mile to the west of Mayburgh, is **BARTON**, a small village, having a free-school, founded in the year 1649, by the learned Dr. Gerard Langbaine, provost of Queen's College, Oxford, a native, as was also Dr. William Lancaster, another provost and benefactor to this school.

On leaving Eamont Bridge we proceed southerly, and, at the distance of one mile, after crossing the Lowther river, we pass through the village of Clifton. A little beyond which, on Clifton Moor, a skirmish was fought, in the year 1745, between the king's troops, under the Duke of Cumberland, and the rebels, in which about fifteen were killed on both sides, and Colonel Honeywood, of Howgill Castle, taken up for dead. Dr. Todd mentions a fountain in this parish, near the banks of the Lowther, of chrystalline limpid water, strongly impregnated with steel, nitre, and vitriol, of great benefit in scorbutic complaints.

At the distance of two miles from Clifton, we pass, on our right, Lowther Hall, or rather the remains of that once elegant mansion, for the body of the house was burnt down many years ago, and the wings only now remain, which, however, sufficiently shew the ancient magnitude and grandeur of this formerly noble structure. Lord Lonsdale is said to have had it
in

in contemplation to rebuild this family mansion, the timber having been cut and made ready for the purpose several years ago. The church stands a little to the north from the hall, and is just seen from the road, half buried among trees: it is a neat modern edifice. The deer park runs up from the hall, and adjoins the river; it contains upwards of 600 acres of land, with some valuable plantations of oak, ash, elm, &c. and is well stocked with deer.—A terrace extends half a mile along the upper border of the park, and commands a charming and extensive view to the west. At a small distance from the hall is a large white building of several stories, called the College, having formerly been a place of education, particularly for the Lowther family; it is now converted into a manufactory for carpets, the private property of Lord Lonsdale: these carpets, made in the manner of Gobblins, are in strength and beauty little inferior to those of Persia; some of which have been sold for from 60 to 100 guineas each.—Lowther new village was built some years ago, by Lord Lonsdale, with a design of establishing a linen manufactory; it is on a regular and commodious plan, but the design failing, some of the houses are not completely finished; it affords, however, a comfortable residence to his lordship's labourers.

Opposite to Lowther Hall is the little village of Askham, situated on the banks of the river Lowther, which, in this part of its course, runs along a deep rocky channel, overhung with trees and thickets; a stratum of bastard marble appearing at the bottom, above which is a rock of red free-stone.

Askham Hall is a small but neat and well situated old house, the property and residence of Edward Bolton, Esq. with a small deer park adjoining. From Askham a road leads to Pooley Bridge, at the lower end of Ulleswater, a lake situated partly in this county and partly in Cumberland. This sheet of water, which is in the form of an S, is nine miles in extent,

extent, and above a mile in breadth. In viewing this lake from an eminence, we discern all its bays, shores, and promontories, and in the extensive landscape take in a variety of objects, thrown together with all that beauty, which wood and water, lawns, rising sweeps of corn, villas, villages, and cots, surmounted by immense mountains and rude cliffs, can form to the eye. The country to the right, for many miles, is variegated in the finest manner, by inclosures, woods, and villas, among which Graystock, Dacre, and Delmain, are seen, whilst to the left nothing but stupendous mountains and rude projecting rocks present themselves, vying with each other for grandeur and eminence.

Descending to the village of Pooley, a winding road leads to a small inn, where, on entering a boat, there stands to the right a mountain almost circular, covered with verdure to the crown, arising swiftly from the edge of the water, many hundred feet in height. To the left the lake spreads out its agitated bosom, whitened with innumerable breakers above a mile in breadth; whose opposite shore, in one part, ascends gradually, with cultivated lands, from the village of Pooley, skirting the hills, over which some scattered woods are happily disposed in irregular groves and winding lines, whilst, all above, the brown heath reaches to the summit. This land adjoins a mountain much superior in height to that on the right, rising almost perpendicularly from the lake, with naked cliffs. On its rugged side, through the grey rocks, is torn a passage for a rivulet, whose waters fall precipitate, with a mighty noise, into the deep below. The ground more distant, which is seen still upwards over an expanse of water not less than four miles, consists of lofty rocks and bold promontories, here and there shewing naked and storm-bleaked cliffs; and in other places, scattered over with the springing of young oaks, arising from the stocks of trees, which the unrelenting axe has lately slain.

slain.—As we pass along, having doubled two small capes, we fall into a bay under the seat of John Robinson, Esq. of Water Meilock. From the very margin of the lake, in this part, the grass ground ascends gradually in an easy slope, where are disposed, in agreeable irregularity, pretty groves of ash; above which, the easy inclining hills display yellow fields of corn, overtopped by the white front of a venerable mansion, more noted for hospitality than the elegance of its structure.

“Whilst we sat here to regale ourselves (says Mr. Hutchinson), the barge put off from the shore, to a station where the finest echoes were to be obtained from the surrounding mountains. On discharging one of their cannon, the report was heard from the opposite rocks, where by reverberation it seemed to roll from cliff to cliff, and return through every cave and valley till the decreasing tumult gradually died away upon the ear. The instant it had ceased, the sound of every distant water-fall was heard, but for an instant only; for the momentary stillness was interrupted by the returning echo on the hill behind, where the report was repeated like a peal of thunder bursting over our heads, continuing for several seconds, flying from haunt to haunt, till once more the sound gradually declined. Again the voice of water-falls possessed the interval, till to the right the more distant thunder arose from other mountains, and seemed to take its way up every winding dell and creek, sometimes behind, on this side, or on that side, running its dreadful course in wonderful speed. When the echo reached the mountains within the line and channel of the breeze, it was heard at once on the right and left, at the extremities of the lake. In this manner was the report of every discharge re-echoed seven times distinctly.—At intervals we were relieved from this entertainment, which consisted of a wonderful kind of tumult and grandeur of confusion, by the music of two French horns, whose

whose harmony was repeated from every recess which echo haunted on the borders of the lake.—Here the breathings of the organ were imitated, there the bassoon with clarinets; in this place, from the harsher-sounding cliffs, the cornet; in that, from the wooded creek among the caverns and the trilling water-falls, we heard the soft-toned lute, accompanied with the languishing strains of enamoured nymphs; whilst in the copse and grove was still retained the music of the horns. All this vast theatre was possessed by innumerable ærial beings, who breathed celestial harmony.—As we finished our repast, a general discharge of six brass cannon roused us to new astonishment. Though we had heard with great surprise the former echoes, this exceeded them so much that it seemed incredible; for on every hand the sounds were reverberated and returned from side to side, so as to give the resemblance of that confusion and horrid uproar, which the falling of these stupendous rocks would occasion, if by some internal combustion they were rent to pieces and hurled into the lake. During the time of our repast, the wind was hushed, and the lake, which on our first entrance was troubled and foaming, now became a shining mirror, reflecting reversed mountains, rocks, groves, meads, and vales. The water was so transparent, that we could perceive the fish and pebbles, at the depth of six or eight fathoms.

“We now doubled a woody promontory, and, passing by the foot of Gowberry Park, ascended into the narrow part of the lake, leaving the grassy margins and scattered copse which had bordered the water as we passed by Water Mellock. All around us was one scene of mountains, which hemmed us in, arising with awful and precipitate fronts. Here the white cliffs raised their pointed heads; there the shaken and rifted rocks were split and cavated into vast shelves, chasms, and dreary cells, which yawned upon the shadowed lake; whilst other steeps, less

rugged, were decked with shrubs, which grew on every plain and chink, their summits being embrowned with sun-parched moss and scanty herbage.

"The scene was nobly awful as we approached Starberry Crag. At every winding of our passage, new hills and rocks were seen to overlook those which had but the minute before been new upon our prospect. The clouds hung heavily upon the mountains, rolling in gloomy volumes over their heads, in some places dragging their ragged skirts along the sides of steeps, giving them a deep and melancholy shade; in others admitting the sun-beams, which illuminated the winding dells with a greyish light."

Ulleswater abounds with fish of various kinds, among which is a species of trout peculiar to this water, weighing upwards of 30 pounds; the eels are also of a very large size, and of the finest flavour.

To the above account we cannot refrain from subjoining the following beautiful description of this interesting lake, from the pen of Mrs. Radcliffe:

"The approach to this sublime lake (says that elegant writer), along the heights of Eamont, is exquisitely interesting; for the road, being shrouded by woods, allows only partial glimpses of the gigantic shapes that are assembled in the distance, and awakening high expectation leaves the imagination thus elevated to paint "the forms of things unseen." Thus it was when we caught a view of the dark broken tops of the fells that rise round Ulleswater, of size and shape most huge, bold, and awful, overspread with a blue mysterious tint, that seemed almost supernatural, though according in gloom and sublimity with the several features it involved.

"Farther on the mountains began to unfold themselves; their outlines, broken, abrupt, and intersecting each other in innumerable directions, seemed now and then to fall back, like a multitude at some supreme command, and permitted an oblique glimpse
into

into the deep vales. Soon after the first reach expanded before us, with all its mountains tumbled round it, rocky, ruinous, and vast ; impending, yet rising in wild confusion and multiplied points behind each other.

“ This view of the first reach, from the foot of Dunmallet, a pointed woody hill, near Pooley Bridge, is one of the finest on the lake, which here spreads in a noble sheet, nearly three miles long, to the base of Thwaithill-nab, winding round which it disappears, and the whole is then believed to be seen. The character of this view is nearly that of simple grandeur, the mountains that impend over the shore in front are peculiarly awful in their forms and attitudes: on the left the fells soften ; woodlands and pastures colour their lower declivities ; and the water is margined with the tenderest verdure, opposed to the dark woods and crags above.

“ Winding the foot of Dunmallet, the almost pyramidical hill that shuts up this end of Ulleswater, and separates it from the vale of Eamont, we cross Barton Bridge, whence this little river, clear as crystal, issues from the lake, and through a close pass, hurries over a rocky channel to the vale. Its woody steeps, the tufted island that interrupts its stream, and the valley beyond, form altogether a picture, in fine contrast with the majesty of Ulleswater, expanding on the other side to the bridge.

“ The characteristics of the left shore of the second reach are grandeur and immensity ; its cliffs are vast and broken, and rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it ; the right exhibits romantic wildness, in the rough ground of Dacre Common, and the craggy heights above it ; and farther on, the sweetest forms of reposing beauty, in the grassy hillocks, and undulating copse of Gowbarrow Park, fringing the water, sometimes over little rocky eminences that project into the stream, and at others in shelving bays, where the

lake, transparent as crystal, breaks upon the pebbly bank, and laves the road that winds there.

“ Among the boldest fells that breast the lake on the left shore, are Holling Fell and Swarth Fell, now no longer boasting any part of the forest of Martindale, but shewing huge walls of naked rock, and scars which many torrents have inflicted. One channel only, in this dry season, retained its shining stream: the chasm was dreadful, parting the mountain from the summit to the base. The perspective, as the road descends into Gowbarrow Park, is, perhaps, the very finest in the lake. The scenery of the first reach is almost tame when compared with this, and it is difficult to say where it can be equalled for Alpine sublimity. The lake, after expanding to a great breadth once more, loses itself beyond the enormous pile of rock called Place Fell, opposite to which the shore, seeming to close upon all farther progress, is bounded by two promontaries, covered with woods, that shoot their luxuriant foliage to the water's edge. The shattered mass of grey rock, called Yew-crag, rises immediately over these; and beyond, a glen opens to a chaos of mountains, more solemn in their aspect, and singular in their shape, than any which have appeared, point crowding over point, in lofty succession. Among these is Stone-cross-pike, and huge Helvellyn, scowling over all, but losing its dignity in the mass of alps around and below it.

“ From Lyulph Tower, in Gowbarrow Park, the lake is seen to make one of its boldest expanses, as it sweeps round Place Fell, and flows into the last bend of this wonderful vale. The view up this reach to the south and to the east, traces all the fells and curving banks of Gowbarrow, that bound the second reach; while to the west a dark angle admits a glimpse of the solemn alps round Helvellyn.

“ Passing fine sweeps of the shore, and over bold head-lands, we came opposite to the vast promontory

tory named Place Fell, that pushes its craggy foot into the lake, like a lion's claw, round which the waters make a sudden turn, and enter Patterdale, their third and final expanse. In this part, the lake, which in the second reach had assumed the form of a river, regains its original appearance, being closed, at three miles distance, by the ruinous rocks that guard the gorge of Patterdale, backed by a multitude of fells. On one side it is bounded by the precipices of Place Fell, Martindale Fell, and several others, equally rude and awful, that rise from its edge, and retire in rocky bays or project in vast promontaries athwart it: on the other the shore is less severe, and more romantic; the rocks are lower and richly wooded; and after receding from the water leave room for a tract of pasture, meadow, or arable land, to contrast their ruggedness. At the upper end the village of Patterdale, and one or two white farms, peep out from among the trees, beneath the scowling mountains that close the scene, seated in a rocky nook with corn and meadow land, sloping gently in front to the lake, and here and there a scattered grove.

“Entering Glensoyn woods, and sweeping the boldest bay of the lake, while the water dashed with a strong surge upon the shore, we at length mounted a road, frightful from its steepness and crags, and gained a wooded summit, which we had long admired.—From hence the view of Ulleswater is the most various and extensive that its shores exhibit, comprehending its two principal reaches; and, though not the most picturesque, it is certainly the most grand. To the east extends the middle sweep, in long and equal perspective, walled with barren fells on the right, and skirted on the left with the pastoral recesses and bowery projections of Gowbarrow Park. The rude mountains above almost seem to have fallen back from the shore, to admit this landscape within their hollow bosom, and then bending ab-

ruptly, like Milton's Adam viewing the sleeping Eve, to hang over it enamoured.

"Place Fell, which divides the two last bends, and was immediately opposite the point we were on, is of the boldest form. It projects into the water, an enormous mass of grey crag, scarred with dark yews; then, retiring a little, it again bends forward in huge cliffs, and finally starts up a vast perpendicular face of rock. As a single object it is wonderfully grand, and connected with the scene its effect is sublime. The lower rocks are called silver rays, and not unaptly; for when the sun shines upon them, their variegated sides somewhat resemble, in brightness, the rays streaming beneath a cloud.

"The last reach of Ulleswater, which is on the right of this point, expands into an oval, and its majestic surface is spotted with little rocky islets, that would adorn a less sacred scene, but are here pretynesses, that can scarcely be tolerated by the grandeur of its character. The tremendous mountains, which scowl over the gorge of Patterdale; the cliffs massy, broken, and overlooked by a multitude of dark summits, with the grey walls of Swarth and Martindale Fells, that up-heave themselves on the eastern shore, form one of the most grand and awful pictures on the lake; yet admirable and impressive as it is, as to solemnity and astonishment, its effect is not equal to that of the more Alpine sketch caught in distant perspective, from the descent into Gowbarrow Park.

"The rocks of Ulleswater and its vicinity are celebrated for reverberating sounds; and the echoes produced are described by several writers as exceedingly grand and impressive. The sound of a cannon (says Mr. Gilpin) fired on the lake is distinctly reverberated six or seven times. It first rolls over the head in one vast peal; then, subsiding a few seconds, it rises again, in a grand uninterrupted burst, perhaps on the right. Another solemn pause
ensues;

ensues; then the sound rises again on the left. Thus thrown from rock to rock in a sort of ærial perspective, it is caught again, perhaps by some nearer promontory; and, returning full on the ear, surprises with as great a peal as the first. But the grandest effect of this kind is produced by a successive discharge of cannon, at the intervals of a few seconds between each discharge. The effect of the first is not over, when the echoes of the second, the third, or perhaps the fourth, begin. Such a variety of awful sounds mixing and commixing, and at the same moment heard from all sides, have a wonderful effect on the mind; it seems as if the very foundations of every rock on the lake were giving way, and the whole scene, from some strange convulsion, falling into general ruin.

—————“ the cannon’s roar,
Bursts from the bosom of the hollow shore:
The dire explosion the whole concave fills.
And shakes the firm foundations of the hills,
Now pausing deep, now bellowing from afar,
Now rages near the elemental war;
Affrighted Echo opens all her cells,
With gathered strength the posting clamour swells,
Check’d or impell’d, and varying in its course,
It slumbers, then awakes with double force;
Searching the strait, and climbing hill and dale,
Sinks in the breeze, or rises with the gale.
Chorus of earth and sky, the mountains sing,
And Heaven’s own thunders through the vallies ring.”

“There is another species of echoes, which are well adapted to the lake in all its stillness and tranquillity, as the others are to its wildness and confusion, and which recommend themselves chiefly to those feelings that depend on the gentler movements of the mind. Instead of cannon let a few French horns and clarinets be introduced; softer music than such loud wind instruments would scarcely have

have power to vibrate. The effect is now wonderfully changed; the sound of a cannon is heard in bursts, it is the music only of thunder; but the *continuation of musical sounds* forms a *continuation of musical echoes*, which, reverberating round the lake, are exquisitely melodious in their several gradations, and form a thousand symphonies, playing together from every part. The variety of notes is inconceivable: the ear is not equal to their innumerable combinations. It is like listening to a symphony dying away at a distance, while other melodious sounds arise close at hand: these have scarcely attracted the attention when a different mode of harmony arises from another quarter. In short, *every rock is vocal; and the whole lake is transformed into a kind of magical scene, in which every promontory seems peopled by aerial beings, answering each other in celestial music.*"

Returning to our road, at the distance of four miles and a half from Clifton, we pass through the village of Thrimby; about two miles to the south-west of which is BAMPTON, a small village, remarkable only for its situation in a fine vale, and the free-school there, where some very eminent men are said to have received the rudiments of their education.—The number of scholars is generally about 70; and the master's salary, which arises chiefly from tithes amounts to about 60*l.* a year, besides presents from the parents of his pupils.

At High Knipe, in this parish, was born Thomas Gibson, M. D. physician general to the army, and author of "A System of Anatomy," who married to his second wife, a daughter of Richard Cromwell the protector; and, in the year 1669, his nephew, Edmund Gibson, D. D. bishop of Lincoln and London, was likewise born at the same place. He had the honour of publishing a new translation of *Camden's Britannia*, with considerable additions and improvements in successive editions. He was educated at the above-mentioned free-school, which was founded,

founded, in the year 1623, by Thomas Sutton, another native, under Mr. Jackson (who held it forty-four years), and admitted, in the year 1686, a member of Queen's College, Oxford. He began his literary career with publishing, in 1691, "*Drummond's Polemo-Middiana*," and James the Fifth of Scotland's "*Cantilena Rustica*," and, in 1692, the Saxon Chronicle, and the Catalogue of the Tenison and Dugdale MSS. In the year 1693 a correct edition of Quintilian; and, in 1694, when he proceeded M. A. Somner's Roman Posts and Forts in Kent, and his *Portus Julius illustratus*. In 1695 he entered into orders, and published, with the assistance of his friends, a new translation of the *Britannia*, with a dedication to Lord Somers, who offered him a living of 200l. a year, in the Isle of Thanet, which he declined on account of health. In the year 1696 he was admitted library-keeper, at Lambeth, to Archbishop Tenison, who took him into his family, and, in 1697 he was appointed morning preacher at Lambeth, and prefixed to the "*Catologus Manuscriptorum in Anglia et Hibernia*," a Latin life of Bodley, and history of his library. In 1698 he published "*The Posthumous Work of Sir Henry Spelman, with his Life*," and was appointed domestic chaplain to the archbishop, and lecturer of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. He distinguished himself in defence of the archbishop's rights as president of the convocation, and had the degree of D. D. conferred on him by the archbishop, in the year 1702, was preferred to the rectory of Lambeth, to the precentorship and a residentiary's place in the church of Chichester, and in the year 1710, to the archdeaconry of Surrey. In 1713 he published his "*Codex juris Anglicani*," and, in 1716, was promoted to the see of Lincoln, and, in 1723, translated to London. His close application to study and business of various kinds brought on a decay, which terminated his life at Bath, on the 6th of September, 1748, in the 79th year of his age, having

having lived to publish a second edition of the *Britannia*, enlarged to two volumes, 1722. He was interred at Fulham, with no other inscription over him than :

“ Edmund Gibson, Lord Bishop of London.”

About two miles to the south-west of Bampton is the beautiful lake of Haws-water, the approach to which is very picturesque ; we pass between two high ridges of mountains, the valley finely spread with inclosures.—The lake is a small one, it being only three miles long, in some places half a mile over, and in others a quarter. It is almost divided in the middle by a promontory of inclosures, so that it may be said to consist of two sheets of water.—The upper end of it is quite enclosed with bold, steep, craggy rock, and mountains ; and in the centre of the end, are a few little enclosures at their feet, waving upwards in a very beautiful manner. On the south side of the lake is a noble ridge of mountains, very bold and prominent down to the water's edge, bulging out in the centre in a fine pendant broad head, that is venerably magnificent. This, with the view of the first sheet of the lake, losing itself in the second, among hills, rocks, and woods, is truly picturesque. The opposite shore consists of inclosures rising one above another, and crowned with craggy rocks.

“ Descending into the vale of Mardale (says Mr. Housman), from the opposite side, the mountains before us open to a great depth, and discover the beautiful lake Haws-water, shining at their base, with the little fields and sequestered cottages along the margin of the lake. Here cataracts accompany us all the way to the bottom, and others appear at a little distance pushing over rocky ledges.—On the left Harter-fell towers its lofty head, and shews a dark-coloured and almost naked perpendicular rock in front ; but between the different layers are nar-

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row sloping patches of scanty herbage, whereon the hardy mountain sheep find a bare subsistence, and in some places appear as if stuck to the wall of a huge and immensely high castle. Beyond this rocky eminence, High-street rears its bulky form ; and in the same quarter, but more northerly, Kidsey-pike shews its conical head.—On the right, Naddle Forest appears less formidable, presenting a surface more soft and verdant, though bestrewed with rocky fragments.

“ Near the base of the hill, two streams are seen rushing down the mountains on the left ; from two elevated lakes, situated on the breasts of the hills, the the least of which is said to cover about ten acres.

“ A dreary desert-like vale now conducts us, together with the united streams of these numerous cataracts, near a mile farther, when we turn a rocky hill to the left, and presently reach the little chapel of Mardale, overhung with mournful yews. The beauty and fertility of the vale gradually increase ; and after passing some huge fragments of rocks, broken and tumbled from the surrounding mountains, and scattered in the rudest order, we reach the head of the lake. The road soon approaches, and generally continues along its margin, sometimes in winding lanes, with high hedges on each side, which frequently shut out the view of the lake ; then opening again, admit a full prospect of its beauties.—On the opposite side a ridge of mountains, forming Naddle Forest, rises quickly from the water’s edge, and hardly leaves room for a cultivated farm ; its front displays a mixture of green herbage, grey rocks, and scattered trees. There are some small farms, with pretty fields and hedge-rows of hazel and thorn, creeping gently up the sides of rocky mountains ; while the beautiful sheet of water contrasts its soft and gently-heaving bosom with the rugged aspect of its grizzly guardians.

“ As we proceed, a low promontory pushes into the lake,

lake, and almost separates its waters. This delightful promontory is nearly divided into small inclosures.

“Wellow-crag, a huge naked rock, rears its head on the southern shore, and overlooks the vale of Mardale. On this side the hills rise more gradually, and expose a mixture of grey rocks and soft green surface. Here also Thwaiteforce tumbles down among the rocks in a fine and noble cataract.

“We continue along the winding borders of this sweet lake, and find the beauty of its vicinity increasing. The fronts of Naddle Forest and Melk-side, on the east, are clothed with wood to their very summits, and sometimes a tree, which the great height apparently diminishes to a shrub, is seen proudly overtopping the whole.

“This lake is supposed to be about fifty fathoms deep in the narrowest part. The soil in its vicinity is dry and gravelly. A few neat small farms, almost buried in groves of trees, intervene between the western border and the rising hills behind. Char, perch, trout, eel, skelly, bass, chubb, and cheven, are caught in this lake.”

Returning to our road, at the distance of three miles from Thrimby, we pass through SHAP, an anciently written Heppe, a long village, once famous for an abbey, first built about the latter end of the reign of Henry the Second, by Thomas the son of Gospatrick, in honour of St. Mary Magdalen, at Preston, in the barony of Kendal; but afterwards removed hither by the founder, and by him endowed with lands and various privileges; among which was that of taking what wood they pleased out of his forest, and grinding at his mill toll free; he also gave them pasture in and about Swindale for sixty cows, twenty mares, five hundred sheep, &c. All these gifts and privileges were confirmed by Robert de Vipont, lord of Westmoreland. At the dissolution the revenue of this abbey was valued at 1547.

17s. 7d. per annum. The abbey stood about a mile west of the church, but there are now only some ruins of it remaining.

The village of Shap, according to the late returns, consisted of 171 houses, and 828 inhabitants.

Near Shap, and to the north-west of Orton, are several large stones, in the form of pyramids, some of which are fourteen feet diameter at the base, and nine feet high, being placed at equal distances one from another, stand almost in a direct line, a mile long. What was the original intent of placing them there, is not known; but it is generally believed, that they were designed to perpetuate the memory of some great actions, which history has not recorded.

On Shapmore, a marshy heath, between the mountains to the north of Shap, is a mineral water, that seems to be of a sulphurous nature; for it has a strong fœtid smell, and a sensible bitterness; but this soon goes off when it evaporates over the fire: it will curdle with soap, and let fall a large white sediment with the solution of pot-ashes. This water is used by the common people to cure rheumatic pains in the joints, by rubbing it warm on the parts affected.

Resuming our journey, at the distance of thirteen miles and a half, we arrive at KENDAL, called also Kirby Candale, *i. e.* a church in a valley. The approach to the town is very pleasant; a noble river (the Kennet) is discovered flowing briskly through fertile fields, and visiting the town in its whole length. It is crossed by a bridge more venerable than handsome, where three great roads coincide from Sedburg, Kirkby Stephen, and Penrith. The main street, leading from the bridge, slopes upwards to the centre of the town, and contracts itself into an inconvenient passage, where it joins another street, which falls with a gentle declivity both ways, and is a mile in length, and of a spacious breadth.

A new street has of late years been opened from near the centre of the town to the river side, which has much improved the road through it for carriages. There have also been erected, near the middle of the town, butcher's shambles, said to be the neatest and most convenient of any in the north of England. Here is a workhouse for the poor, which, for neatness and economy, exceeds most of the kind in the kingdom. The principal inns are commodious and plentifully served.

The church is a handsome structure, supported by thirty-two large pillars; the tower is seventy-two feet high, and has a ring of eight bells; there is also a handsome organ; there are likewise twelve chapels of ease belonging to it. The free-school stands by the side of the church-yard, and is well endowed, having exhibitions to Queen's College.

There is a very large market on Saturday, and two annual fairs, as mentioned in our list; but the objects most worthy of notice here are the manufactures; the chief of which is for Kendal cottons, a coarse woollen cloth, of lindseys and of knit worsted stockings. A considerable tannery is also carried on in this town. The smaller manufactories are of fish-hooks; of waste silk, which is received from London, and after scouring, combing, and spinning, is returned; and of wool-cards, in which branch considerable improvements have been made by the curious machine invented here for that purpose; there are other articles of industry well worth seeing, as the mills for scouring, fulling, and frizing cloth; for cutting and rasping dying-wood. But what is most to the credit of the place is, that notwithstanding many inconveniences which this town has ever laboured under, the manufactures have all along continued to flourish, and have of late years been greatly increased by the spirit and industry of the inhabitants. These manufactures were particularly noticed so early as the reign of King Richard
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the Second and Henry the Fourth, in whose reigns special laws were enacted for the better regulation of Kendal cloths, &c.

When William the Conqueror gave the barony of Kendal to Ivo de Tallebois, the inhabitants of the town were villain-tenants of the baronial lord; but one of his successors emancipated them, and confirmed their burgages to them by charter. Queen Elizabeth, in the 18th year of her reign, erected it into a corporation, by the name of aldermen and burgesses, and afterwards James the First incorporated it with a mayor, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four capital burgesses; but it sends no members to parliament, though Kendal is the largest town in the county, and much superior to Appleby in trade, wealth, buildings, &c.

There are seven companies here, who have each their hall, viz. mercers, sheermen, cordwainers, glovers, tanners, taylors, and pewterers.

By the late inland navigation, it has communication with the rivers Mersey, Dee, Ribble, Ouse, Trent, Derwent, Severn, Humber, Thames, Avon, &c. which navigation, including its windings, extends above five hundred miles, in the counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, York, Lancaster, Chester, Stafford, Warwick, Leicester, Oxford, Worcester, &c. Here are kept the sessions of the peace for this part of the county, called the Barony of Kendal.—The river here, which runs half through the town in a stony channel, abounds with trout and salmon; and on the banks of it live the dyers and tanners.

Mr. Gray's description of this town is equally injurious to it and his memory; but his account of the church and castle is worth transcribing. Near the end of the town stands Abbot Hall, the seat of Allen Chambre, Esq. and adjoining to it the church, a very large Gothic fabric, with a square tower; it has no particular ornaments, but double aisles; and at the east end, four chapels or choirs. Mr. Gray's

account proceeds to the inside of the church, which he describes with his usual accuracy and ease:—Speaking of the four chapels or choirs he says, there is one of the Parr's; another of the Stricklands; the third is the proper choir of the church; and the fourth of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct, and who came into Westmoreland before the reign of Henry the Seventh, and were seated at Burneside in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Adam Bellingham purchased of the king the twentieth part of a knight's fee, in Helsington, a parcel of the possession of Henry duke of Richmond, and of Sir John Lumley (Lord Lumley) which his father, Thomas Bellingham, had farmed of the crown; he was succeeded by his son, James Bellingham, who erected the tomb in the Bellingham Chapel. There is an altar-tomb of Adam Bellingham, dated 1577, with a flat brass arms and quarterings; and in the window their arms alone argent, a hunting-horn sable, string gules. In the Strickland's Chapel are several modern monuments, and another old altar-tomb, not belonging to the family: this tomb is probably of Ralph D'Aincourt, who, in the reign of King John, married Helen, daughter of Anselm de Furness, whose daughter and sole heiress, Elizabeth D'Aincourt, was married to William, son and heir of Sir Robert de Strickland, of Great Strickland, knight.—In the 23rd year of Henry the Third, the son and heir was Walter de Strickland, who lived in the reign of Edward the First, was possessed of the fortune of Anselm de Furness and D'Aincourt, in Westmoreland, and erected the above tomb to the memory of his grandfather, Ralph D'Aincourt. The descendants of the said Walter de Strickland have lived at Sizergh, in this neighbourhood, ever since, and this chapel is the family burying place.—In Parr's Chapel is a third altar-tomb in the corner; no figure or inscription, but on the side, cut in stone, an escutcheon of Ross of Kendal, three water-buckets,

buckets, quartering Parr, two bars in a border ingrailed; secondly, an escutcheon, three vaive-a-fess for Marmion; thirdly, an escutcheon, three chevrons braced, and a chief, which we take for Fitzhugh: at the foot is an escutcheon surrounded with the garter, bearing Ross and Parr, quarterly, quartering the other two before-mentioned, but cannot say whether this is Lord Parr, of Kendal, Queen Catherine's father, or her brother, the Marquis of Northampton: perhaps it is a cenotaph for the latter, who was buried at Warwick, 1571.

The following epitaph, composed for himself, by Mr. Ralph Tyrer, vicar of Kendal, who died in 1627, and placed in the choir, may be worth the reader's perusal on account of its quaintness, and yet uncommon historical precision:

“London bred mee,—Westminster fed mee,
Cambridge sped mee,—My sister wed mee,
Study taught mee,—Living sought mee,
Learning brought mee,—Kendal caught mee,
Labour pressed mee,—Sickness distressed mee,
Death oppressed mee,—The grave possessed mee,
God first gave mee,—Christ did save mee,
Earth did crave mee,—And heaven would have mee.”

The remains of the castle are seated on a fine hill on the side of the river, opposite to the town; almost the inclosure wall remains, with four towers, two square and two round, but their upper parts and embattlements are demolished; it is of rough stone and cement, without any ornament or arms round; inclosing a court of like form, and surrounded by a moat; nor could it ever have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of outworks. There is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley, through which it winds.

If the traveller ascends from the end of Stramontgate Bridge to the castle, which was the only way to it when it was in its glory, and is the easiest at present,

sent, he will observe a square area that had been fortified by a deep moat, and connected to the castle by a draw-bridge, where was probably the back court: the stones are entirely removed, and the ground levelled, “and laughing Ceres re-assumes the land.” The present structure was undoubtedly raised by the first barons of Kendal, and probably on the ruins of a Roman station, this being the most eligible scite in the county for a summer encampment; and, at a small distance from Water-crook, there are still some remains of a dark-red free-stone, used in facings, and in the doors and windows, that have been brought from the environs of Penrith-moor, more probably by the Romans, than by either the Saxon or Norman lords. Fame says that this castle held out against Oliver Cromwell, and was battered from the Castle-law-hill; but this is not so probable as that its present ruinous state is owing to the jealousy of that usurper.

Castle-law-hill is an artificial mount that overlooks the town of Kendal, and faces the castle, and surpasses it in antiquity; being one of those hills called Laws, where, in ancient times, distributive justice was administered. From its present appearance it seems to have been converted to different purposes; but, though well situated as a watch upon the castle, it would never be a proper place to batter it from, as it has been reported.

The town of Kendal, according to the late population act, consisted of 1,424 houses, and 6,892 inhabitants; viz. 2,950 males, and 3,942 females, of which number 3,729 were returned as being employed in different trades and manufacture, and 151 in agriculture.

There is a most pleasant morning's ride of about five miles, down the east side of the river.—About one mile distant from Kendal, on the right, close by the Kennet, is Water-crook, where was the *Concan-gium* of the Romans: here a body of the vigilators
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(or watchmen) kept guard, and was the intermediate station between the ditches at Ambleside and the garrison at Overborough. The line of the foss may be still traced, though much defaced by the plough. Altars, coins, and inscribed stones, have been found here ; and in the wall of the barn, on the very area of the station, is still legible the inscription preserved by Mr. Horseley, to the memory of two freemen, with an imprecation against any one who should contaminate their sepulchre, and a fine to the fiscal.— There is also an altar without any inscription, and a Silenus without a head. At a small distance is a pyramidal knoll, crowned with a single tree, called Sattury ; where probably something dedicated to the god Saturn has stood.

To the south-east of Kendal is the village of NATLAND, near which, on the crest of a green hill, called Helm, are the vestiges of a castellum called Castle-steads, by which the residence of the watchmen at Water-crook correspond (by smoke in the day and flame in the night), with the garrison at Lancaster. Near the beacon, on Wanton-crag, there is a house, at a distance to the north, called Watch-house, where Roman coins have been found. At Natland an old chapel was rebuilt, in the year 1735. Here a floor, sixteen inches deep, has been discovered, with reservoirs, &c. with an area one hundred and forty yards square, with many foundations and vacuities like ovens.

From hence we proceed through Sedwick, near which large works for the manufactory of gunpowder have been lately erected. We then fall in with the course of the river at Force-Bridge, from the crown of which is a very singular romantic view of the river both ways, working its passage in a narrow deep channel of rocks, hanging over it in a variety of forms, and streaming a thousand rills into the flood : the rocks in the bottom are strangely excavated into deep holes of various shapes, which,
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when the river is low remains full of water, and from its depth, is as black as ink. The bridge is one bold arch, supported by opposite rocks of unknown antiquity; a mantle of ivy veils its ancient front, and gives it a most venerable appearance. If we cross the bridge to the west side of the river, and ride as far the forge, to see the water-fall of the whole river, it should be remembered that the stream is much impaired in beauty since the forge was erected; and if from the end of the uppermost house we see the whole body of the river issuing from a sable cavern, and tumbling over a rock, of height just sufficient to convert it into froth as white as snow; and behind this the arch of the bridge is partly caught in a disposition that forms a very uncommon assemblage of picturesque beauties; this is seen in the highest perfection when the river is full. On returning to the bridge, and riding down the east side of the river, we arrive at Levan's Park, one of the sweetest spots that fancy can imagine; the woods, the rocks, the river, the grounds, are rivals in beauty of stile and variety of contrast; the bends of the river, the bulging of the rocks over it, under which in some places it retires in haste, and again breaks out in a calm and spreading stream, are matchless beauties: the ground in some places is bold, and hangs abruptly over the river, or falls into gentle slopes and easy plains; all is variety, with pleasing transitions; thickets cover the brows; ancient thorns, and more ancient oaks, are scattered over the plains; and clumps of solitary beech-trees of enormous size, equal, if not surpass, any thing the Chittem-hills can boast. The park is well stocked with fallow-deer. The side of the Kennet is famous for petrifying springs, that incrust vegetable bodies as moss, leaves of trees, &c.

At a small distance is Incester, where the Romans had a camp, within the park of Kirk's-head, mentioned by Camden as a place frequented by the Romans;

mans; nothing of late belonging to that people have been discovered at either place. Levans Hall, to the north of Incaster, was the seat of a family of that name for many ages: then of Redman for several descents; afterwards it came to the Bellinghams, and Adam, or his son James, gave it the present form in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in taste of carving in wood attempted to outdo his contemporary Walter Strickland, Esq. of Sizergh: after Bellingham it came to Colonel Graham, and from his daughter by marriage, to the ancestor of the late noble possessor, the Earl of Suffolk. The gardens belonging to this seat are in the old style, and are very curious; they are said to have been planted by the gardiner of James the Second who resided here with Colonel Graham during some part of the troubles of his royal master.

Sizergh Hall, near Sedwick is a venerable old building in a pleasant situation, formed like the rest in ancient times, for a place of defence. The tower is a square building, defended by two square turrets and battlements; one of them is over the great entrance, and has a guard room capable of containing ten or twelve men, with embrasures; the winding stair-case terminates in a turret, which defends the other entrance.

At Levans-bridge is another view of the valley, and the east-side of the Kennet. At the park-gate there is a charming view of Sizergh, shewing itself to the morning sun, and appearing to advantage from an elevated scite, under a bold and wooded back ground. The tower was built in the reign of Henry the Third or Edward the First, by Sir William Strickland, who had married Elizabeth, the general heiress of Ralph D'Aincourt. This is evident from an escutcheon, cut in stone, on the west side of the tower, and hung corner wise: D'Aincourt quartering Strickland, three scollop shells, the crest on a close helmet, and a full-topped-holly-bush; the same
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are the arms of the family at this time, and this has been their chief residence ever since.

Barnard Gilpin, (commonly called the Northern Apostle, from his unwearied zeal in promoting the practice of religion) was the son of a country gentleman, and born at the village of Kentmore, near Kendal, in the year 1517. He was instructed in the knowledge of the classics by a private tutor, and afterwards entered a student in Queen's college, where he took his degrees, and entered into holy orders.

Being desirous of improving himself in the knowledge of divinity, he went to Louvain in the low countries, where he studied for about two years, when receiving advice that his uncle, Dr. Tonsal. was advanced to the bishopric of Durham, he returned to England, and was, by his interest, presented to several livings; but he refused to hold any more than one, which was the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham.

During the reign of Edward VI. he did every thing in his power to promote the reformation, and continued to prosecute his labours with unwearied diligence during the troubles that took place in the reign of Queen Mary. Information of his conduct being communicated to Cardinal Pole, he was seized as an heretic; but as the officers were bringing him to London, advice was received of the death of the queen, in consequence of which, Mr. Gilpin was immediately set at liberty, and returned to his rectory at Houghton.

From this period till his death he continued to preach in such a manner as resembled the apostles of old. Once every summer he went a circuit through Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland, and preached to those people who were destitute of ministers. He kept a school in his house for the instruction of the youth of his parish, many of whom he sent to the university at his own expence;

pence ; and such was his hospitality, that he kept open house for the relief of the indigent and distressed.

His whole parish seemed to resemble one family, and he made it a constant rule to visit each house once in the year, and invited the inhabitants to return him the visit. He kept three tables on Sunday, one for the gentlemen, another for the farmers, and a third for the poor, by which he became acquainted not only with their knowledge of religion, but also their various wants, so that he was both a spiritual and temporal father in his parish.

He was so universally esteemed in the north of England, that the people used to say, " If a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, he would immediately make his way to the rectory of Houghton."

He died on the 4th of March, in the year 1583, and was interred in his own church, being attended to the grave by every housekeeper in the parish.

Thomas Barlow, a learned divine of the 17th century, was born at Langhill, a village to the north-east of Kendal, in the year 1607. He was first educated at the free-school of Appleby, and afterwards entered himself a student of Queen's College, Oxford.

Having completed his course of academical learning, he was appointed metaphysic reader in the university ; and his lectures were received with the greatest applause.

In the year 1652, he was elected keeper of the Bodleian library ; and about five years after was chosen provost of his college.

On the restoration of Charles the Second he was appointed one of the commissioners for restoring the members that had been unjustly expelled during Cromwell's usurpation. About the same time he was made Margaret professor of divinity, and soon after promoted to the bishopric of Lincoln.

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After the discovery of the popish plot, he wrote several learned tracts against the Roman Catholic religion; but on the accession of James the Second, he expressed the warmest zeal for the interest of that prince, and even published some specious reasons for reading his majesty's declaration of indulgence.

At the time of the revolution he readily voted that king James had abdicated the throne, and was particularly active in excluding from their benefices such of the clergy as refused to take the oaths to the new government; in short he appears to have been a timorous or time-serving man, and never to have had any fixed or established principles.

He died on the 8th of October in the year 1691, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Returning from this digression on leaving Kendal, our road lies southerly, and at the distance of six miles we pass through the village of Preston Patrick, one mile and a half beyond which, on our left, is Farleton-knot, a beautiful naked lime-stone mountain, said to resemble much in form the rock of Gibraltar. On the edge of another mountain, a little to the south of the former, is a natural curiosity called Claythrop-clints, or Curwen wood-kins, which consists of a large plain of naked lime-stone rock, a little inclined to the horizon, which has evidently been one continued calcareous mass, in a state of softness like that of mud at the bottom of a pond. It is deeply rent with a number of fissures of six, eight, or ten inches wide, just in the form of those which take place on clay or mud that is dried in the sun. It also exhibits such channels in its surface as can only be accounted for by supposing them formed by the ebbling of copious waters (probably those of the deluge) before the matter was become hard; it is five or six hundred yards in length, and about two hundred in breadth. There are several other lime stone plains of the same kind in the neighbourhood; but this is the

the most remarkable and extensive. In the crevices of the rocks, the botanist may meet with the belladonna, or salanum lethale, the deadly nightshade, and some other curious plants. By a trigonometrical process the height of this mountain was found to be five hundred and ninety-four feet above the level of the turnpike road.

A handsome obelisk was erected on the top of this hill by subscription of the inhabitants of Kendal in the year 1788; which, seen from almost every part of the vale, is a very beautiful object; and being in the centenary of the revolution in 1688, has the following inscription:

Sacred to Liberty.

This obelisk was erected in the year 1788;

In memory of the Revolution in 1688.

At the distance of about one mile and a half from the last-mentioned hill, we arrive at BURTON, a clean neat market town, pleasantly situated on the borders of Lancashire; and, being on the great turnpike road leading to Lancaster, it has several goods inns for the accommodation of travellers; but not any public building that merits particular description. Its market is on Tuesday, and the town consists, according to the late population act, of 128 houses, inhabited by 543 persons, viz. 275 males and 273 females, of whom 110 were returned as being employed in trade and manufacture.

About four miles to the north-west of Burton is MILNTHORP, a small market-town, and the only sea-port in Westmoreland. It consists chiefly of one street, which is pretty well built; and at the east end there are some good houses in pleasant and open situations. The surrounding grounds are dry, fertile, and have a pleasing appearance, swelling and sinking gently into hill and dale.

Goods are brought to this place in small vessels from Grange, in Lancashire. The number of houses,

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according to the late population act, consisted of 214; and of inhabitants 968, viz. 459 males, and 509 females; of whom 170 were returned as being employed in various trades, and 113 in agriculture.— Its market is on Friday.

There are three rope-yards, two paper-mills, one flax-mill, and one cotton-mill, all within a mile of the town. But what contributes most to enliven the prospect about Milnthorpe and its neighbourhood, is the elegant mansion of Daniel Wilson, Esq. at Dallam Tower, situated at the mouth of the estuary.— A thick wood of tall trees climbs up a steep hill behind the house; and a fine park, adorned with wood and well-stocked with deer, extends in front, rising in a graceful swell. At Beetham-mill, near this place, there is a waterfall on the river Beele, which is worth the notice of the curious traveller.

Journey from Dunmel-raise-stones to Kirkby Lonsdale; through Ambleside and Kendal.

DUNMEL, or Dunmail Wrays, or Raise Stones, situated at the north-western extremity of the county, are so called from a heap of stones collected in memory of a battle fought in the year 946, between a petty king of Cumberland and Edmund the First, in which the latter obtained a complete victory, put out the eyes of his adversary's two sons, and gave the territory to Malcolm, king of Scotland, to preserve the peace of the northern part of England.— The stones have the appearance of a barrow. The wall that divides the counties is built over them.

On leaving Dunmel raise-stones we proceed southerly, and, at the distance of three miles, pass, on our right, the sweetly retired circular vale of Grasmere, with a beautiful small lake, graced with a fine island, and margined with a few pretty inclosures. This vale is about four miles in circumference, and guarded by high mountains: at the upper end, Helm-crag, pyramidal and broken, exhibits an immense

riense mass of antideluvian ruins.—Mr. Gray, who was delighted with this view, thus notices it:—“Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountain spreading here into a broad bason, discovers in the midst Grasmere-water; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with bold eminences; some of rock, some of turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command; from the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with a parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging inclosures, corn fields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no gentleman's flaring house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected Paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest, most becoming attire.”

After passing over the rugged side of a rocky mountain, that shuts the lake from our view, we pass another still smaller lake, called Rydal-water, apparently shallow, and inferior to the other in point of beauty. Some old woods, however, grace the opposite banks, a few trees spring from the grey rocks on this side, and its bosom contains two small islands. These lakes empty themselves by the river Rothay, which, after running about two miles, enters the lake of Wynandermere.

A little to the north-east of Rydal-water, is Rydal-Hall, seated on a gentle eminence, at the junction of two vallies; among waving woods, which cover the surrounding steeps. This estate has been lately much improved by its owner, Sir Michael le Fleming,

Fleming, Bart. a gentleman whose taste and liberal spirit have contributed much towards the perfection of those beauties which Nature has so lavishly scattered round this sequestered vale.—Here are two cascades worthy of notice; one at a little distance from the house, in a glen, to which Sir Michael has cut a convenient path, that leads us suddenly upon it in the best point of view: this is a considerable stream tumbling in one unbroken sheet, from a rock of great height into a bason below, with a concussion that seems to shake the very mountain. The other is a small water-fall, seen through the window of a summer-house, and is beautiful beyond description. Of this cascade Mr. Gilpin says: “One of these, though but a miniature, is so beautiful, both in itself and its accompaniments, as to deserve particular notice. It is seen from a summer-house; before which its rocky cheeks, circling on each side, form a little area, appearing through the window like a picture in a frame. The water-falls within a few yards of the eye, which, being rather above its level, has a long perspective view of the stream, as it hurries from the higher grounds, tumbling, in various little breaks, through its rocky channel, darkened with thicket, till it arrives at the edge of the precipice before the window, from whence it rushes into the bason, which is formed by nature in the native rock. The dark colour of the stone taking still a deeper tinge from the wood which hangs over it, sets off to wonderful advantage the sparkling lustre of the stream, and produces an uncommon effect of light. It is this effect indeed from which the chief beauty of this little exhibition arises.”

Behind Rydal-hall is Rydal-head, a mountain covered with soft herbage, intermixed with a few bursting rocks. The ascent is steep; but the view from the top amply repays the toil of climbing it. From hence are seen the lakes and vales of Grasmere and Rydal, pleasingly delineated far below our feet, and

on which we look down, almost perpendicularly, observing every sweep in the line of shore. Beyond these the mountains, with verdant skirts, and bosoms purpled with heath, rise in various forms, and discover a small elevated lake, called Elter-water, seated high in the dimpled breast of one of them, and sending forth a silvery stream, which joins the Brathay, and thence pushes over a succession of little cascades to mighty Winandermere. This famous lake, which gradually unfolds itself during our ascent, now spreads out far and wide a shining mirror, studded with numerous islands, and half intersected by stretching promontories. Irregular broken ridges of mountains bound the lake; but more humble than the guardians of those lakes we have before seen, and softened with a profusion of wood, running up from the embayed borders of the water almost to the summits of the hills..

Over the western boundary of Winandermere, Esthwaite-water, a small lake in Lancashire, is seen, extending towards Hawkshead; and to the right of that Conistone-lake, an extensive sheet of water, stretches in a long line, among the high rocky fells of Furness. Farther still, the Irish Sea shines in the horizon, and washes a very indented shore.—Tracing back the prospect, the town of Ambleside stands just before us; while Rydal-hall is hid under the brow of the mountain upon which we stand.—On the other side the range of mountains extends to an imperceptible distance, covered with a dry verdant turf, and rising up in pointed summits of different elevations; the most prominent of which are Dow-crags, Grisdale-pike, and Helvellin. Nothing can be conceived more romantic than an excursion over the tops of these mountains, which, with a guide, may be made without either danger or inconvenience.

The anonymous writer of "A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes," traversed these hills to Helvellin, and,

in his jocular style, has given the following account of his views from thence :

“ We then clambered to a heap of stones upon Grisdale-pike, or, as it is called by the country people, in remembrance of some rustic fun, *Dolly Wagon-pike* ; and, I may venture to say, she has a more commanding prospect than any dolly in the kingdom ; to the west, immense mountains that hide the vale of Borrowdale, shewing three lakes, and the sea bounding them ; to the east, fleecy clouds are rolling about the hills, and she appears (from our situation) the head of a delightful valley and of Ulleswater ; plainly shewing us Gowbarrow Park, Dunmallet Head, and the outlet of the lake.

“ We are in the midst of sharp whirlwinds, which rustle up the dry moss, and by lifting up the skirts of my coat, have given some fine colours to my back.

“ On Whelp side we see Bassenthwaite-lake ; and, after declining in order to ascend the south-east flank of Helvellin, a hill, a mile long, extends to the east, so narrow you might sit across any part of the ridge. The clouds are flying before the wind, and reflect their shadows so fantastically, that beggars what we admired when on Windermere.”

After mentioning his arrival at the highest pinnacle of Helvellin, he says :—“ The view gets more hazy, still the magnificence around us is beyond description. Mountains towering above hills, as if they were parents of numerous families, and Helvellin in the centre of them.—Skiddaw is below us to the north. Cross-fell is large enough to be visible from an exalted summit, and is only exceeded by Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, which holds her crowned head amidst a chain of hills, and seems from her height deserving of her royal appearance.

“ Old Man is just in sight, and old friends deserve not to be forgotten. Place-fell cuts off a branch of Ulleswater, and makes the shape of the lake

lake resemble *a pair of breeches*, inlaid with pasture about the old church, as rich as nature and industry can make it."

On resuming our road to Ambleside, we pass through the valley in front of Rydal-hall, and for some distance among the grounds that belong to it, where again the taste of the owner is conspicuous in the disposition of plantations among pastures of extraordinary richness, and where pure rivulets are suffered to wind, without restraint, over their dark rocky channels. Woods mantle up the cliffs on either side of this sweet valley; and higher still, the craggy summits of the fells crowd over the scene.—Two miles among its pleasant shades, near the banks of the murmuring Rotha, brings us to AMBLESIDE, a small market-town, standing in a pleasant situation, and tolerably built, though it has only the appearance of a large village. Its market is on Wednesday, but no principal manufacture is carried on here; the goods made being chiefly for the manufacturers in Kendal. It consists, according to the late population act, of 122 houses, and 538 inhabitants; viz. 258 males, and 280 females, of whom 187 were returned as being employed in various trades and manufactures, and 127 in agriculture.

Ambleside is situated on the steep decline of a hill, at the head of Winandermere-lake, between which and the town, there appears to have been a fort of an oblong figure, about 165 yards in length, and 100 in breadth. It has been secured by a strong rampart and a ditch, and in every part are vast heaps of stones, bricks, &c. This station lies in a meadow on a level with the water, and is supposed to be that called the Dictis, where part of the Cohors Nerviorum Dictentium was stationed.

At present the traces of the antiquity of Ambleside are almost defaced; the modern inhabitants have, however, preserved a few of the Roman monuments which were formerly discovered. In Camden's

den's time many ruins of the ancient Ambogana of the Romans were to be seen here ; the extent of the fortress, as he gives the dimensions, was one hundred and thirty-two ells in length, and eighty in breadth. Roman bricks, urns, and other earthen vessels, glass lachrymals, coins, mill-stones, or quern-stones, as he calls them, were frequently found here ; the ground, in which the traces of such places is now to be seen, forms an oblong square with obtuse angles, and lies near the river Brathay.

A little to the south of the above station is Winandermere, of which Mr. Hutchinson has given the following description : " This lake is very different from those of Cumberland, being in length about 12 computed miles, and not a mile in width in the broadest part ; the hills seen around the lake, except those above Ambleside, are humble ; the margin of the water is irregular and indented, and every where composed of cultivated lands, woods, and pastures, which descend with an easy fall down to the lake, forming a multitude of bays and promontories, and giving it the appearance of a large river ; in the narrowest parts not unlike the Thames below Richmond. On that part where Furness-fells forms the shore, the scene is more rude and romantic.—The western side of this lake is in Lancashire, the eastern in Westmoreland. As we sailed down the lake, we had two views, which comprehended all the beauties of the lake. We rested upon the oars, in a situation, where, looking down the lake, we took into the prospect the greatest extent of water ; the shore was indented by woody promontories, which shot into the lake on each side to a considerable distance ; to the right were the hills of Furness-fell, which are the highest that arise immediately from the water, consisting chiefly of rocks, which, though not rugged and deformed, have their peculiar beauty, being scattered over with trees and shrubs, each growing separate and distant ; the brow of this
rock

rock overlooks a pretty peninsula, on which the ferry boat-house stands, concealing its white front in a grove of sycamores. Whilst we were looking on it, the boat was upon its way, with several horse-passengers, which greatly graced the scene; to the left, a small island of a circular form, covered with a thicket of ash and birch wood; beyond which, the hills that arose from the lake in gentle ascents to the right, were covered with rich herbage and irregular groves; on the left side of the lake, inclosures of meadow, sweeping gently away from the water, lay bounded by a vast tract of woods, and overtopped with hills of moorish ground and heath; the most distant heights, which formed the back ground, were fringed with groves, over which they lifted their brown eminences, in various shapes. Upwards, on the lake, we looked on a large island of about thirty acres, of meagre pasture ground, in an irregular oblong figure; here and there some misshapen oak trees bend their crooked branches on the sandy brinks, and one little grove of sycamores shelters a cottage. The few natural beauties of this island are wounded and distorted by some ugly rows of firs set in right lines, and by the works now carrying on by the proprietor, who is laying out gardens on a square plan, building fruit walls, and preparing to erect a mansion-house. The want of taste is a misfortune too often attending the architect; the romantic site of this place, on so noble a lake, and surrounded with such scenes, requires the finest imagination and most finished judgment to design the plan of an edifice and pleasure-grounds; but, instead of that, to see a Dutch Burgomaster's palace arise, and a cabbage garth extend its bosom to the east, squared and cut out at right angles, is so offensive to the traveller's eye, that he turns away in disgust.

“ I would overlook this misshapen object, whilst I
view

view the lake upwards, with its environs ; the beautiful crags of Furness-fell, over which trees are dispersed in an agreeable wildness, form the front ground on the left, and by their projection cover the hills, which are farther advanced towards the head of the lake which makes a curve, bearing from the eye ; three small woody islands, of a fine circular figure, swelling to a crown in their centres, arise from out the lake ; and, with the deep verdure of their trees, give an agreeable tint to the azure hue the water received from reflection of the serene sky above ; over an expanse of water, in length six miles, and near a mile in breadth, shining and bright as a mirror, we viewed the agreeable variety of the adjacent country ; to the right, woodlands and meadows, in many little peninsulas and promontories descended with easy slopes to the brink of the lake, where Bownes Church and its cottages arose above the trees ; beyond which lay the seat of Fletcher Fleming, Esq. situated on the brink of the lake, and covered on every side with rich woodland ; further were cots and villages dispersed on the rising ground ; in front stood Ambleside, and at the opening of the deep vale of Rydale, the house of Sir Michael Fleming ; shielded on either hand by a wing of hanging forests, climbing up the steeps of the mountains. The nearest back ground to the right is composed of an eminence called Orrest-head, rising gradually to a point, and cultivated to its crown, which sweet mount is contrasted by the vicinage of the crags of Biscot-hoe, which overtop the extensive woodlands of Sir M. le Fleming ; then Troutbeck parks arise, where the hills begin to increase in magnitude, and form the range of mountains which are extended to Keswick, diversified with pasturage, dells, and cliffs ; looking over with Langdon-pikes, three mountains, rising in perfect cones, extend their heads, surmounted only by the rocky and barren

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ren brow of Kirkstone-fell, whose cliffs overlook the whole.

“The lake of Windermere differs very much from those of Ulleswater and Keswick; here almost every object in view, on the whole lake, confesses cultivation; the islands are numerous, but small and woody, and rather bear a resemblance to the artificial circles raised on gentlemen’s ponds for their swans. The great island is little better than a bank of sand, and is now under the despoiling hand of a deformer. The innumerable promontories are composed of fine meadow ground, and ranges of trees; the hills, except Furness-fell and those above Ambleside, are tame; and on every hand a vast expanse of woodland is stretched upon the view. The paintings of Poussin describe the nobleness of Ulleswater; the works of Salvator Rosa express the romantic scenes of Keswick; and the tender and elegant touches of Claude Loraine and Smith, pencil forth the rich variety of Windermere.

“The greatest depth of Windermere, we were told, was not more than forty fathom; the water abounds in pike, trout, char, eels, and perch. The lake, whilst we visited it, was covered with the boats of fishing parties; it being customary for the country people, after their hay harvest, to make their days of jubilee in that diversion.

“This lake, taken altogether, (says Mr. Houseman, in his descriptive tour) may be compared to a mirror of immense size and rude shape, set in a huge frame of grotesque figure, adorned with the grandest carvings and lace-work, in a variety of the richest colours, and altogether bearing the negligent air of Nature’s original workmanship.

“This view is not seen to advantage, except in the morning, or in the absence of the sun; nor is that general commanding view from an eminence above Bowness, which is thus elegantly described by Mr. Young, less subject to the same inconvenience.—

nience:—"Thus having viewed the most pleasing objects from these points, let me next conduct you to a spot, where at one glance, you command them all in fresh situations, and all assuming a new appearance. For this purpose, you return to the village, and taking the bye-road to the turnpike, mount the hill without turning your head (if I were your guide, I would conduct you behind a small hill, that you might come at once upon the view), till you almost gain the top, when you will be struck with astonishment at the prospect spread at your feet, which, if not the most superlative view that nature can exhibit, she is more fertile in beauties than the reach of my imagination will allow me to conceive. It would be mere vanity to attempt to describe a scene which beggars all description; but, that you may have some faint idea of the outlines of this wonderful picture, I will just give the particulars of which it consists.

"The point on which you stand is the side of a large ridge of hills, that form the eastern boundary of the lake, and the situation high enough to look down upon all the objects—a circumstance of great importance, which painting cannot imitate. In landscapes, you are either on a level with the objects, or look up to them; the painter cannot give the declivity at your feet, which lessens the object as much in the perpendicular line as in the horizontal one. You look down upon a noble winding valley, of about twelve miles long, every where inclosed with grounds, which rise in a very bold and various manner, in some places bulging into mountains, abrupt, wild, and uncultivated; in others breaking into rocks, craggy, pointed; and irregular; here rising into hills, covered with the noblest woods, presenting a gloomy brownness of shade, almost from the clouds, to the reflection of the trees in the limpid water of the lake they so beautifully skirt; there waving in glorious slopes of cultivated inclosures,

tures, adorned in the sweetest manner with every object that can give variety to art, or elegance to nature : trees, woods, villages, houses, farms, scattered with picturesque confusion, and waving to the eye in the most romantic landscapes that nature can exhibit.

“ This valley, so beautifully enclosed, is floated by the lake which spreads forth to the right and left, in one vast but irregular expanse of transparent water ; a more noble object can hardly be imagined. Its immediate shore is traced in every variety of line that fancy can imagine ; sometimes contracting the lake into the appearance of a noble winding river ; at others, retiring from it, and opening into large bays, as if for navies to anchor in ; promontories spread with woods, or scattered with trees and inclosures, projecting into the water in the most picturesque stile imaginable ; rocky points breaking the shore, and rearing their bold heads above the water ; in a word, a variety that amazes the beholder. But what finishes the scene with an elegance too delicious to be imagined is, this beautiful sheet of water being dotted with no less than ten islands, distinctly comprehended by the eye ; all of the most bewitching beauty. The large one presents a waving various line, which rises from the water in the most picturesque inequalities of surface : high land in one place, low in another, clumps of trees in this spot, scattered ones in that, adorned by a farm-house on the water’s edge, and backed with a little wood, vying in simple elegance with Baronean palaces : some of the smaller islets rising from the lake, like little hills of wood ; some only scattered with trees, and others of grass of the finest verdure ; a more beautiful variety is no where to be seen. Strain your imagination to command the idea of so noble an expanse of water, thus gloriously environed, spotted with islands, more beautiful than would have issued from the happiest painter. Picture the moun-

tains rearing their majestic heads with native simplicity; the vast rocks boldly projecting their terrible craggy points; and in the path of beauty, the variegated inclosures of the most charming verdure, hanging to the eye in every picturesque form that can grace landscape, with the most exquisite touches *a la belle nature*. If you raise your fancy to something infinitely beyond this assemblage of rural elegancies, you may have a faint notion of the unexampled beauties of this ravishing landscape."

On descending to BOWNESS, a pleasant well-built village, which Mr. Gilpin stiles the capital port town of the lake, and the great mart for fish and charcoal, both of which commodities are largely imported here, and carried by land into the country. Its harbour is crowded with vessels of various kinds, some of which are used merely as pleasure-boats, in navigating the lake. At Bellfield, near this place, Mr. Taylor has a small pleasantly-situated house.

About one mile from hence, a road leads through a beautiful part of the vale to the Ferry-point, a low, extended, and narrow neck of land; towards which another point stretches from the opposite shore, and forms what is called the Straits of Winandermere.—A ferry-boat is kept here in readiness to convey horses, carriages, &c. across the lake. Opposite Bowness is Curwen's Island, of an oblong shape, swelling in the middle, and pointed at each end; and containing twenty-seven acres of land.—J. C. Curwen, Esq. the present proprietor of this beautiful island, has joined every assistance of art to the fine dispositions of Nature, in rendering it a most delightful retreat. Sweet groves, pleasant walks, and verdant lawns, with a neat house, in a good situation, all contribute towards its beauties: from hence are some of the finest views of the lake; the northern shores affording a mixed prospect of the beautiful and sublime; a number of scattered islands interrupt the line of uniformity, which would otherwise bound

bound a reach of the lake four miles and a half in length, and in some parts above one in breadth. These islands, in shape and cloathing, display a pleasing variety in the fore-ground of the picture. "The side skreens (says Mr. Housman) are different; that on the left consists of a rocky ridge, descending to the water, partly covered with verdure, on which flocks of mountain sheep are seen feeding, and partly cloathed with thick woods, or scattered with straggling trees and evergreen shrubs, over which the heights of Furness-fells are peeping into the lake. On the right neat villages and farms, half buried in wood, form a delightful mixture of woodlands and cultivated fields, stretching, in a gradual ascent, from the water's edge to the tops of some of the hills. In front we have a large collection of high mountains, with pointed summits, rearing up in different attitudes, and one overlooking the top of another, as if anxious to gaze on the beauties of of the lake. Turning to the south, we observe the lake extending many miles in that direction, with variety of shore, and patched with islands. In every point of view mountains, at different distances, raise their bulky crests, and form a noble amphitheatre round the lake. From the southern side also a good prospect opens before us particularly to the foot of the lake. The two ferry points, creeping towards each other, with the island of Crow-holme on the right, form a picturesque strait, through which Berkshire island, towards the centre of the lake, is seen raising its head above the water. Beyond this Rawlinson's Nab on the west, and Star's Point on the east, are two bold promontories, which push abruptly into the lake. The line of shore on each side is much indented, and sweetly fringed with trees; while the waving hills, which guard the lake, are clothed either with a combination of verdant fields and sweeping woods, or a mixture of grey

rock bursting through a grassy turf, and scattered evergreen trees and shrubs."

Curwen's Island is thus described by the elegant and correct pen of Mr. Gilpin:—"A more sequestered spot cannot easily be conceived. Nothing can be more excluded from the noise and interruption of life; or abound with a greater variety of those circumstances which make retirement pleasing.

'The whole island contains about thirty acres. Its form is oblong; its shores irregular, retiring into bays, and broken into creeks. The surface too is uneven; and a sort of little Appenine ridge runs through the middle of it, falling down in all shapes into the water. Like its great mother island, the southern part wears a smoother aspect than the northern, which is broken and rocky.

'Formerly the whole island was one entire grove. At present it is rather bare of wood, though there are some large oaks upon it.

'One of its greatest beauties arises from that irregular little Appenine just mentioned, which extends from one end to the other. This circumstance hides its *insularity*, by connecting it with the continent. In every part, except on the high grounds, you stand in an amphitheatre composed of the noblest objects; and the lake, performing the office of a sunk fence, the grandeur of each part of the continent is called in by turns, to aid the insignificance of the island.

'The oblong form also of the lake gives the island another great advantage. On both its *sides* the opposite shores of the continent are little more than half a mile distant; but at the northern and southern *points* there is a large sheet of water. The views therefore as you walk round, are continually changing through all the varieties of *distance*; which are still farther improved by a little degree of obliquity.'

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The following curious fact respecting this island is related by the same author.

‘ This island formerly belonged to the Phillipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the civil wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment: the latter was a major.

‘ The Major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprize; and for his many feats of personal bravery, had obtained among the Oliverians of those parts the appellation of *Robin the Devil*.

‘ After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and private malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals.—Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal; and under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a justice of the peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Phillipson was at his brother’s house, on the island of Windermere; resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man, who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. With this view, he mustered a party which he thought sufficient, and went himself on the enterprize. How it was conducted my authority does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed, and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor the works without; though every gentleman’s house was at that time, in some degree, a fortress. All we learn is that Major Phillipson endured a siege of eight or ten days with great gallantry; till his brother, the colonel, hearing of his distress, raised a party, and relieved him.

‘ It was now the Major’s turn to make reprisals.

He put himself therefore at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal. Here being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers (for it was on a Sunday morning) he stationed his men properly in the avenues; and himself, armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the colonel, and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot; and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated; for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

‘The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man, on horseback, make his appearance among them; and the Major taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly; and, being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

‘At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants; and the Major killed with his own hand, the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horse, and vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him; and with his whole party made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake.—The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit, that it could be nobody but *Robin the Devil*.’

St. Mary Holme, otherwise called Lady Holme, is another island in this lake, so denominated from a chapel built anciently therein, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

By an inquisition, after the death of Joan de Coup-land, the jurors found that she died seized of the advowson of the chapel of St. Mary Holme, within Wynandermere,

Wynandermere, which was valued at nothing, because the land that had belonged to the same, had of old time been seized into the lord's hand and laid within the park of Calogarth.

Amongst the returns made by the commissioners to enquire of colleges, chapels, free-chantries, and the like, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and Edward the Sixth, there is the "free chapel of Holme and Winandermere."

This island belonged to the Phillipsons of Calgarth, and still goes along with the Calgarth estate; there are no ruins of the chapel remaining. It is a very small island. The chapel would cover near half of it. It is a rock, with some few shrubs growing upon it in the middle of the lake, wonderfully adapted to contemplation and retirement.

There is another island, anciently called Roger Holme, which is of the Lumley fee; whereof William de Thweng, died seized in the 14th year of Edward the Third. It was granted by Henry the Eighth, with the rest of the Lumley fee to Allan Bellingham, Esq. but since has belonged (with the other Bellingham estates in Westmoreland) to the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire.

Mr. Gilpin concludes his observations on Winandermere with the following account of its char fishery, and other singular properties:—

‘Among the great variety of fish which inhabit the extensive waters of this lake the *char* is the most remarkable. It is near twice the size of a herring; its back is of an olive green; its belly of a light vermillion, softening in some parts into white, and changing into a deep red at the insertion of the fins.

‘A parcel of char, just caught and thrown together into the luggage-pool of a boat, makes a pleasant harmony of colouring. The green olive tint prevails; to which a spirit is here and there given by a light blush of vermillion, and by a strong touch of red,

red, if a fin happen to appear. These pleasing colours are assisted by the bright silvery lights which play over the whole, and which nothing reflects more beautifully than the scales of fish.

‘Char are caught only in the winter season, when twenty dozen in a day are sometimes taken by a single boat. In summer they retire to the rocky caves below, some of which are said to be unfathomable; nor do they breed in any lake in which such deep recesses are not found.

‘The char fishing is a very profitable branch of trade to the proprietors of the lake. The whole area of it is divided into five districts. An imaginary line crosses the surface from crag to crag—a limit which the fisherman correctly knows. But though the space of each fishery is nearly equal, yet the produce is otherwise; the fish running in shoals sometimes in one part of the lake, and sometimes in another.—When the farmer rents land, he can judge of his bargain by the surface; when he rents water, he must take his chance.

‘But fish are not the only inhabitants of this lake.—Innumerable flights of water-fowl frequent its extensive plains. The naturalists may declare their names and classes; the painter has only to remark the variety of forms in which they appear—sometimes sitting in black groups upon the water, rising and sinking with the waves; at other times in the air, circling the lake in figured files; or with hesitating wing, seizing some station on its banks or surface.

‘I have only to add, that this magnificent piece of water suffers little change, in *appearance*, from seasons; but preserves the dignity of its character under all circumstances; seldom depressed, and as seldom raised above its ordinary level.—Even in the most violent rains, when the country is drenched in water, when every rill is swelled into a river, and the mountains pour down floods through new channels,

channels, the lake maintains the same equal temper ; and though it may spread a few yards over its lower shores (which is the utmost it does), yet its increase is seldom the object of observation ; nor does the severity of the greatest drought make any considerable alteration in its bounds. Once (it is recorded) it rose seven feet in perpendicular height. Its boundaries would then certainly *appear* enlarged ; but this was a very uncommon case ; and was probably owing to the burst of a water-spout.'

But if it be not raised by rains, it is often greatly agitated by winds. Of all the lakes of this country, none lies so exposed as this, through the whole length of it, to sudden squalls ; nor does any piece of fresh water in the whole island, perhaps emulate the grandeur of a disturbed ocean so much. It is of course navigated with great caution, whenever there is a tendency to stormy weather. Many accidents have shewn the necessity of this caution ; but one made an impression on the country which a century has not effaced. Several people in the neighbourhood of Bowness, having been attending a fair at Hawkshead, a town on the other side of the lake, had embarked in the evening on their return home ; but before this little voyage could be performed, so violent a storm arose that their boats foundered, and no fewer than forty-seven persons perished.

Resuming our road, on leaving Ambleside, we proceed along the eastern borders of the lake, and at the distance of three miles we crossed Trout Beck Bridge, over the Trout Beck, which runs into the Eden. Here are a chapel and charity-school. At this place we leave the vicinity of the lake, and proceed easterly, and at the distance of five miles, we pass through the village of Staveley, which has likewise a neat chapel with a good steeple.

About one mile and a half from Staveley, on the left of our road, we pass the village of Strickland, in
which

which parish (says Mr. Burn) another chapelry of Kendal, remains at *Godmond Hall*, the tower in its original state. The walls are upwards of two yards thick and strongly cemented; the windows small and crossed with strong iron bars; the lowest floor is arched over; and the next above it laid with massy boards or planks groined into each other to prevent assaults from above, for the predatory parties, did not proceed by way of sap, but by a compendious method strove to unroof the building, and let themselves down by ropes and ladders.

Continuing our journey, at the distance of four miles from *Staveley*, we pass through the town of Kendal, about eleven miles beyond which we arrive at *KIRKBY LONSDALE*, situated in a valley, and called Kirkby, from a bishop of Carlisle of that name, who routed the Scots, and was, it is said, a native of this place. It is a neat town, and, next to Kendal, the largest in the county; the houses are covered with slates. The church is a noble structure, 120 feet in length, and 102 broad, and stands at the bottom of *Fair Bank*. It has a square tower, 61 feet in height, built in the year 1705; also six bells, and chimes that play at three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock. In the library of the church is the following inscription: "This library, pulpit, and new loft, together with the school-house, were founded by Mr. Henry Wilson of Underlay, who gave to the college 1000*l.* besides 35*l.* yearly to seven poor scholars going to Queen's College, in Oxford; and to this church and school 240*l.*; to the poor of *Kirkdale Lonsdale* lordship 500*l.* besides many other gifts to pious uses in other places; by all which, he being dead, yet speakest." From the church-yard and the banks of the river, there is a very fine prospect of the mountains at a vast distance, as well as of the course of the river. Here is a market-cross, which stands in three divisions; the market is on *Thursdays*, and the town contains, according to the late

late returns, 260 houses, occupied by 1283 persons, viz. 598 males, and 685 females; of which number 781 were returned as being employed in various trades, and 273 in agriculture.

At a village called Wellington, near the last-mentioned place, is a bridge over the Lone; which for its antiquity and curious workmanship exceeds any in the north of England. It consists of three semi-circular arches, and is by some supposed to be a work of the Romans, while others think it of later date. It is entirely built of a fine free-stone, truly squared, the stones almost all of a size, and the joints so firm and even that they are hardly to be discovered. The arches are all turned with the utmost exactness, both for strength and beauty.

Underlay, a mansion, about half a mile distant, commands a view of a rich and fertile vale, terminated by a range of lofty mountains, the nearest two or three miles off: Ingleborough, with its head in the clouds, being farthest to the south.

*Journey from Bowland Bridge to Kendal;
through Crossthwaite.*

Bowland Bridge is situated at the western extremity of the county, over the river Winster, which takes its name from a small village about one mile and a half to the north of the bridge; on leaving which we proceed easterly, and, at the distance of two miles, we pass through Crossthwaite, a village, consisting of 104 houses, and 509 inhabitants; viz. 250 males and 259 females: of whom 101 were returned by the late population act as being employed in agriculture, and 34 in trade and manufactures.

A few miles to the south of the last-mentioned place lies Witherslack, in which manor a fair parochial chapel was built and endowed by Dr. John Barwick, dean of Durham and St. Paul's, 1664, a native of this place, a sketch of whose life has been given in a former part of this volume. Betham, the parish church,

church, is at a great distance. "By Bitham (says Leland) is a greate park, and a goodly place in it of the earle of Darby. By Bytham runneth Byth water, a pretty river."

Bytham Hall, now in ruins, is thus described by the vicar of the place, in the year 1762 :—"By an easy ascent from the river we come to a gateway, being the grand entrance into the castle yard. Entering there, we find ourselves in a fine large open area, 70 yards long, by 44 in breadth. On the right appear to have been some buildings as low as the walls of the yard to the length of 93 feet, like barracks for soldiers. On the left we have a charming view of the castle standing at the south end of the area. The walls of the yard are three feet and an half thick, with loop-holes for the archers at proper distances, 12 feet high below the parapet. The loop-holes are about three feet from the ground, two feet and an half in height and breadth, sloping outwards to two inches and an half. The front of the house is in length 87 feet, of which the east wing is 22, and the west 26; the remaining space of 39 feet makes the hall, which is in breadth 25 feet. The windows in the hall are high up in the wall, and small in proportion to the room, with much Gothic work about them. Indeed in all the old houses in the country, the windows, for the sake of defence, have been small, and strongly secured with cross bars of iron. The doors of the rooms are all little, and one above another through each story. Up one pair of stairs there hath been a chapel with a back staircase to it, whereby the tenants and neighbours might come to the chapel without disturbing the family. Southward from the castle there is a fine descent, at the foot of which is a good spring, that supplies two large ponds with water. Behind the house was the park, and in one of the walks there are the remains of a lodge, and near it a spring of good water, which
Camden

Camden says had a petrifying quality ; but there is little or no appearance of such quality at present."

Within this manor also is Helslack Tower, now in ruins. Helslack mosses are remarkable for the ant or pismire. About the middle of August, when they take wing, upwards of 1,000 sea-maws may be seen here, catching these insects. The neighbours call them the *pismire fleet*. In these mosses are found, as in many others, large trees lying in all directions, at five feet depth. In this division likewise is Arnside Tower, the walls thereof not yet much decayed. These towers seem to have been erected to guard the bay, as there are on the opposite side the vestiges of Broughton tower and Bazin tower, as also Castlehead, upon the island in Lindal Pow, and higher up the mosses of Methop, Ulva, and Foulsham were inaccessible. In the centre of the bay is Peel Castle.

Resuming our road, and continuing in an easterly direction, at the distance of about five miles from Crossthwaite, we arrive at Kendal, a description of which place has already been given.

END OF TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION.

BIOGRAPHY.

IN a former part of our volume we omitted mentioning that the village of Lowther in this county gave birth to John Smith, an eminent divine, and the son of a clergyman. He was born on the 10th of November, in the year 1659. He received his first education at the free-school of Kendal, and finished his studies at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees in arts and divinity.

His first preferment in the church was a minor canonry, in the cathedral of Durham, whence he rose successively to be rector of Wilton Gilbert, chaplain to Dr. Grew, (afterward lord Grew) bishop of Durham, and rector of Bishop's Wearmouth; in all which stations he conducted himself with great prudence and moderation, consistent with the character of a gospel minister, and spending his leisure hours in study and retirement.

He died on the 30th of July, in the year 1715, in the 56th year of his age.

Besides his excellent edition of "Bede's Ecclesiastical History," he published several sermons, and some admirable pieces on divine subjects.

Joseph Smith (brother to the before mentioned John) was born at the same place, on the 10th of October, in the year 1670. He was instructed in grammar-learning at the free school of Appleby, from whence he was sent to finish his studies in Queen's College, Oxford, where he made considerable progress, and having taken his degree of master of arts, he was appointed by the same gentleman to accompany him as his private secretary when he went as one of the plenipotentiaries to the peace of Ryswick, where he discovered his great knowledge in politics and the law of nations.

When he returned to England, he was offered several lucrative employments at court; but having
from

from his most early youth designed to spend his days in the church, he entered into holy orders, and obtained several considerable livings.

The princess of Wales, afterwards queen Caroline, appointed him one of her chaplains; and his own college at Oxford elected him their provost, where he behaved in such a manner to all the youths under his care as will ever do honour to his memory. All the new buildings of that college were carried on under his direction; and after he had discharged his duty as a scholar and a christian, he departed this life in the year 1756, in the 86th year of his age.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

THE county of Westmoreland is in general so mountainous and hilly that a great proportion of it must ever remain untouched by the plough, and it is conjectured that three fourths of it is waste and uncultivated. Between these mountains there are several very pleasant and fertile vallies that want only trees and hedge-rows to be truly beautiful. In these vallies the soil is of various sorts, but always dry, upon a bottom of sand, gravel, or limestone rock. That upon a limestone is uniformly esteemed the best. The whole cultivated land of the county is divided by thorn hedges, or stone walls, into inclosures, many of which do not contain half an acre; there are a few of eight or ten acres, and in general they may contain from three to five acres.

A large proportion of this county is possessed by yeomanry, who occupy small estates of their own, from ten to fifty pounds value a year, either freehold, or held of the lord of the manor by customary tenure, which differs but little, if at all, from that by copyhold, or copy of court roll. Farms in general are small. The mode of farming is very near the same throughout the county; and the course of crops is often pointed out to the farmer in his lease, which seldom exceed twenty-one years. Some principal land-owners grant no leases.

Course of Crops. When a field of grass is overgrown with moss, which commonly happens in seven or ten years, it is broken up with the plough in the beginning of March, and sown in the early part of April, with oats, at the rate of seven and one half Winchester bushels upon the customary acre of 6,760 square yards. The crop is reaped about the middle of September, and sixty bushels are reckoned a tolerably good return.

Second Crop. The land is ploughed for the second crop as soon after Candlemas as the weather will permit,

nit, and eighty or a hundred cart-loads of stable-yard dung are laid upon an acre. It is ploughed again about April, and sown with four bushel of barley or bigg. The harvest is earlier than that of the oats, and fifty-four bushels are reckoned a good crop. Some farmers plough three times for barley, but it is the general practice that is here described.

Third Crop. After the barley the land is ploughed in April, and about eight bushels of oats per acre are immediately sown upon it. The harvest is commonly in September, and the crop is usually as good as the first was.

This is the most ordinary succession of crops, though it is sometimes broken through by taking two crops of oats before the barley, which, in that case, is followed by another of oats. The land is then left to itself, and the first year it produces a light crop of hay of bad quality. In the third year the crop is at the best with regard to both quantity and quality. In seven or in ten years it is again mossed over, and is again ploughed up to undergo a similar treatment.

GRASS GROUNDS.—*Hay.* Every occupier of land, whether *statesman* or *farmer*, having it in his power to keep any number of cattle, through the months of summer, upon joisted fields, where they may be kept at a cheap rate, or upon commons, where they may be kept almost for nothing, it is a principal object with him to provide for them plenty of winter food. Hence his attention is chiefly directed to his crop of hay. It has been stated, that the quantity of land, at present under culture, forms but a small portion of the whole county. Had all the arable land in the county been cropped with corn three years out of twelve, there would have been, perhaps, one third part of the whole in tillage; but there are many pastures of an inferior sort which are very seldom ploughed, and in the high parts there is a much smaller proportion of the land in corn than

there is in the low parts. In the very extensive manor of Ravenstonedale, although there are nearly 3,000 acres inclosed, there are scarcely 100 acres of corn; and it is probable there are not in the county more than 20,000 acres under crops of corn in one year. The remaining part of the county which is cultivated is kept for hay, or depastured with fattening beasts and rising stock, or with cows applied to the purposes of the dairy. From such an inspection of the county as was had with a view to the framing of this report, the proportions used for these different purposes cannot even be guessed at; but that for hay is perhaps the most considerable. A prejudice against artificial grasses prevails so generally over all the county, that it may be almost literally said they are never sown. When the land has produced a few crops of corn, and it is judged that the moss is quite destroyed, it is left to itself; and such is the humidity of the climate, and so strong is the vegetation of weeds and natural grasses, that the very first crop has, by actual experiment, been found to produce 120 stones of hay per acre, weighed from the field. As every person who expects to have occasion for hay hires a field to supply him with that commodity, it is not often that hay is sold in large quantities; and it is still seldomer that the quantity raised upon an acre is exactly ascertained. In the southern and in the eastern parts of the county much attention is paid to the making of compost dunghills, which, with the dung that remains after manuring for the barley crop, are always laid upon the hay grounds, and are thought considerably to retard the progress of the moss. At Kendal, and other places where the dung can be purchased, they are manured after the first crop, and every third year while they continue in grass.

Fattening Cattle. The young cattle are kept on the lands of inferior quality in summer, and have straw and a little hay given them in winter. When
three

three years old, if barren, they are either fattened in the pastures, or sold to the graziers of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

Ten thousand Scotch cattle are annually sold at Broughill fair, in the end of September. Though numbers of these are carried off by drovers to the south of England, and many are brought by graziers from other counties, great quantities remain in Westmoreland. They are wintered on the coarse pastures, and in the straw-yard; in May following the young ones are sent to the commons, and those of an age proper for feeding are put upon the best grounds, and are ready for the shambles in October.

Fattening Sheep. Almost all the sheep in the county, except the wedders, after the first year, are brought from the mountains on the approach of winter, and kept in the inclosed grounds till the month of April. Some graziers stock part of their pastures with wedders, or with ewes and lambs. The mutton and lamb which remain after supplying the consumption at home are sent to Lancaster and Liverpool.

Dairy. There are few counties in England, in which there is no great manufacturing town, where much more milk cows are kept in proportion to its size, and where the produce of the dairy forms a greater part of the profits of the farmer. It may be naturally supposed that he is particular in the choice of his cows, and that they are remarkable for giving a great quantity of milk. Neither supposition, however, is founded in truth. The farmer keeps just such cows as he has bred, and they by no means yield so much milk as would be expected from those of the Dutch, or even the Scotch breed, upon a pasture of the same quality.

General Economy. Farms in Westmoreland are not all employed for these different purposes in the same proportion; nor is the same proportion observed

served at all times upon any one farm. The general economy of an hundred acres may perhaps not differ very widely from the following statement: Fifteen acres under crops of barley and oats, thirty-five acres in hay, and the remaining fifty acres in pasture. Ten dairy cows kept on the best of this pasture will probably yield twenty firkins of butter.

Sheep Farming. The breed of sheep kept on the mountains and commons is either native or a cross with Scotch rams. They are horned, dark or grey-faced, thick pelleted, with coarse, strong, hairy wool. The whole flock upon a farm is herded together, which is different from the practice in those counties where sheep-farming is thought to be the best understood.

Wintering. Those store-masters who have not upon their own farms pastures sufficient for the wintering of their young sheep, send them to the low grounds, from the first of November to the 6th of April. They are so subject to the *Black-water* (*Sickness*, or *Middling-ili*) that, at an average, ten out of an hundred die before Christmas. After that, being very hardy, they seldom die, and never of that disease.

Salving. In October, or the beginning of November, the whole flock is salved so heavily, that a gallon of tar and sixteen pounds of butter are expended upon thirty-five sheep. It has been repeatedly tried to substitute tobacco liquor for the butter and tar, but it is generally imagined that the wool is better for the sheep having been salved. Near Kirby Stephen this operation is performed with oil and tallow.

Wool. Part of this article is sold to the manufacturers of Kendal, and part of it to those at Bradford, and other places in Yorkshire. The ewes are said to bear the best wool; and on an average of a flock six fleeces weigh a stone.

Silverdale Breed. Silverdale, a small district in the neighbourhood of Millthorpe, gives its name to the
breed

breed of sheep in this part of the county. The soil is good, and on a limestone stratum, and a branch of the sea is nearly contiguous to it. They are horned, white-faced, and close-woolled. They are said to be native, and are much superior to the common sort in regard both to fleece and carcase.

It is not unusual for the proprietor to be owner of the sheep upon the farm. In this case, the farmer is to be considered as little better than a shepherd. The flock is valued at the time of his entry, and again at his removal, and the difference between these valuations is settled in money.

COMMONS.—*Sheep.* The commons in Westmoreland are numerous, extensive, and valuable. They are depastured chiefly with stocks of sheep, which are managed in a way differing but little from that followed by the store-masters in the county. In winter all the sheep are brought down to the inclosed fields, except the wedders, which, being thought able to endure the severity of any storm or fall of snow, are left to shift for themselves upon the commons, where they remain till they are four years and a half old. Having dropped their lambs, the ewes, in the end of April, are sent back to the commons, where the whole flock pastures indiscriminately, without an attendant. The lambs are sometimes suffered to wean themselves; at others, the teats of the ewe are fastened up to her udder by a plaister of coarse paper and pitch.

Scotch Sheep. Great numbers of Scotch hogs and dinmonds are annually bought at Stagshawbank fair, in the month of June, and grazed on the commons of this county. On some they are found to answer very badly; on others they thrive well, and are ready for the grazier a year earlier than those of the native breed. There is here a strong prejudice in favour of these coarse-woolled sheep, which there is every reason to believe is ill founded. The sort now known under the name of the Cheviot breed being

ing equally hardy, and much more profitable; from the superior value of their fleece.

Black Cattle. In addition to all these sheep, numerous herds of black cattle are likewise to be seen upon the commons. A few of these are of the breed of the county, and the rest are Scotch, either bought at Brough-hill fair, in the end of September, and wintered on the low grounds and in the straw-yards, or purchased in the spring from drovers, who fetch them from Galloway and Dumbarton. In autumn, they are either sold to the south-country drovers, or wintered and fattened in the country.

Ponies. A few ponies of the Scotch breed are reared upon the commons; but the practice not being general, it need not be dilated upon.

Geese. Great numbers of geese are bred upon the commons, and sold to the Yorkshire drovers at a very reasonable price.

It is generally understood that no person shall send to graze on any common more stock than he can winter upon his estate or farm, in right of which he has a title to pasturage on that common. This regulation, however, is little attended to, and the commons are almost always overstocked to such a degree, that many persons do not think it worth while to avail themselves of their right of commonage.

MANURE.—Dung. To encrease the quantity of his manure, and to apply it to the greatest advantage, are by no means the least important of the various branches of the farmer's avocation. In those parts of Westmoreland where summer-fallowing is not practiced, the land designed for barley and potatoes always receives the stable-yard dung at the rate of 60, 80, or 100 single-horse cart-loads an acre; and in autumn what remains is laid upon the hay-grounds, at a rate per acre considerably less.

On some few farms in the neighbourhood of Appleby, where summer-fallow and crops of turnips may

may almost be said to enter into the general course, the dung is carried in winter from the yard to the fields, and laid down in a heap, which is turned over two or three times, with a view to accelerate putrefaction. Twenty cart-loads per acre are laid upon the turnip land and the fallow, and its operation is always assisted by the addition of seventy-five Winchester bushels of lime.

Lime. In most parts of Westmoreland lime-stone is found in inexhaustible plenty, but coals to burn it must be carried to such a distance, that its application to the purposes of agriculture has not yet become general.

It is sometimes laid upon the land when it is in tillage, but for the most part it is spread upon the surface of grass fields; and it has been found to sweeten such as are coarse and benty amazingly.

In whatever way it is applied, and whatever quantity, varying from 75 to 480 bushels an acre, it is always attended with wonderful effect.

Composts. Much attention is paid to the making of compost dung-hills, in many parts of Westmoreland. They are most commonly spread upon grass, and experience has shewn that they at once improve its quality, and check for years the progress of the moss. One hundred cart-loads of earth, or rakings of the roads, mud, or rotten leaves, and fifty of dung, carefully mixed with 300 Winchester bushels of lime, are laid upon three acres with great advantage.

Water. The purest water has a great portion of earth suspended in it by various impregnations.—Wherever it is allowed to stagnate it deposits part of of this earth, which long experience has shown to be a most efficacious manure.

The watering of land is practised on a small scale in many parts of Westmoreland, and always with very great success.

Labour. Labour is dearer in Westmoreland than
in

it is in almost any of the counties, either to the north or south of it. This probably is owing to the great number of small land-holders, or statesmen, above-mentioned, who, doing the works upon their own estates, with their own hands and those of their families, are perhaps disinclined to labour for other people.

LIVE STOCK.—Horses. As there is but a small portion of the county under crop, the horses are not numerous, nor has any considerable attempt been made to improve the breed of these useful animals. They are small, not exceeding fourteen hands and a half in height, are said to be hardy, but they are neither strong nor handsome. They are often turned upon the commons in the intervals of labour, which, as the farmer very probably has neither turnips nor fallow, are very frequent in the summer months.

Black Cattle. The attention that was formerly paid to the breed of black cattle has rather diminished of late years. They are long-horned, very much resemble the Lancashire breed, and, when kept to a proper age, grow to a great size. As a heifer of three years old can be sold for as much as an ox would fetch at four, it is rare to see a bullock of the country breed; but to judge from those of all ages in the pastures at Lowther Hall, they are excellent feeders, and possess, in an eminent degree, the very desirable property of laying the fat upon their backs and other valuable parts. The heifers and barren cows, if well chosen, are confessedly good thrivers, and are in great request among the graziers of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Not many years ago there was killed, at Lowther Hall, a bullock of the country breed, that weighed thirty-three stone a quarter.

Swine. The swine of Westmoreland, though not large, are good in their kind. Farmers, butchers, and others, who kill swine, often dispose of the hams to persons who make a trade of curing them for sale.

sale. Perhaps there may not be any thing peculiar in the mode of making hams in this county; but it is believed that a detail of the process may be inserted here without impropriety.

The hams are first rubbed very hard, generally with Bay salt; by some they are covered close up, by others they are left on a stone bench to allow the brine to run off. At the end of five days they are again rubbed as hard as they were at first, with salt of the same sort, mixed with rather more than an ounce of saltpetre to a ham. Having lain about a week, either on a stone-bench, or in hogsheds among the brine, they are hung up by some in the chimney amidst the smoke, whether of peats or coals; by others in places where no smoke ever reaches them. If they are not sold sooner they are suffered to remain there till the weather becomes warm. They are packed in hogsheds, with straw or oat-meal seeds, and sent to London, Lancaster, and Liverpool, in such quantities as to form one of the principal branches of export from the county.

Implements of Husbandry. It has long been known what angle the sail ought to form with the keel to make the ship move in the water with the greatest velocity; but, to the present day, was reserved the discovery of the angles which the component parts of the plough ought to form with one another, and with the line of draught, in order that that instrument might meet with the least possible resistance in the performance of its operation. Agriculture cannot but advance with hasty strides when the principles of philosophy and the powers of mechanism are directed to its improvement.

Ploughs. The ploughs of Westmoreland are light, and, although not neatly constructed, they are perhaps not ill suited to the soil they are destined to cultivate; some of them have a wheel at the extremity of the beams, which, it is imagined, serves to keep the furrow of an equal depth. They are drawn,

most commonly by two, but sometimes by three horses. The turnwrist plough, is about to be introduced into the county, and it will be of great service in ploughing the side of the hills, which are very numerous and steep in the arable lands.

Carts. The carts are of various descriptions and sizes. Those most commonly used may be 52 inches in length, 36 in breadth, and $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches in depth, containing less than 16 cubic feet. They are mounted in some places upon clog-wheels, and have two-thirds of their length before the axle which is of wood. There is scarcely a farming waggon to be met with in the county; it being a general opinion that four horses in four separate carts will draw a greater weight than if they were yoked together in a waggon.

The winnowing machines, which are here very common, and the harrows, are both of the ordinary kinds. The drill husbandry being yet in its infancy there are few instruments for hoeing or drilling.

Weights and Measures. Great diversity of weights and measures prevail in Westmoreland, as is the case in almost every county in Great Britain. The pound consists of 12, 16, 18, 20, or 21 ounces, and the stone of 14, 16, or 20 pounds. There is a Winchester bushel, a customary bushel, equal to three of these, a bushel of two bushels, for the sale of potatoes near Appleby, and one of two and a half for that of barley. Rye is sold by the boll of two bushels, and potatoes by the load of four bushels and a half heaped, or more generally a bag, which holds seven bushels and a half, is filled and sold for a load of potatoes.

There is the statute acre of 4,840 square yards, the customary acre of 6,700 raised from the perch of six yards and a half, and a third acre on the borders of Lancashire, raised from the perch of seven yards, containing 7,840.

Buildings. The lands of the estatesmen and farmers

mers in this county lie so intermixed, that their habitations and offices, which are often built together in little straggling villages, must of necessity be very inconvenient for farming purposes; but convenience has been little studied even on those farms whose fields lie unmixed.

The principal structure is a barn, which at the same time that it has a stable and cow-house underneath, is frequently large enough to contain the whole crop of both corn and hay, so that it is rare to see a stack of either. These barns are often twenty yards in length, five in width, and five yards in height in the side walls. The houses, are generally covered with slates, which are found in several parts of the county.

The slates are not nailed on boards, but hung with oak pegs on laths, and plastered in the inside of the roof.

Stone Walls The most ordinary fences in Westmoreland are dry stone walls, which vary in height and thickness.

Drains. The importance of having the land lie dry, and of preventing the water, which in wet weather breaks out upon the declivities of the hills, from chilling the fields below, is well known in Westmoreland. The method of draining is fast improving, and the practice is daily gaining ground. The drains are generally walled in the sides, and covered with large stones out of the reach of the plough.

Highways. The great roads leading through the county are kept in excellent repair by the sums collected at the turnpike gates, and when these prove insufficient, by a portion of the labour of the parish, or of the pound-rate, which may be levied in its aid.

The parochial roads are made and kept in repair by six days labour of the parish, and by a rate not exceeding sixpence in the pound, which the surveyors may levy, with the consent of the quarter-

sessions; some of these are tolerably good, and others are annually improving. Many of them scarcely exceed the smallest legal breadth allowed by the statute, which is 80 feet.

For the above agricultural account of this county, we are chiefly indebted to the report made to the Board of Agriculture, by Mr. Pringle; and we shall now conclude with a few extracts from his Miscellaneous Observations, and judicious Hints for Improvements.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

“ It is not unusual (says our author) to hear people exclaim against the increase of luxury, and the alteration that has taken place in the mode of living in their time. The labourer lives as well as the man of small landed property; and so on: and is this in any respect to be regretted, or is it not much better for them all? But persons generally cry out most loudly against the rank immediately beneath them, without recollecting that their own mode has been changed in nearly the same proportion as the one which they are so ready to condemn.*

“ Fifty years ago the price of butcher-meat at Martinmas was from $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ to $2d.$ a pound in Burton market, and eighty beasts were sometimes slaughtered in a day, and bought to be salted for winter-provisions. From that time, except a few at Christmas and at Easter, no cattle were killed there till they were fattened upon the pastures in summer. Farmers, in those days, seldom eat any butcher-meat; they lived on bread and butter, and what other little matters the farm afforded. Now labourers generally breakfast on that very ancient food pottage, with the help of a little cheese and bread; they dine on butcher-meat and potatoes, or pudding; and sup on potatoes, or pottage, or bread and cheese.

“ It might be useful to know what proportion of

* The above observations were written in the year 1794.

the lands in the county is possessed by that numerous and respectable yeomanry already mentioned as occupying small estates of their own from 10*l.* or 20*l.* to 50*l.* a year. These men in contradistinction to farmers, or those who hire the land, they occupy are usually denominated *statesmen*. They live poorly, and labour hard, and some of them, particularly in the vicinity of Kendal, in the interval of labour from agricultural avocations, busy themselves in weaving stuffs for the manufacturers of that town. The consciousness of their independence renders them impatient of oppression or insult, but they are gentle and obliging when treated by their superiors with kindness and respect. This class of men is daily decreasing. The turnpike roads have brought the manners of the capital to this extremity of the kingdom. The simplicity of ancient times is gone. Finer clothes, better dwellings, and more expensive viands, are now sought after by all. This change of manners, combined with other circumstances which have taken place within the last forty years, has compelled many a *statesman* to sell his property, and reduced him to the necessity of working as a labourer in those fields which perhaps he and his ancestors had for many generations cultivated as their own. It is difficult to contemplate this change without regret; but, considering the matter on the scale of national utility, it may be questioned whether the agriculture of the county will not be improved as the landed property of it becomes less divided.

“It is painful to one who has in his composition the smallest spark of knight-errantry to behold the beautiful servant maids of this county toiling in the severe labours of the field. They drive the harrows, or the ploughs, when they are drawn by three horses; nay, it is not uncommon to see sweating at the dung-cart, a girl, whose elegant features, and delicate nicely-proportioned limbs, seemingly but ill accord with such rough employment.

“ A judgment of the refinement and civilization of a people has been often formed from their treatment of the fair sex, and in this respect France was formerly held up to the world as a model. Unfortunately the manners of nations are too often painted by those who have been conversant only with persons in what may be called high life ; but where it allowable to apply this rule even to France, and to look for specimens into the lower orders of society, and it is there surely that the most faithful representatives of national character or manners are to be met with, it would be found that the women, even in the boasted days of her monarchy, were doomed to the severest labour, to load the dung cart, to saw the wood, to thresh the corn.

“ The common people of both sexes wear, especially in the winter season, instead of shoes, *clogs*, which differ from shoes in this, that the bottom part is made of wood. The wood is generally either birch, alder, or sycamore ; it is about an inch in thickness, and a rim of iron is nailed round the bottom of it.”

HINTS FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

ARABLE LANDS.—*Clover*. “ In most counties of England the land is sown with grass seeds, and left to lie for some years, with a view to refresh and enable it to bear crops of corn ; but in Westmoreland it is ploughed and sown with corn in order to prepare it for grass. When it hath been cropped for three years, and it is judged that the soil is sufficiently reduced, and that the moss is quite destroyed, the land is left to itself to grass over. The first crop of hay is never either weighty or good in quality ; the second is generally very superior in both these respects to the first ; and so favourable are the climate and the soil to the growth of grass, that the third crop is often so abundant as to be let for two or three pounds per acre ; and of a quality so excellent, that
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in several places cattle are fattened upon it in winter for the markets of Lancaster and Liverpool. But even these best crops are far inferior in point of value to those that would be produced by the same fields, were their natural aptitude to grow grass directed to the production of clover and rye-grass. The prejudice that prevails almost universally in Westmoreland against these artificial plants is a great obstacle to the improvement of the husbandry of the county, and must be overcome before the arable lands can be brought to that degree of cultivation of which they are susceptible.

“ It is said that hay made of clover and rye-grass is much coarser than that which is made of the natural grasses ; and that these artificial plants giving place to the natural ones, perish at the end of two or three years, and therefore ought never to be sown at all.

“ The cultivation of clover is perhaps the greatest improvement in the art of farming which has been discovered in modern times ; and it is equally matter of regret and of surprise, that what is at once so easy and so profitable is not yet become universal, and it furnishes a strong instance of the difficulty with which old habits and prejudices are rooted out, even when self-interest is concerned in their extirpation.

“ Where the land is very dry the sheep may be penned upon a small part of the field of turnips, and shifted to another, as those in the first part are eaten up ; but if there is a field of grass near at hand, the superior improvement of the sheep will pay for the labour of carrying the turnips to be eaten on that field, where they will be dry and clean, and where the turnips will be less trampled on and abused.

“ *Sheep-Farming.* There is room for great improvement in the management of sheep, as well upon private estates as upon the commons ; but while these last continue in their present deplorable state
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it would be in vain to attempt any alteration upon their stocks. The case however is different with store-farms properly so called, where the breed or treatment of the sheep differs very little from that of those upon commons, although there can be no reasonable doubt of their being well adapted to the keeping a far more profitable sort than is to be found there at present. There is no weight whatever in the argument which has been often used against the introduction of such a breed from the scarcity of food and the coldness of the climate, the British Wool Society having proved that 'the finest breeds of Spain or of England will thrive on the wildest of the Cheviot hills, and that very fine woolled breeds may be propagated on the most mountainous districts of Scotland.' There are numbers of sheep at the Feroe islands, which lie in latitude 630, and even in Iceland, part of which is beyond the Arctic circle, they are to be found in great abundance on every farm; and there nature sports in a great superfluity of horns, as if the scanty pittance of food which the animal can pick up in that bleak and frozen climate were more than sufficient for the support of the carcase and fleece.

"*Commons.* The extensive and valuable commons of Westmoreland loudly demand the interposition of the legislature in a country that boasts of attention to its interest. Some immediate alteration in their state, whether by division or by sale, cannot be too eagerly pursued, nor too strongly inculcated, nor can it be too generally made known that there are many wealthy people living near some of the best commons in the county (which is a point of great importance) who do not think it worth while to avail themselves of their right of pasturage.

"Every person sees the necessity of some material change with regard to the commons, and now that thinking men are turning their attention to this important subject, there is no doubt that some plan will

will be fallen upon, by which both the public and the individual may reap the full benefit of these at present dreary wastes, which are a reproach and disgrace to the nation. But it cannot be expected that any measure, however wise, or any proposition however advantageous, can meet with universal approbation. It will probably be reprobated by some, whose prejudices it will alarm, and with whose little interests it may be supposed to clash. Till something of greater consequence be accomplished, the reduction of the stint, where such is already established, or the establishment of a moderate stint upon commons that are perfectly free, ought not to be delayed one hour; for at present they are of little, if of any use, either to those having a right of commonage, or to the nation at large.

“A general inclosure bill for the whole kingdom would save the expence of separate applications to parliament for the division of particular commons; but there are many barren and rocky commons that would not be in any wise benefitted by inclosure; and although the interests of a few individuals ought to give way to those of the community, there are numerous instances where both would be injured by the operation of such a bill; for it would at once be ruinous to many proprietors to be obliged to inclose each his share, often at an expence greater, not only than the value of that share, but in some instances greater than the value of the fee simple of that farm or estate in right of which he claims, and prejudicial to the public by interrupting the sheep-walks upon the mountainous districts, which ought to be as free and open as possible.

“*Improvement of Commons, by Liming.*—Great portions of many of the commons might be improved, at a small expence, by the application of lime, which is found in most parts of the county, and might be cultivated with the certainty of great advantage. When ploughed great care ought to be taken to
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adopt a proper succession of crops, and to lay the lands down with grass seeds in a very few years; because, when exhausted by overcropping they are reduced to a worse state than they were before, and there is no way yet discovered of preparing lands for a repetition of a hearty dose of lime.

By Paring and Burning.—Many of the level moory parts might be converted into arable lands by paring and burning, which are well understood by several persons in the county, and have been practised with more or less success on some private estates.

By Planting.—There are many thousands of acres utterly incapable of cultivation by the plough; and the Bishop of Landaff has shown, in a manner equally ingenious and novel, with what advantage these might be covered with wood. It is well known that trees flourish, with the greatest vigour, on soils far more barren, and in climates much colder, than that of Westmoreland. There are stately oaks at Niagara, which, though not in a high latitude, experiences a degree of cold in winter far beyond what is ever felt in this country. On the western coast of America, in latitude 61 degrees, the very summits of the hills are covered with wood, and there is plenty of trees at Norton's Sound, in latitude 64 degrees and 55 minutes; and timber for the use of ships in the British navy has been cut even at Kamtschatka, the very end of the earth, where the soil is barren in the extreme, and covered with summer snow, and where the winters are rigorous beyond the conception of an inhabitant of Europe.

“That Westmoreland has been a wooded country is evident, from the trees found in mosses on the highest hills; and statutes and regulations made long after the conquest, since which time the climate has not been changed for the worse, are full of the mention of forests, and chaces, and parks, and mastage, and pannage, and vert and venison, and greenbue,

greenhue, and regards, and foresters, and verderers, and an hundred other names and titles respecting the preservaton of the woods and the game.

“The valuable plantations at Lowther Hall, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, shew how well calculated the soil and climate of Westmoreland still are for the growth of timber, which it cannot be questioned would thrive over all the county as well now as it did five hundred years ago. The profits of planting are so distant, and so few persons, looking eighty or an hundred years beyond the present day, are willing to sacrifice a paltry interest for the sake of a remote posterity, that perhaps it may be necessary for government to encourage by premiums what in the end would turn out so greatly to the advantage of the community. These might be distributed with much propriety by the Board of Agriculture, whose income seems to be far too moderate for the support of so important an establishment, the objects of whose superintendance are innumerable, and the field of whose operations is extensive as the island itself.

“To the north of Shap lies a very extensive common called the Scars, where, between two and three thousand acres of level white land in a state of nature, offend the eye of every traveller, and cry aloud for improvement, the means of which it contains in immense quantities of limestone upon its very surface. It is more than twenty years since an act was obtained for a division of this common, and that it has not been carried into execution is the more to be regretted, as a large portion of it, in the opinion of very judicious persons in the neighbourhood, might be easily made as valuable as the little closes of Shap, which are let from 30s. to 40s. an acre.

“On the south of Shap lies another common called the Fells, which is in general, incapable of cultivation by the plough, but it is not ill suited to the maintenance of sheep, and the remains of the celebrated

brated *Shap thorn*, near the road to Orton, show that plantations would succeed even on those places of it which are most exposed.

“ Near the mouth of the river Kent there is a marsh of considerable extent, common to Haverham and Millthrope, and, like all the other commons in Westmoreland, greatly overstocked. It would not be difficult to bank off the sea from this marsh, and to convert it into corn fields; but if this were thought not adviseable, its value might be instantly more than doubled by the establishment of a moderate stint, or still farther increased by a division.

“ Part of Crosby common might be easily converted into arable and good pasture land, and two clumps of trees, of a considerable size, prove that its worst parts might be planted with success.

“ From Crosby and Meaburn, a dry level common extends to within three miles of Appleby. It is covered with heath, and is capable of various modes of improvement.

“ The commons of Knock, Newbigging, Kirkby-Thore, and Marton, lie contiguous, and form a tract of several thousands of acres, dry, soft, and improveable. A great part of these is covered with strong brackens, and is superior in quality to the soil of many farms in the neighbourhood, and well suited to the cultivation of turnips and clover.

“ This specimen of the commons in Westmoreland will, it is hoped, be deemed sufficient, for it would be tedious and painful to enumerate them all. It is difficult to behold the desolate state in which they lie without surprise at the nation having so long delayed taking measures for their improvement. The wastes and commons in this county, and throughout England in general, have been elegantly called a public treasure in the hands of private persons: it is to be hoped that the time is not very distant when this important treasure shall be opened, and its contents

tents shall prove equally beneficial to the individual, and to the public at large.

“ It is impossible to look forward without emotion to that day when these neglected wastes shall have received that degree of improvement of which they are susceptible ; when they shall wave with valuable crops of corn, bleat with profitable flocks, or be clothed with stately timber ; and when there may be seen in every corner the industrious husbandman at once enriching himself and advantaging the community in a manner the most substantial.

“ Contemplating the matter in this view, who but must exclaim, What a noble field for exertion ! What a source of national wealth yet in store ! More certain than the profits of commerce, more permanent than those of manufactures.”

TABLE OF THE POPULATION OF WESTMORELAND,

According to the Returns under the Act of Parliament, in the year 1801.

<i>Wards, Townships, &c.</i>	<i>Inhabited Houses.</i>	<i>By how many families occupied.</i>	<i>Males.</i>	<i>Females.</i>	<i>Employed in Agri- culture.</i>	<i>Ditto in trade or manufacture</i>	<i>Total of Persons.</i>
East Ward, . . .	2100	2568	5339	5684	3865	896	11993
Kendal Ward, . . .	2414	2671	6216	6180	5531	9271	13426
Lonsdale Ward, . . .	527	568	1104	1325	727	257	2629
West Ward, . . .	1208	1271	3028	5124	3592	634	6152
Town of Kirkby Kendal,	1394	1671	5950	3942	151	3729	6892
Town of Kirkby Lonsdale,	254	297	593	685	273	781	1283
Appleby Gaol, . . .			10	2	2	5	12
Total	7897	9026	20175	21442	12141	8673	41617

RARE PLANTS
FOUND IN WESTMORELAND.

Acrostichum septentrionale. Forked or Horned Fern; on the mountains on Ambleside.

Actæa spicata. Herb Christopher, or Bane-berries; in woods.

Adora Moschatellina. Tuberous Moschatel; in hedges.

Alchemilla alpina. Cinquefoil Ladies Mantle; on the rocks on the side of Ullswater lake, and in Lonsdale.

Allium arenarium. Broad-leaved Mountain Garlic; in Troutbeck Holm, near Great Strickland.

Allium carinatum. Purple-flowered Mountain Garlic; on rocks near Lonsdale.

Allium oleracium. Herbaceous Wild Garlic; in corn-fields everywhere.

Allium schænoprasum. Chives; in meadows and pastures.

Althæa vulgaris. Marsh Mallow; in marshes near the sea.

Andromeda polifolia. Wild Rosemary, or Marsh Cistus; in turf bog.

Aquilegia vulgaris. Columbine, Culverwort, Cocksfoot, or Sowdwort; in mountainous woods.

Asarum Europæum. Asarabacca; in woody places.

Arenaria laricifolia. Larch-leaved Chickweed; on the mountains.

Arenaria verna. Mountain Chickweed; on the mountains about Kendal.

Asperula cynanchica. Squinancy-wort; on the limestone hills about Conzvic, near Kendal.

Asplenium Ceterach. Spleenwort; on the bridge at Troutbeck.

Asplenium Ruta muraria. White Maidenhair, Wall Rue, or Tentwort; on walls and rocks.

Asplenium viride. Green Maidenhair; on walls and rocks.

Athamanta Meum. Spignel, Mew, or Bawd-money; in mountainous meadows frequent.

Atropa Belladonna. Deadly Nightshade, or Dwale; in hedges and on rubbish.

Bartisa alpina. Mountain Eyebright Cow-wheat; near a rivulet running by the way from Orton to Crosby.

Bryum crudum. Spear-leaved Bryum; in woods about Rydal.

Byssus saxatilis. Stone Byssus; on rocks.

Campanula latifolia. Giant Throatwort, or Canterbury bells; in bushy places and hedges at Kendal.

Campanula rotundifolia. A variety of round-leaved Bell-flower; on the high mountains.

Campanula trachelium. Great Throatwort, or Canterbury bells; near the foot-path between Levans and Sizergh.

Cardamine hirsuta. Hairy Ladies-smock; in meadows, pastures, and moist shady places in Kendal.

Cardamine impatiens. Impatient Ladies-smock; in mountainous meadows and pastures, near rivulets, and in moist shady places at Kendal.

Carduus heleniodes. Melancholy Thistle; in mountainous pastures everywhere.

Carex distans. Loose Carex; on the mountains and elsewhere.

Carex gracilis. Nova-Species. *Curtis Flora Londinensis Fasc. 4.* Slendor spiked Carex; on the borders of Conzwic Tarn, near Kendal.

Carex inflata. Lesser Bladder Carex; in marshes: everywhere.

Carex Limosa. Brown Carex; in turfy bogs.

Chara hispida. Prickly Chara; in ditches and ponds.

Chara

Chara tomentosa. Brittle Chara; in turf ditches.

Cineraria palustris. Marsh Fleabane; on Burton moss.

Circæa alpina. Mountain Enchanters Nightshade; at the bottoms of mountains, about Dalham.

Cistus Helianthemum. Dwarf Cistus, or Little Sunflower; in mountainous meadows and pastures, especially of a limestone soil: at Cald-kall-scrogs, near Kendal.

Cistus hirsutus. Hoary Dwarf Cistus; on Betham banks, near Scoot Style, near Kendal, and at Buckbarrow bank-scar, between Brigscar and Conzwic.

Cochlearia officinalis. Grœnlandica. Grœnland Scurvy-grass; in Lonsdale, and at Buckbarrow well.

Conferva fluciatilis. Horse-tail Conferva; in rivers.

Convallaria majalis. Lily-convally, or May-lily; in woods at Kendal and Levens.

Convallaria majalis. Narrow-leaved Lily-convally; in woods and on heaths: by Waterfall bridge, and elsewhere.

Cotyledon Umbilicus veneris. Navelwort, Wall Pennywort, or Kidneywort; on moist old walls and stony places: about Troutbeck, and in Merslack, a shady lane, Winander meer.

Cynosurus cœruleus. Small blue-eared Mountain Spike-grass; in mountainous meadows, at Helsfel Nab, Kendal.

Cypripedium Calceolus. Ladies Slipper; in woods and among bushes.

Draba incana. Wreathen podded Whittow-grass, or Wreathed Lunar Violet; in fissures of rocks, and in mountainous places everywhere.

Draba muralis. Wall Whitlow Grass; in fissures of rocks, and in mountainous pastures and stony places, particularly of a limestone soil everywhere.

Drosera anglica. Great Sundew ; in boggy places, everywhere.

Drosera longifolia. Long-leaved Sundew, or *Rosa solis* ; on Brigsteear-moss.

Epilobium alpinum. Mountain Willow-herb ; on the moist rocks about Buckbarrow-well.

Equisetum hyemale. Rough Horsetail, or Shave-grass ; on the side of the rivulet between Shap and Anna-well.

Equisetum limosum. Smooth Horsetail ; in Lonsdale.

Eriophorum vaginatum. Hare's-tail Rush, or Moss Crops ; in mosses and boggy places frequent.

Festuca ovina vivipara. Grass-upon-Grass ; on the mountains.

Festuca rubra. Purple Fescue Grass ; on mountainous heaths and pastures.

Fontinalis pennata. Feathered Water Moss ; on trunks of trees, between Troutbeck and Ambleside.

Fumaria claviculata. Climbing Fumitory ; on the side of a ditch near Kendal Castle.

Galanthus nivalis. Snowdrop ; in orchards.

Galium boreale. Crosswort Madder ; in mountainous meadows : near Kirkby Lonsdale above the bridge, Orton, Winander-mere, and elsewhere.

Galium pusillum. Least Ladies Bed-straw ; on mountains near Kendal.

Gestiana campestris. Dwarf Vernal Gentian ; in mountainous pastures : about Kendal.

Gestiana Pneumonanthe. Marsh Gentian, or Calathian Violet ; in moist meadows near Milthorpe, and at Foulshay.

Geranium moschatum. Musk'd Crane's-bill, or Muscovy ; in dry meadows and pastures everywhere.

Geranium sanguineum. Bloody Crane's-bill ; on the

the side of the foot path leading from Kendal to Barrowfield.

Geranium sylvaticum. Mountain Crane's-bill; in bushy places and mountainous pastures frequent, found with a variegated flower, in Old Deer Park, near Thornthwaite.

Geum rivale. (Flore pleno) Water Avens, with a double flower; at Great Strickland.

Gnaphalium dioicum. Mountain Cudweed, or Cat's-foot; in dry mountainous pastures: near Scoot Style, near Kendal.

Hedysarum Onobrychis. Cock's-head, or Saint Foin; in chalky meadows and pastures: at Sizergh and Old Hall.

Hesperis inodora. Unsavory Dame's Violet; on the banks of the rivers about Dalehead and Gresmere.

Hieracium auricula. Narrow-leaved Hawk-weed; on Dale-head.

Hieracium dubium. Mouse-ear Hawk-weed; on Fairfield-hill, near Rydall.

Hieracium murorum. French or Golden Lungwort; in woods, and on walls and banks of fields: at Scoot Style, near Kendal.

Hieracium murorum. γ A variety of the last; about Bucklebarrow-well, in Lonsdale.

Hieracium murorum. δ Another variety; on the rocks by the rivulet between Shap and Annawell.

Hieracium paludosum. Succory-leaved Hawk-weed; at Buckbarrow-well.

Hieracium sabaudum. Broad-leaved Bushy Hawk-weed; in woods and hedges: at Kendal.

Hieracium sabaudum. β A variety of the last; near Ulleswater Lake.

Hippocrepis comosa. Tufted Horse-shoe Vetch; on the

the edge of the Scar near Kendal, between Scoot Style and Honybee Yate.

Hippuris vulgaris. Mare's-tail, or Female Horse-tail; in the lakes on Brigstear-moss, plentifully, and in Holme-Mill-dam, Barton.

Hypericum Androsaemum. Tutsan, or Park-leaves; in Lady Holm, Winander-mere.

Hypericum elodes. Marsh St. Peter's-wort; in rotten and spongy marshes: at Kendal.

Hypnum pennatum. Nova Species; (J. Dickson's Fasciculus Plantarum Cryptogamicarum Britannæ), on trunks of trees, in woods, between Troutbeck and Ambleside.

Impatiens Noli me tangere. Quick-in-the-Hand, or Touch-me-not; on the banks of Winander-mere, near Rydal-hall, and elsewhere.

Juncus filiformis. Least Soft Rush; on turfey mountains: near Ambleside.

Jungermannia ciliaris. Fern Jungermannia; chiefly in woods and wet heaths, and near rivulets everywhere.

Jungermannia nemorosa. Wood Lichenastrum; in woods and shady places.

Juniperus communis. A variety of Common Juniper; on the tops of mountains.

Inula Helenium. Elecampane; in moist meadows and pastures.

Lathræa Squamaria. Tooth-wort; in a field below Scoot Style, near a foot-path leading to Barrowfield, and in bushy places below Conicscar, near Kendal.

Lichen apitosus. Thrush Lichen; in woody and stony places, and on rocks.

Lichen crassus. Thick Lichen; on rocks and mountainous heaths.

Lichen farfugaceus. Branny Liver-wort; on trunks of trees.

Lichen

Lichen fuscus. Brown Lichen ; on rocks and great stones.

Lichen herbaceus. Green Lichen ; on stones and on trunks, and about the roots of trees.

Lichen islandicus. A variety of Eryngo-leaved Liver-wort ; on the tops of mountains.

Lichen pubescens. Pubescent Lichen ; on rocks and stony places, every where.

Leonurus Cardiaca. Mother-wort ; on rubbish and in hedges : about Kendal.

Linum perenne. Perennial Blue Flax ; in meadows and pastures of a chalky soil : at Crosby Ravensworth, and between Shap and Threapland.

Lobelia Dortmanna. Water Gladiole ; in Ulleswater and Winander-mere, plentifully.

Lycopodium alpinum. Mountain Club-moss ; on mountainous heaths.

Lycopodium selago. Firr Club-moss ; on mountainous heaths.

Lysimachia tenella. Purple Money-wort ; on bogs.

Marrubium vulgare. White Horehound ; by highway sides, on rubbish.

Melica montana. Mountain Melic-grass ; in mountainous groves, frequent.

Menyanthes trifoliata. Buckbean, or Marsh Trefoil ; in marshes and watery places.

Myosotis scorpioides. A variety of Mouse-ear Scorpion-grass ; in dry meadows : at Buckbarrow-scar.

Narcissus Pseudo Narcissus. Wild English Daffodil ; in woods and hedges : at Great Strickland.

Narthecium Ossifragum. Lancashire Asphodel, or Bastard Asphodel ; in wet grounds.

Oenanthe crocata. Hemlock Drop-wort ; in ditches at Kendal.

Ophioglossum vulgatum. Adder's-tongue ; in moist meadows,

meadows, and meadows and pastures: at Helspel Nab near Kendal.

Ophrys cordata. Least Twayblade; on moist mountainous heaths, especially of a turfy soil, everywhere.

Ophrys muscifera. Fly Orchis; in Barrowfield-Wood, and in the marle-close near Brigsteear-moss.

Ophrys Nidus avis. Bird's-nest; on the side of a lane near Honeybee Yate, near Kendal.

Ornithogalum luteum. Yellow Star of Bethlehem; in meadows and pastures: near Kendal.

Ornithopus perpusillus. Bird's-foot; among the tenters at Kendal.

Osmunda crispa. Stone Fern; on rocks, frequent.

Osmunda Lunaria. Moon-wort; in mountainous meadows and pastures, frequent.

Osmunda Lunaria. Cut-leaved Moon-wort; at Great Strickland.

Osmunda regalis. Flowering Fern, or Osmund Royal; on Brigsteear-moss and Underharrow-moss.

Papaver cambricum. Yellow Welsh Poppy; in mountainous places, about Kendal, plentifully, and in Kirby Lonsdale.

Parnassia palustris. Grass of Parnassus; in moist meadows, frequent.

Pinguicula vulgaris. Butter-wort, or Yorkshire Sannicle; in swampy places.

Poa pratensis alpina. Alpine Meadow Grass; on the mountains.

Polemonium cæruleum. Greek Valerian, or Jacob's Ladder; on the east side of the river Kent, at Kendal, between the Mili-race and Kirk-dub.

Polygonum Bistorta. Great Bistort, or Snake-weed; in moist meadows, frequent.

Polygonum viviparum. Small Bistort, or Snake-weed;

weed ; in mountainous meadows, at Crosby Ravensworth, and elsewhere.

Polypodium Dryopteris. Branched Polipody ; in dry stony places, frequent.

Polypodium fragile. Brittle Polypody ; on old stone walls and rocks, plentifully.

Polypodium fontanum. Rock Polypody ; in stony places near Wybourn.

Polypodium fragans. Sweet Polypody ; in moist and shady chinks of rocks, near Keswick.

Polypodium phegopteris. Wood Polypody ; in moist and shady chinks of rocks, everywhere.

Polypodium rhaticum. Stone Polypody ; on stony mountains, everywhere.

Polypodium Thelypteris. Marsh Fern ; in woody and boggy marshes, and in hedges, everywhere.

Potamogeton setaceum. Setaceous Pond-weed ; in the ditches on Brigstear-moss.

Primula farinosa. Bird's-eye ; in mountainous bogs.

Prunus Padus. Bird's-cherry, Wild Cluster Cherry-tree, Hedge Berry-tree, or Black Grape-cherry ; among the mountains, common.

Prunus Cerasus. Least Wild Cherry-tree, or Merry-tree ; in woods and hedges, about Rosgill.

Ranunculus acris. Upright Meadow Crow-foot ; this plant varies on the tops of the mountains, with one or two flowers on a stalk, and with a very hairy large calyx.

Ranunculus flammula. A variety of Lesser Spearwort ; in the marle-pits at Burton.

Rhodiola Rosea. Rose-wort ; on the mountains, frequent.

Ribes nigrum. Black Currants, or Squinancy-berries ; in moist woods, and on banks of rivers.

Ribes rubrum. Common Currants ; in woods.

Rubis

Rubus Chamæmorus. Cloud-berries, Knot-berries, or Dwarf Mulberries, in turfy bogs on the mountains.

Rubus saxatilis. Stone Bramble, or Raspis; among stones, on the sides of mountains.

Rumex digynus. Round-leaved Mountain Sorrel; on the mountains, frequent.

Rumex sanguineus. Blood-wort; in woods, at Old Hall, and elsewhere.

Salix herbacea. Herbaceous Willow; on the mountains.

Salix pentandria. Bay-leaved Sweet Willow; on the mountains.

Salix reticulata. Round-leaved Willow; on the mountains.

Samolus valerandi. Round-leaved Water Pimpernel; on Brigstear-moss.

Satyrium viride, fuscum. Brown Satyrion; in Helsfel Nab, near Kendal.

Saxifraga autumnalis. Yellow Autumnal Saxifrage; in mountains.

Saxifraga caespitosa. Small Mountain Sengreen; on the mountains upon Ambleside.

Saxifraga hypnoides. Ladies Cushion, or Trifid Sengreen; on the mountainous places.

Saxifraga stellaris. Hairy Saxifrage, or Kidney-wort, or Hardknot and Wrenose, by Buckbarrow-well.

Scandix odorata. Sweet Cicely, or Sweet Fern; in hedges and orchards, frequent.

Schoenus albus. White-flowered Rush-grass; in marshes, plentifully.

Schoenus compressus. Compressed Bastard Cyperus, or Flat-spike Cyperus-rush; in boggy marshes.

Schoenus ferrugineus. Broad Bastard Cyperus, or Dwarf Marsh-rush; in turfy bogs.

Schoenus mariscus. Long-rooted Bastard Cyperus;
on;

on the hedge of Conzie Tarn, near Kendal, plentifully.

Sedum Anglicum. English Stonecrop; on rocks, Winander-mere, and a few rocks in Lonsdale and at Rydal.

Serapias latifolia palustris. A variety of Broad-leaved Bastard Hellebore; in marshy places at Kendal.

Serapias longifolia. White-flowered Bastard Hellebore; in a wood near Askham Hall.

Sipthorpia europæa. Bastard Money-wort; in shady marshes, and near springs and rivulets, about Lonsdale and Buckbarrow-well.

Solidago cambrica. Welsh Golden Rod; on the mountains.

Sparganium simplex natans. The Least Bur-reed; in ponds, lakes, and gently-flowing rivers, everywhere.

Splachnum vasculosum. Common Splachnum; on mountainous and moist heaths, everywhere.

Statice Armeria. Common Thrift, or Sea Gilly-flower; in mountainous meadows, and on rocks and in meadows near the sea.

Stellaria nemorum. Broad-leaved Stich-wort, or Great Mountain Chick-weed; in moist woods and hedges, and in banks of rivers, everywhere.

Stipa pennata. Feather-grass; on the lime-stone rocks hanging over Lonsdale.

Sisymbrium Nasturtium. A variety of Water-cresse; in Helsington-Lath dales, near Kendal.

Taxus baccata. Eugh-tree; on the mountains.

Thlaspi alpestre. Perfoliate Bastard Cresse; on the moist limestone pastures.

Tragopogon caruleum. Purple Goat's-beard; in meadows and pastures; at Old Hall.

Tremella utriculata. Bladder Tremella; in mountainous rivulets,

Trichomanes tunbrigense. Tunbridge Trichomanes; on Buzzardrough Crag, near Wrenose, among the moss on the mountains, frequent.

Tridentalis europæa. Chick-weed Winter-green; in woods and on turf heaths.

Trifolium filiforme. Small Trefoil; in Kendal Fell.

Trollius Europæus. Globe-flower, or Locker-gow-lans; in moist lands.

Vaccinium oxycoccus. Cranberry; on the boggy mosses about Kendal.

Vaccinium Vitis Idæa. Red Whorts, or Whortle Berries; in marshy heaths and mountainous places.

Vaccinium uliginosum. Great Bilberry-bush; in Whinfield Forest.

Valeriana Locusta. A variety of Lamb's Lettice, or Corn Sallet; in Helsington-Lath dales, near Kendal.

Veronica scutellata. Narrow-leaved Water Speedwell; on Brigstear-moss.

Vicia sylvatica. Tufted Wood Vetch; about Kirby Lonsdale Bridge, and by the Patton-beck, near Kendal.

Viola grandiflora. Yellow Violet, or Pansies; in the mountainous pastures.

Viscum album. Misseltree; on apple trees, in Brigstear and Lyth.

Utricularia minor. Lesser-hooded Milfoil; in turf bogs.

Utricularia vulgaris. Common-hooded Milfoil; on Brigstear-moss.

Uva pruniformis. Plumb Laver; in alpine lakes.

A LIST OF
THE PRINCIPAL WORKS

That have been Published in Illustration of the
Topography, Antiquities, &c. of
Westmoreland.

THE Rev. Thomas Machel, M. A. fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and rector of Kirkby Thore, employed himself with great assiduity, from his first entrance in the university to his death, in collecting materials for an history of this county ; and, as his collections multiplied, an history also of Cumberland, and left the whole in great confusion to Bishop Nicholson, who says in a preface, that they consisted of such loose papers, and were so imperfect and indigested that he could not think of completing the design ; but he gathered the fragments together, and bound them in six volumes, folio, which he lodged in the library of the dean and chapter of Carlisle. His lordship communicated some of his own observations in this part of his diocese to Bishop Gibson.

A small history of the eminent families in this county, drawn up by Sir Daniel Fleming, remains in MS. at Rydal, and another copy in the Bodleian library.

Christopher Rawlinson, Esq. of Clark-hall, Lancashire, left a large collection of MSS. among which are many particulars relating to this county and Cumberland. Copies of these are at Rydal.

James Bird, of Brougham, Esq. who had been steward at Appleby, collected, in alphabetical order, matters relating to the townships or manors here holden of that castle from the same materials used by Machel, and from others not seen by him. Mr. Bird seems to have had a most ample repository of old evidences ; but only these remain preserved by Sir Daniel Fleming.

The united labours of Mr. Machel and Bishop Nicholson, were published in "The history and antiquities of the two counties, by Joseph Nicholson, Esq. of Hawkshead (nephew to the bishop), and Dr. Burn, 1777, in two volumes." 4to.

This county was visited with Cumberland by St. George, 1615 ; and by Sir William Dugdale, 1664 and 1665.

"An essay towards a natural history of Westmoreland and Cumberland, wherein an account is given of their several

ral mineral and surface productions, with some directions how to discover mines by the external and adjacent strata, and upper covers, &c. To which is annexed, a vindication of the philosophical and theological paraphrase of the Mosaic system of the creation, &c. By Thomas Robinson, rector of Ousby in Cumberland. London, 1709, 8vo. author of the "Anatomy of the earth, 1694." 4to. His son had the living of Egremont, p. 85.

Some coins found here, and published by Bishop Gibson, in p. 814, of his *Britannia*, induced a learned foreigner to write "*De argento Runis seu literis Gothicis insignito, quod delineatum in Camdeni Britannia Anglice nunc loquente et ampliata literato exhibetur orbi, sententia Nicolai Kederi, regii antiquitatum collegii, quod Holmiæ est, assessoris, Lipsiæ, 1703.*" 4to.

In the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. clviii. p. 555, is a letter to Sir William Dugdale, from Mr. Machel, March 25, 1684, concerning Roman antiquities found in his parish; of which see Horsley, p. 289, and two large fir vessels fixed in the ground as a well.

Further account of Roman antiquities in this county may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for August, 1738, p. 417; and June, 1753, p. 270: of Maiden Way and Castle, by Mr. Pegge, in that for June, 1755, p. 272: of Willington Bridge, over the Lone, with a print, and of a halo seen May 24, 1753, near Kirby Lonsdale, in that for August, 1753, p. 355, 370, by S. Parrot. In that for May, 1754, p. 230, a description of Kirby Stephen; and of a romantic valley, near Wildbore Fell, by J. Harris, in that for February, 1761, p. 72. In that for July, 1776, p. 310, account of foundations, &c. found 1774, in a field called the Quanyrs, in Dalton Hall demesne, near Burton, in Kendal.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* is an account of a stone-hatchet found near Haversham, by Mr. Lort. *Archæol.* II. 125. Account of opening one of the largest barrows on Sandford Moor, in a letter from Mr. William Preston, of Warcop hall, 1766. *Ib.* p. 273.

"An Excursion to the Lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland, Aug. 1773. Lond. 1774." 8vo. republished, "with a tour through part of the northern counties, in the years 1773 and 1774. By W. Hutchinson. Lond. 1776." 8vo. The author, an attorney of Barnard's Castle, made this excursion with his brother, who died soon after, leaving a variety of drawings,

LIST OF TOPOGRAPHICAL WORKS. 137
drawings, which are exposed to the public in the 2d. edition
engraved by Stevens.

MAPS, VIEWS, &c.

Views of Bywell bay ; Winandermeer, near Ambleside ;
Hawswater lake, near Banton ; were engraved by Chate-
lain, Canot, and Muller, 1753, from paintings by Bellers : the
figures by Boitard, jun.

View of Windermere lake, from Furness fell, by John
Feary, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1776.

"The N. W. prospect of Whinfield Forest, in the county
of Westmoreland, belonging to the Earl of Thanet, six miles
W. of Appleby ; with an exact representation of that most
wonderful and surprising large oak tree, which to most per-
sons in the north is well known by the name of the Three
Brethren Tree ; with an historical description thereof, by
William Todd, formerly of Moor-houses, in the said county."
Drawn by O Neale, and engraved by Pranker. Mr. Todd
likewise drew, 1766, a large beech tree, in Penwood, in the
county of Bucks, which was likewise engraved.

The arms of the Flemings, painted on glass at Rydal hall,
were engraved by Sandergucht, 1716.

A plan of Appleby has been taken by Mr. Thompson,
printer, at Newcastle.

In the year 1739 Buck engraved plates of Shap abbey, and
the following castles : Harcla, Kendal, Brougham, Brough,
Appleby, and Pendragon.

Another view, in Pennant's Tour ; also by Grose and
Godfrey, 1774.

Brougham castle, by Grose and Godfrey, 1774.

Brough castle, by Grose and Sparrow, 1774.

Plan and elevation of Lowther hall. Vit. Brit. II. 78, 79.

Plan of Lord Lonsdale's gardens, at Lowther hall. Ibid
III. 76.

A view of Lowther hall, exhibited by Mr. Hannon at
Spring Gardens, 1770.

Fantaisie, a villa in the great island of Winander meer,
by Mr. John Plaw ; exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1775.

Saxton has included this county in his map of Cumberland, engraved without the hundreds, by A. Ryther, 1576. Speed has added the hundreds, and a plan of Kendal in his, 1610. The same counties are united in one map for the British Atlas, 1760.

A new survey, in four sheets, by Mr. Ainslie ; on a scale of an inch to a mile ; engraved by T. Jefferies, 1770.

A map by T. Kitchen prefixed to the second volume of Dr. Burn's history, 1777.

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A
TOPOGRAPHICAL
AND
STATISTICAL DESCRIPTION
OF THE
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND:

Containing an Account of its

Situation,	Minerals,	Agriculture,
Extent,	Fisheries,	Curiosities,
Towns,	Manufactures,	Antiquities,
Roads,	Trade	Natural
Rivers,	Commerce,	History,

Civil and Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, &c.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

*The Direct and Principal Cross Roads
Distances of Stages, Inns, and
Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats.*

ALSO

A LIST OF THE MARKETS AND FAIRS,
And an Index Table,

Exhibiting at one View, the Distances of all the Towns from London,
and of Towns from each other:

The whole forming

A COMPLETE COUNTY ITINERARY.

BY G. A. COOKE, ESQ.

SECOND EDITION.

Illustrated with a

MAP OF THE COUNTY,

AND A

COPIOUS DESCRIPTION OF THE LAKES, &c.

London :

Printed, by Assignment from the Executors of the late G. Cooke,

FOR

SHERWOOD, JONES, & CO. PATERNOSTER-RROW.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

D. SIDNEY and Co. Printers,
Northumberland Street, Strand.

A TABLE

OF THE

PRINCIPAL TOWNS

IN THE

COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

Their distance from London, Markets, Number of Houses and Inhabitants, with the time of the arrival and departure of the Post.

Towns.	Dis	Mark.	Hos.	Inha- bits.	Post arrives	Post de- parts.
Aldston ...	305	Satur.	889	5699		
Bootle ...	270	Wed.	120	656		
Brampton ...	311	Tues.	515	2921		
Carlisle ...	301	Satur.	1986	15476	3 Aft.	7 $\frac{3}{4}$ M.
Cockermouth	303	Mon.	721	3790	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Aft.	12 $\frac{1}{4}$ Aft.
Egremont ...	293	Satur.	348	1741		
Treby ...	303	Thurs.	97	457		
Keswick ..	291	Satur.	403	1901	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Aft.	$\frac{1}{4}$ M.
Kirkoswald	292	Thurs.	203	1069		
Longtown ...	310	Thurs.	309	1812	4 $\frac{3}{4}$ Aft.	6 M.
Penrith ...	284	Tues.	800	5385	12 $\frac{3}{4}$ Aft.	10 $\frac{1}{4}$ M.
Ravenglass ...	279	Satur.	82	510		
Whitehaven ...	294	Tues.	2117	12438	8 $\frac{1}{4}$ Aft.	10 Aft.
Wigton ...	304	Tues.	991	5456	5 Aft.	7 Aft.
Workington ...	313	Wed.	1384	7188	7 Aft.	10 Aft.

The Price of postage for a single letter varies from 11d to 1s. throughout the County.

INDEX OF COMPUTED DISTANCES FROM TOWN TO TOWN WITHIN THE COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

The names of the respective Towns are on the top and side, and the square
where both meet, gives the distance.

	Alston	Moor	Distant from London	Miles	
Brampton	...	20	305
Carlisle	...	25	311
Cockermouth	...	8	301
Egremont	...	10	303
Treby	...	33	293
Keswick	...	48	303
Kirkoswald	...	37	291
Longtown	...	15	292
Penrith	...	22	310
Ravenglass	...	18	284
Whitehaven	...	20	279
Wigton	...	42	294
Workington	...	57	304
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INSPECTION TABLE FOR THE COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

The Ward of Allerdale, above Derwent, is in the Diocese of Chester, all the other parts of the County in that of Carlisle, and Province of York.

<i>Bounded by</i>	<i>Extent.</i>	<i>Contains.</i>	<i>Sends to Parliament.</i>	<i>Produce and Manufactures.</i>
Westmoreland and Durham on the east.	In length from north to south about 80 miles.	5 Wards, 1 City.	6 Members, <i>viz.</i>	This County is rich in mineral treasures: the mountains containing various strata of stone, and abounding in coal, lime-stone, and lead, likewise the valuable substance, called wad, or black lead. The cultivated parts produce corn, but are chiefly laid out in grass land. The principal manufactures are spinning and weaving cotton into calicoes, corduroys, &c. and the printing of cotton.
On the west by the Irish Sea.	In breadth about 35 miles.	1 Borough	2 for the county,	
On the north by Scotland, and a part of Northumberland.	And its circumference 224 miles.	17 Towns. 156,124 Inhabitants.	2 for Carlisle.	
And on the south by Lancashire.		Parishes,	2 for Cockermouth.	
		27,246 Inhabited Houses. 970,000 Acres.		

This County derives its name from the Cimabri or Cumbri, the aboriginal inhabitants.

AN ITINERARY OF THE DIRECT AND PRINCIPAL CROSS ROADS IN CUMBERLAND.

In which are included the STAGES, INNS, and
GENTLEMEN'S SEATS.

N.B. The first Column contains the Names of Places passed through; the Figures that follow show the Distances from Place to Place, Town to Town, and Stages: and in the last Column are the names of Gentlemen's Seats, and Inns. The right and left of the Roads are distinguished by the letters R. and L. Turnpike Road, T. R. and Turnpike Gate, T. G.

LONDON TO CARLISLE.

Islington			1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Holloway	1		2 $\frac{1}{4}$	Highbury House, E. Knight, esq.
$\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond, on L. the new road to Kentish Town; on R. over Finchley Common, to Whetstone.				Highbury Hill, — Wilson, esq.
Highgate	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$		Highbury Lodge, — Haslope, esq.
On R. a T. R. to Kentish Town, over Finchley Common, recently enclosed, to Whetstone				At 6 m. s. on R. at Southgate, Minchendon House, Marquis of Buckingham.
Or Highgate may be avoided by the new road as above.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	9		Just through Whetstone, on R. Belmont Grove, J. Knight, esq. 1 mile beyond, on R. Greenhill Grove, R. Nicholl, esq.
				At East Barnet, Oak Hill, Sir S. Clarke, bart. About 1 m. beyond, on the top of the hill, see Little Grove, T. Wilson, esq.
Barnet	Herts 1 $\frac{3}{4}$	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	5	m. on R. Trent Park. J. Cummins, esq. At East Barnet, Everly Lodge, J. N. Kemble, esq., and Bohun Lodge, H. Davidson, esq.

—	—	—		Inns—Green Man and Red Lion.
Over Hadley Green to				At Hadley Green, $\frac{1}{4}$ m. on L. see Mount House, D. Birckett, esq.
Barnet Pillar, Midd.	1	$11\frac{3}{4}$		
On R. a T. R. to Hatfield and Hertford.				
Kitt's End	$\frac{1}{2}$	$12\frac{1}{4}$		New Lodge, Mrs. Baronneau, and Wrotham Park, Geo. Byng, esq. R. Derem Park, J. Trotter, esq.
South Mims	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$14\frac{3}{4}$		North Mims, H. Browne, esq.
—	—	—		Inn—White Hart.
Ridge Hill, Herts	$1\frac{1}{4}$	16		R. Shenley Parsonage, Rev. T. Newcome.
Colney	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$17\frac{3}{4}$		Tittenhanger, Earl of Hardwicke, R. from Colney bridge; see, on L. Colney Chapel and Park, Patrick Hadour, esq. $\frac{1}{2}$ m. on L. see Portery, Luke White, esq. Near 20 mile-stone, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. on L. St. Julians, — Howard, esq.
Cross the Colne.				
St. Alban's	—	$3\frac{1}{4}$	21	Just before, see St. Stephen's, Miss Sheffield. L. at St. Alban's, Holywell House, J. Reid, esq.
On R. a T. R. to Hatfield and Luton, on L. to Watford, cross the Colne.				Inns—Angel, White Hart, and Woolpack.
Redburn	—	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$25\frac{1}{4}$	Inn—Black Bull.
Within three miles of Redburn, cross the Colne twice.				Flamstead House, J. Lambert, esq.
Market Street	4	$29\frac{1}{4}$		Market Cell, late J. Howell, esq.
—	—	—		Inn—Sun.
DUNSTABLE, Bedf.	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$33\frac{1}{2}$		Inn—Crown and Sugar Loaf.
Hockliffe	—	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$37\frac{1}{4}$	Hockliffe Lodge, Colonel Gilpin. L. a little further, Hockliffe Grange, R. Gilpin, esq. On L. Battlesden House, Sir Gregory O.
On R. a T. R. to Woburn, on L. to Leighton Buzzard.				

		<p><i>P. Turner, bart. Between Hockliffe and Woburn, on R. Milton Bryant, Lady Inglis.</i></p>
Brickhill, Bucks. Cross the Grand Junction canal.	6 43 $\frac{1}{4}$	At Great Brickhill, Lady Lloyd. 'Great Brickhill House, P. Duncombe, esq., and Stockgrove, W. H. Hammer, esq. L.
Fenny Stratford	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ 45	
Shenley	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ 48 $\frac{1}{2}$	
STONEY STRATFORD	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ 52 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Cross the Ouse, R. and the Grand Junction canal.		Before, at Great Lindford House, J. Uthwatt, esq. R. beyond on L. Hanslape Park, — Watts, Esq. Cosgrove Hall, T. C. Mansell, Esq. Cosgrove Priory, Lord Lynedoch, and Cosgrove Cottage, Col. Griffiths. 1 mile on L. Shrob Lodge, — Capes, Esq.
Yardley Gobyon	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ 55	
Northamptonsh.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 56 $\frac{1}{2}$	Grafton Lodge, Rev. — Bright, and 1 mile beyond King's Grafton, Stoke Park, Levison Vernon, Esq. L.
King's Grafton	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 59	1 mile beyond, Courteen Hall, Sir Wm. Wake, Bart. R.
Cross the Tow, R. and the Grand Junction canal.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ 62 $\frac{1}{2}$	Wooton Hall, Rev. — Field.
Rode Lane	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 64	Delapre Abbey, Edu. Bouverie, esq. R.
Wooton Bridge	2 66	
Queen's Cross	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 67 $\frac{1}{2}$	Fortunatus Dwarris, esq.; and beyond the Woods, in Althorpe Park, Earl Spencer. L.
On R. a T. R. to Newport Pagnell.		
Cross the Vemk to		
NORTHAMPTON,		
Northamptonshire		
Kingsthorpe		
On L. a T. R. to Welford, thence to Lutterworth. Cross the Union canal.		
Brixworth	— 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ 72 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 m. before Pitsford Hall, Col. Corbett. R. at Brixworth,

			<i>Brixworth Hall, W. Wood, esq. L.</i>
Lamport	— $2\frac{1}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Lamport Hall, Sir Justinian Isham, bart. R.</i>
Maidwell	— $1\frac{3}{4}$	76 $\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Rev. T. Holditch. R.</i>
Kelmarsh	— 2	78 $\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Kelmarsh Hall, Wm. Hanbury, esq. L. 1 m. distant</i> <i>Athingworth Hall, Rev. Langham Rokeby. R.</i>
Great Oxendon	$2\frac{3}{4}$	81	
MARKET HARBO- ROUGH. Leic.	$2\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Gumley Hall, Jos. Craddock, esq. L.</i>
On L. a T. R. to Lutterworth,			
Kibworth	$5\frac{1}{2}$	89	<i>Noseley Hall, Sir Arthur Heselrigge, bart. R.</i>
Great Glen	$2\frac{3}{4}$	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Near on L. see Wistow Lodge, Sir Henry Halford, bart.</i>
Oadby	$2\frac{3}{4}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Stoughton Grange, G. A. Legh. Keek, esq. R.</i>
LEICESTER	$3\frac{1}{2}$	98	
On R. a T. R. to Uppingham, on L. to Northampton by Welford: and to Lutterworth Hinck- ley, and Ashby de la Zouch; then on R. to Melton Mow- bray.			
Belgrave	— $1\frac{3}{4}$	99 $\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Beyond, at Wanlip, Wanlip Hall, Sir C. T. Palmer, Bart. R.</i>
Cross the Soar river			
Mount SORREL	$5\frac{1}{4}$	105	
Quarndon, or Quarn	— $1\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Quarndon Hall, G. Osbaldeston, esq. R.</i>
LOUGHBOROUGH	$2\frac{1}{2}$	109	<i>Burley Hall, Miss Johnson, L.</i>
On R. a T. R. to Nottingham, on L. to Ashby de la Zouch			
Dishley	— $1\frac{3}{4}$	110 $\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Garendon Park, C. H. Phillips, esq.</i>

Hathern	—	1	111 $\frac{3}{4}$	Beyond, on L. Wallon House, Mrs. Dawson.
On L. a T. R. to Ashby de la Zouch.				
Kegworth	—	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	115	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond Lockington Hall, J. B. Stoney, esq. L.
On R. a T. R. to Nottingham, on L. to Ashby de la Zouch				
Cavendish Bridge	—	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	118 $\frac{3}{4}$	Donington Park, Marquis of Hastings. L.
Cross the Trent river, and enter Derbyshire.				
Shardlow	—	3	119 $\frac{1}{2}$	Shardlow Hall, Leonard Fosbrook, esq., and beyond Thurlston Hall, W. B. Darwin, esq. R.
Alvaston	—	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	123	Earl of Harrington, and 1 m. beyond at a distance, Chaddesden Hall, Sir R. Meed Wilmot, Bart.; R. and 1 m. beyond on L. Osmaston Hall, Sir R. Wilmot, Bart.
Cross the Derby Canal				
DERBY	—	3	126	Near on R. Castle Field, W. Newton, esq. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond Derby, Markeaton Hall, V. Mundy, esq. R.
On R. a T. R. to Nottingham, Mansfield, Alfreton, Chesterfield, Belper, Matlock, Works- worth, and to Bux- ton; on L. to Bur- ton upon Trent, and to Uttoxeter.				
Mackworth	—	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	128 $\frac{3}{4}$	Near on L. see Longford Hall, Edw. Coke, esq.
Langley	—	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	130 $\frac{1}{2}$	At a distance on R. Kedleston Park, Lord Scarsdale.
Brailsford	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	133	
Penter's Lane	—	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	137 $\frac{1}{4}$	
ASHBOURN	—	2	139 $\frac{1}{4}$	
On R. a T. R. to Belper, Works- worth, Blakewell, and Bux- ton; on L. to Lich- field.				
Hanging Bridge	—	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	141	Near on L. see Mayfield Hall,

Cross the Dove, R. and enter Staf. On L. a T. R. to Utttoxeter.			Dr. Greaves. $\frac{1}{4}$ m. beyond Okeover Park, Lady Sit- well. R.
Red Lion, Staff. On R. a T. R. to Blakewell, on L. to Cheadle.	3 144	1	m. distant Ham Hall, Jesse Watts Russel, esq. R.
Winkhill Bridge Cross the Hamps. R.	4 $\frac{1}{4}$ 148 $\frac{1}{4}$		
Bottom House On R. a T. R. to Buxton, on L. to Cheadle.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 149 $\frac{3}{4}$	Inn—	The Archer.
LEEK On R. a T. R. to Blakewell and Bux- ton; on L. to Chea- dle and Newcastle under Lyne.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 154 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 m. before	Ashenhurst Hall, J. Leigh, esq. At Leek, Ball Hay, Dr. Hulme. R. Inns—Buck, George, and Swan.
Pool End	— 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 155 $\frac{3}{4}$	Before, is	High-Field House, R. Radnal, esq. R.
Rushton Marsh On L. a T. R. to Congleton.	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ 159	Inn—	Robin Hood.
Hog Bridge Cross the Dane, R.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ 160 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 m. distant,	Swithamley Hall, Edm. T. Nicolls. esq. R.
Bostley, Cheshire On R. a T. R. to Buxton; on L. to Congleton.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 161 $\frac{3}{4}$	Inn—	Three Grey Hounds.
MACCLESFIELD On L. a T. R. to Knutsford; on R. to Buxton and to Cha- pel en le Frith. Cross the Bollin, R.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 167 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ m. before, on R.	Langley Hall, entrance of Maccles- field. On L. Park House, J. Ryle, esq. Beyond on L. Westbrook House, C. Wood, esq. and 1 m. farther, Beach Hall, Edw. Stacy, esq. On R. Lower Beach Hall, R. Wood, esq.; and Hurdsfield Hall, J. Brocklehurst, jun. esq. 1 m. from Macclesfield,

				Titherington House, Wm. Brocklehurst, esq.
—	—	—		Inns—Hibbert's Posting House, Macclesfield Arms, and Old Angel.
Flash	—	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$169\frac{1}{2}$	
Butley	—	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$170\frac{3}{4}$	Butley Hall, Rev. John Rowlls Browne. L. 2 m. farther, Adlington Hall, R. Legh, esq.
Hope Green		$2\frac{3}{4}$	$173\frac{1}{2}$	2 m. distant, Lyme Park, J. Legh, esq. R.
oynton	—	1	$174\frac{1}{2}$	Poynton Hall, Lord Bulkeley. R. 2 m. distant, on L. Bramhall Hall, Wm. Davenport, esq.
Norbury	—	1	$175\frac{1}{2}$	
On R. a T. R. to Chapel en le Frith, and to Buxton.				
Bullock Smithy		1	$176\frac{1}{2}$	2 m. beyond Marple Hall, J. Bradshaw Isherwood, esq. R.
				Inn—The Sun.
STOCKPORT		$2\frac{3}{4}$	$179\frac{1}{4}$	Near is Wood Bank, S. Jowell, esq. R.
On R. a T. R. to Barnsley and Huddersfield.				
Cross the Mersey.				
R.				
Heaton Norris,				
Lancash.		$1\frac{1}{2}$	$180\frac{3}{4}$	
Levenshulm		$1\frac{1}{2}$	$182\frac{1}{4}$	Beyond see Slade Hall. L.
				Inn—Pack Horse.
Grindley Marsh		1	$183\frac{1}{4}$	
Ardwick Green		$1\frac{1}{2}$	$184\frac{3}{4}$	
Near Manchester on L. a T. R. to Congleton, cross Manchester and Ashton under Lyne Canal.				
MANCHESTER		$1\frac{1}{4}$	186	Inns — Bridgewater Arms, Bull's Head, Commercial
On R. a T. R. to				

<i>Huddersfield, Rochdale and Bury; on L. to Alrincham. Cross the Irwell R. and Bolton and Bury Canal.</i>			<i>Inn, Spread Eagle, Star, Swan, and Waggon and Horses.</i>
Pendleton —	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$188\frac{1}{4}$	<i>See Broughton Hall, Rev. J. Clowes, R.</i>
<i>On L. a T. R. to Liverpool.</i>			
Irlam o' the Height	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$189\frac{1}{2}$	
<i>On L. a T. R. to Wigan.</i>			
Pendlebury	$\frac{3}{4}$	$190\frac{1}{2}$	
Clifton	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$191\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Inn—Stars.</i>
<i>Over Kersley Moor to</i>			
Farnworth	3	$194\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Inn—Swan.</i>
Bourndon	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$196\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Holles House, R. Fletcher, esq. R.</i>
BOLTON	1	$197\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Darley House, B. Rawson, esq. R.; opposite is Birch House, R. Holland, esq. Bradford House, J. Taylor, esq., and Mayfield, J. Watkins, esq.</i>
<i>On L. a T. R. to Newton,</i>			<i>Inns—Bridge, Commercial, Ship, and Swan.</i>
Dorfscocker	2	$199\frac{1}{2}$	
The Boot	$\frac{1}{2}$	200	<i>Harpers, R. Dewhurst, esq. R.</i>
			<i>About two miles further on R. Moss Bank, R. Ainsworth, esq. and Smithhill's Hall, P. Ainsworth, esq.,</i>
Heaton	$\frac{3}{4}$	$200\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Ridgemont, J. Ridgway, esq. L.</i>
Horwich	2	$202\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Inn—Bull.</i>
Smithy Bridge	$\frac{3}{4}$	$203\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Rivington Hall, R. Andrews, esq. R.</i>
<i>Cross the Lancaster Canal several times between this and Barton.</i>			
Nightingale House	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$206\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Ellerbeck, J. Hodson, esq. L.</i>

Yarrow Bridge	1	207 $\frac{1}{4}$	
On L. a T. R. through Hulton, to Manchester, further on L. to Wigan.			
CHORLEY	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	208 $\frac{1}{4}$	One mile beyond Chorley, on the L. see Astley Hall, Sir H. P. Hoghton, bt.
On R. a T. R. to Blackburn.			
			Two miles beyond Chorley, on L. Shaw Hill, W. Farrington, esq. ; half a mile further, New Crook, R. Clayton, esq.
Clayton Green	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	212 $\frac{1}{4}$	Inn—Royal Oak.
Bamberbridge	2	214 $\frac{1}{4}$	Lostock Hall, G. Clayton, esq. and Cuerden Hall, R. T. Parker, esq.
On L. a T. R. to Wigan.			
Walton le Dale	2	216 $\frac{1}{4}$	Near on R. Cuerdale Lodge, — Calrow, esq.
On R. a T. R. to Blackburn and Clithero. Cross the Ribble R.			Inn—Unicorn.
PRESTON	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	218	A little before Frenchwood, J. Swainson, esq. and Lark Hill, S. Horrocks, esq.
On L. a T. R. to Ormskirk and Kirkham. Pass over Preston Moor to			Inns—Black Bull, Old Red Lion, Red Lion, and Three Legs of Mutton.
Cadley Moor	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	220 $\frac{3}{4}$	Inn—Black Bull.
Broughton	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	222 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Barton	— 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	223 $\frac{3}{4}$	Barton Lodge, — Shuttleworth, esq., beyond which is Whittingham, H. Parker, esq. R.
			Inn—Boar's Head.
Brocksbridge	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	226	Myerscough Hall, E. Greenhaigh, esq. L.
Over a branch of the Wyre.			
Claughton	1	227	Claughton Hall, T. Brockholes, esq. R. ; nearly opposite, is Cutterhall Hall, J. Fielding, esq.
Cattall	—	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ 227 $\frac{3}{4}$	

<i>Cross the</i> <i>Wyre.</i>	<i>R.</i>			
GARSTANG	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	229 $\frac{1}{4}$		Kirkland Hall, T. B. Cole, esq. L. On R. of Garstang, see the Ruins of Greenhaigh Castle.
				Inns—Eagle and Child, and Royal Oak.
Fooler Hill	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	231		Forton Lodge, T. Paget, esq. and Clifton Hill, R. Gillow, esq. L. Between Fooler Hill and Ellel, on L. is Cockerham, J. Dent, esq.
Hole of Ellel	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	234 $\frac{1}{2}$		Ellel Grange, R. Gillon, esq. L. Undercroft House, T. Hinde, esq. L.
Golgate Bridge <i>Cross the Lancas- ter canal.</i>	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	236 $\frac{1}{4}$		Ellel Hall, W. Hinde, esq. L. About a mile beyond is Ash- ton Hall, Duke of Hamil- ton.
Scotforth	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	238 $\frac{3}{4}$		Quarnmoor Park, E. Gibson, esq. and Thurnham Hall, J. Dalton, esq. R.
LANCASTER <i>On R. a T. R. to Hornby. Cross the Lune R. and the Lancaster canal.</i>	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	240		Cross Hill, Richd. Clarke, esq. and Lune Villa, A Crompton, esq. L.
Slyne <i>Cross the Lancas- ter canal.</i>	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	242 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Bolton le Sands	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	244		
Carnforth <i>On L. a T. R. to Kendal by Mill- thrope.</i>	2	246	2	m. distant, Hyning, John Bolden, esq. L.
Keer Bridge <i>Cross the Keer R. near Burton. On R. a T. R. to Kirby Lonsdale.</i>	2	248		
BURTON, Westmor. <i>On L. a T. R. to</i>	3	251		Before, see Dalton Hall, Edm. Hornby, esq. At Burton,

<i>Kendal, by Millthorpe.</i>			<i>Watkinson, esq., and beyond</i>
<i>Farlton Lane</i>	2	253	<i>Clawthorpe Hall.</i>
<i>Cross the Becla R.</i>			
<i>End Moor</i>	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$256\frac{1}{4}$	
<i>Barrow Green</i>	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$258\frac{3}{4}$	
<i>Mill Beck</i>	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$260\frac{1}{2}$	
<i>On R. a T. R. to Kirby Lonsdale.</i>			
<i>Cross the Lancaster canal, and the Kent R.</i>			
<i>KENDAL</i>	—	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$261\frac{3}{4}$ <i>Abbot Hall, Christ. Wilson, esq.</i>
<i>On L. a T. R. to Ulverstone, Bowness, and Ambleside.</i>			
<i>On R. to Sedberg, Appleby, and to Kirby Stephen</i>			
<i>Hutter Bank</i>	$3\frac{1}{4}$	265	
<i>Gate Side</i>	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$266\frac{3}{4}$	
<i>Banisdale Bridge</i>	$1\frac{1}{4}$	268	
<i>Hause Foot</i>	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$270\frac{3}{4}$	
<i>Demmings</i>	1	$271\frac{3}{4}$	
<i>SHAP</i>	—	$5\frac{3}{4}$	$277\frac{1}{2}$ <i>1 m. distant on L. see the venerable remains of Shap Abbey.</i>
<i>Thrimby</i>	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$280\frac{3}{4}$	
<i>New Village</i>	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$283\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Lowther Castle, Earl of Lonsdale; and Askham Hall, belonging to the same nobleman. L.</i>
<i>Clifton</i>	2	$285\frac{1}{4}$	
<i>Lowther Bridge</i>	1	$286\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Brougham Hall, H. Brougham, esq. and the remains of the Castle.</i>
<i>On R. a T. R. to Appleby. Cross the Lowther R.</i>			
<i>Emont Bridge</i>	$\frac{1}{2}$	$286\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Carlton Hall, Rt. Hon. Thomas Wallace. R. Skirsgill, Hugh Parkin, esq. L.</i>
<i>Cross the Emont R.</i>			
<i>PENRITH Cumber.</i>	1	$287\frac{3}{4}$	
<i>On L. a T. R. to Keswick, to Hesketh</i>			

<i>Newmarket, and to Wigton.</i>			
Salkeld Gate	$4\frac{1}{2}$	292 $\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Hutton Hall, Sir Fred. Fletcher Vane, bt. L.</i>
High Hesket	$4\frac{3}{4}$	297	<i>The Nunnery, Mrs Bamber, and Armathwaite Castle, Robert Milbourn, esq. R. Petteril Banks, Christopher Parker, esq. L.</i>
Low Hesket	$1\frac{1}{2}$	298 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Barrock Lodge, William James, esq.</i>
Carlton	$4\frac{3}{4}$	303 $\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Corby Castle, Henry Howard, esq. R.</i>
Haraby	1	304	
<i>Cross the Peteril R.</i>			
CARLISLE	$1\frac{1}{2}$	305 $\frac{3}{4}$	<i>1 m. before, at Warwick, Warwick Hall, Robert Bonner Warwick, esq. R.</i>

JOURNEY FROM KIRKANDREWS TO PENRITH,

THROUGH CARLISLE.

Kirkandrews to			<i>Netherby, Sir James Graham, bart. L.</i>
Longtown	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Inn—Graham's Arms. Mossknow, W. Graham, esq.</i>
Arthurat	$\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	
<i>Cross the Line R.</i>			
Westlington	$2\frac{1}{2}$	6	<i>About three miles on L. of Westlington is Kirklington Hall, W. Dacre, esq. and about a mile on R. is Justice Town, Thomas Irving, esq. and one mile farther, the Cove, — Irvine, esq.</i>
Blackford	2	8	

Stanwick	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	11 $\frac{1}{4}$	
<i>Cross the Eden River; and on L. a T. R. to Brampton.</i>			
CARLISLE	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	Inns— <i>Blue Bell, Bush, Coffee House.</i>
<i>At Carlisle, on R. a T. R. to Cockermouth.</i>			
<i>Cross the Pette-rill River.</i>			
Charlton	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	
<i>Over Inglewood Forest.</i>			
Lower Hesketh	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	19 $\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Burrock Lodge, William James, esq.</i>
High Hesketh	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>About two miles to the L. is Armathwaite Castle, Robert Milbourn, esq.</i>
Salkeld Gate	5	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	
PENRITH	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	30	Inns— <i>Crown, George.</i>
<i>On entering Penrith, on L. a T. R. to Wigton. Beyond which another to Keswick.</i>			
			<i>About four miles to the R. is Graystock Castle, duke of Norfolk.</i>

JOURNEY FROM TEMMON TO WORK- INGTON,

THROUGH CARLISLE.

Temmon to Clowssgill	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Three miles north east is Gisland Spa, similar to Harrowgate.</i>
— — —			<i>Naworth Castle, earl of Carlisle, R.</i>
BRAMPTON	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	Inns— <i>Howard's Arms.</i>
<i>Near Rout Holm cross the Eden River.</i>			
			<i>Walton House, W. Johnson, esq. R.</i>

Rout Holm	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	
High Cross	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Crosby	$\frac{3}{4}$	8	
Stanwick	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	11 $\frac{1}{4}$	
<i>Cross the Eden River.</i>			
CARLISLE	$\frac{3}{4}$	12	
Dalston	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	Dalston Hall, Isaac Wilson, esq. L.
<i>Cross the Caldew River.</i>			
Hawkesdale	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	Holm Hill, Capt. Selkeld, L.
— — —			Rose Castle, Bishop of Carlisle, L.
Upper Welton	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Warnell	1	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	Warnell Hall, Capt. Denton, L. Sebergham Castle, Mrs. Barnes, R.
<i>At Warnell, on R. a T. R. to Wigton, on L. to Penrith.</i>			
— — —			Clea Hall, Capt. Pettenger, R.
Thorney Stone	6	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	
<i>Within a mile of Uldale, on L. a T. R. to Penrith.</i>			
Uldale	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	29	
<i>At Uldale, on L. a T. R. to Keswick.</i>			
Ouse Bridge	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	33	
<i>Cross the Derwent River.</i>			
— — —			Hauthwaite Hall, Joshua R. Lullock, esq. R.
COCKERMOUTH	5	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	Inns—Globe, Sun.
<i>At Cockermouth, on L. a T. R. to Keswick.</i>			
Brigham	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	41 $\frac{1}{4}$	Wood Hall, J. S. Fisher, esq. and Ann's Hill, W. Bryan, esq. R.
Little Clifton	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	

*Cross the Morron
River. On L. a T.
R. to Whitehaven.*

Great Clifton 1 44 $\frac{1}{2}$

Stainburn 1 45 $\frac{1}{2}$

*Near Working-
ton, on L. a T. R.
to Whitehaven.*

WORKINGTON 1 46 $\frac{1}{2}$

Inns—Green Dragon,
King's Arms.

*At Workington is Work-
ington Hall, John Chris-
tian Curwen, esq.*

JOURNEY FROM WORKINGTON TO MILLAM,

THROUGH WHITEHAVEN, EGREMONT, AND
RAVENGLASS.

Workington to

Distington 3 3

Moresby 2 5

WHITEHAVEN 2 7

Inns—George, Globe,
King's Arms.

EGREMONT 5 12

*Cross the Calder
River.*

Ponsonby 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 16 $\frac{1}{2}$

*Ponsonby Hall, the seat of
G. Stanley, esq. R. Cal-
der Abbey, J. Senhouse,
esq. L. who has a seat
near it.*

Carleton 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22

Ravenglass 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ 24 $\frac{3}{4}$

*Irton Hall, S. Irton, esq.
Muncaster House, Lord
Muncaster, L.*

*About 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the L. see
the Ruins called Barrs-
car.*

Park Nook 4 28 $\frac{3}{4}$

Bootle	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{4}$
Whitbeck	3	35 $\frac{1}{4}$
Millam	5	40 $\frac{1}{4}$

JOURNEY FROM CARLISLE TO MARYPORT.

THROUGH WIGTON.

Carlisle to Red House	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Hooton Pagnell Hall, S. A. Ward, esq. and Frickley Hall, R. H. Dawson, esq. L.</i>
Woodhouses — — —	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Crofton Hall, Sir H. W. Wilson; and near it, Crofton Place, Sir Was- tel Briscoe, Bart, L.</i>
Micklethwaite WIGTON	3 2 $\frac{1}{4}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{4}$	
<i>At Wigton, on L. a T. R. to Penrith.</i>			
Waverton	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	13	<i>Brayton Hall, W. Lawson, esq. L.</i>
Aspatria	6	19	<i>2 m. beyond, Hayton Cas- tle, H. Jolliffe, esq. R.</i>
Crosby	5	24	
Birkby	1	25	<i>Nether Hall, Humphrey Senhouse, esq. L.</i>
MARYPORT	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 $\frac{1}{4}$	<i>Inn—Golden Lion.</i>

JOURNEY FROM COCKERMOUTH TO ALSTONE,

THROUGH KESWICK AND PENRITH.

COCKERMOUTH to			<i>Ann's Hill, W. Bryan, esq. L.</i>
Lorton	4	4	
Braithwaite	5	9	
<i>Cross the Der- went River.</i>			
Portincastle	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	

KESWICK	1½	12	Inns— <i>Queen's Head, Royal Oak.</i> <i>Derwent Water, R.</i>
Trelkeld	4¼	16¼	
Penruddock	7¼	23½	<i>Graystock Castle and Park, duke of Norfolk, L. Hutton Park, J. Huddleston, esq. R.</i>
Stainton	3½	27	<i>Hutton Hall, Sir F. F. Vane, Bart.</i>
— — —			<i>Skirsgill Hall, Hugh Parkin, esq. R.</i>
PENRITH	2½	29½	Inns— <i>Crown, George.</i>
<i>At Penrith, on L. a T. R. to Carlisle, on R. to Kendal.</i>			
— — —			<i>Eden Hall, Lady Musgrave, R.</i>
<i>Cross the River Eden.</i>			
Longwathley	4½	34	<i>Skirwith Abbey, F. Yates, esq. R.</i>
Melmerby	4	38	<i>Melmerby Hall, Mrs. Patison, L. Gate Hall, R.</i>
Hartside Cross	3¾	41¾	
ALSTONE	6½	48¾	

JOURNEY FROM HOLME ABBEY TO WYTHBURNE CHAPEL,

THROUGH WIGTON, ULDALE, AND KESWICK.

Holme Abbey to			
<i>Cross the Waver River.</i>			
Ware Bridge	4	4	
WIGTON	2	6	
— — —			<i>Brayton House, W. Lawson, esq. R.</i>
			<i>Clea Hall, Capt. Pettenger,</i>
IREBY	5½	11½	
Uldale	1½	13	
Orthwaite	2	15	

High Side	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Little Crosthwaite	2	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Mirehouse, G. H. Derbyshire, esq. R. The Basenthwaite Lake, R.</i>
Crosthwaite	3 $\frac{1}{3}$	22 $\frac{3}{4}$	
<i>At Crosthwaite, on R. a T. R. to Cockermouth.</i>			
KESWICK	$\frac{3}{4}$	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>On Vicar's Island, in Keswick Lake, the seat of Gen. Peachey.</i>
Causeway Foot	2	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	
<i>Cross the Greta River.</i>			
Smalthwaite			
Bridge	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	28	
Thurlspot	1	29	<i>On Thurle Meer, Dale Head, T. S. Leathes, esq. R.</i>
Wythburne			
Chapel — —	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	31 $\frac{1}{4}$	

LIST

OF

BANKING HOUSES IN THE COUNTY.

<i>Residence.</i>	<i>Firm.</i>	<i>Upon whom they draw in London.</i>
Carlisle	Forster and Sons	{ Pole, Thornton, & Co. Glynn & Co.
Cumberland and Carlisle	Graham & Co.	
Penrith	Thos. Forster & Co.	{ Pole, Thornton, & Co.
Whitehaven	Hartleys & Co.	Marryat & Co.
Whitehaven	Johnston, Raney, & Co.	Lubbock & Co.
Whitehaven	Harrison & Co.	{ Stephenson & Co.

FAIRS

IN

C U M B E R L A N D.

FEBRUARY 20th.—*Wigton*, for horses.

APRIL 5th.—*Wigton*, for cattle.

24th.—*Penrith*, ditto.

25th.—*Boon*, ditto.

MAY.—First Wednesday, and every fortnight till Michaelmas, *Cockermouth*, for cattle.

First, second, and third Fridays,—*Hesket-Newmarket*, ditto.

28th.—*Aldston*, ditto.

JUNE.—*Ravenglass*, cattle.

Tuesday before Whitsuntide, *Abbey Holm*, for cattle and horses.

Whitsun Monday, the Monday fortnight, and Monday month after, *Rosley Hill*, a very great fair for cattle and horses; and cattle are shewn here every fortnight after till Michaelmas.

Whitsun Tuesday, and every fortnight after, *Penrith* for cattle.

Second Wednesday after Whitsuntide, *Brampton*, for horses, cattle, and sheep.

AUGUST 4th.—*Ravenglass*, for cattle.

26th.—*Carlisle*, for cattle and horses.

SEPTEMBER.—Second Wednesday, *Brampton*, for cattle, horses, and sheep.

18th.—*Egremont*, for cattle.

19th.—*Carlisle*, cattle and horses.

26th and 27th, *Penrith*, for cattle.

OCTOBER.—*Cockermouth*, cattle and horses.

First, second, and third Saturdays after old Michaelmas, *Carlisle*, for cattle and horses. These are called *Emptoms*, being usually driven to the great fair of *Hempton Frean*, in *Norfolk*, held on the 22nd of November.

DECEMBER 21st.—*Wigton*, for cattle and Christmas cheer; from whence it is generally called *Wallet Fair*.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

SITUATION, BOUNDARIES, AND EXTENT.

CUMBERLAND is bounded on the west by the Irish sea, into which its coast projects somewhat in the form of a bow, for an extent of nearly 70 miles on the north. It is separated from Scotland by Solway Frith, the Scots Dyke, and the river Leddal: its eastern side is skirted by the counties of Northumberland and Durham; its boundaries on the south are Westmoreland and Lancashire; from the former it is partly divided by Ulswater, and the river Emont, and from the latter by the river Duddon. Its greatest extent is about 80 miles, but its mean length is not more than 60; its general breadth is nearly 35, and its circumference about 224. It contains about 1516 square miles, or 970,240 acres; of these 342,000 comprise the mountainous districts.

The south-west part of Cumberland is in a manner insulated and cut off from all easy safe and ready communication with the southern and western parts of the kingdom: on the one hand by the barrier of mountains, which stretch from Kendal and Ulverstone to Penrith and Keswick; and on the other by the flow of the tides over the Lancaster, Cartmel, and Duddon sands; by which the passage is not only interrupted for several hours twice a day, but also rendered very unsafe and dangerous: all which might be avoided by proper embankments, and at the same time a great quantity of land might be gained from the sea.

CLIMATE AND SOIL.

In a county like Cumberland, having an extensive ea-coast, and a large space occupied by mountains eckoned amongst the highest in the kingdom, the

climate must be greatly diversified. Along the coast and for a considerable way up the rivers, the snow seldom lies above 24 hours; but upon the mountains it will continue six or eight months: consequently the lower parts of the county are mild and temperate, whilst upon the mountains and their vicinity the air is cold and piercing; but the whole is healthy, though subject to great and frequent falls of rain, particularly in autumn, which renders the harvest very precarious and expensive. The soil is various, but has been classed under four heads: 1st. Fertile clays, or rather rich strong loams. 2nd. Dry loams. 3rd. Wet loams. 4th. Black peat earth. The surface is beautifully diversified with level plains and rising eminences, deep sequestered vales and stupendous mountains; open braky heathy commons, and irregular inclosures, in some parts enriched with tufted groves and rising plantations, the whole watered with innumerable streams, and extensive lakes. The whole county is naturally divided into two districts, the mountainous, and the cultivatable.

NAME AND ANCIENT HISTORY.

Cumberland derived its name from the Cimbri, or Cumbri, the aboriginal inhabitants, but who were, in common with those of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, and Westmoreland, called, by Ptolemy, the Brigantes.

The nation of the Brigantes, known by the name of the Cumbri, are supposed not to have been subjugated by the Romans till the time of Vespasian, from which time their country was the constant residence of several Roman legions, who not only kept the inhabitants from revolting, and prevented the incursions of the Scots, but greatly improved the country.

When Cumberland was subdued by the Saxons, upon the declension of the Roman power in Britain, it became part of the kingdom of Northumberland, and was then, by its new lords, first called *Lumbra*

land, or *Lumer land*, the land or country of the Cumbri.

From the time when the power of the Saxons was broken by the Danes, till the year 946, this county had petty kings of its own chusing; but about that time Edmond, brother to king Ethelstan, having with the help of Leontine, king of South Wales, conquered the country, granted it to Malcolm, king of Scotland, upon condition that he should defend the northern parts of England, against all invaders; and by virtue of this grant, the eldest sons of the kings of Scotland, were styled governors of Cumberland. The Saxons some time afterwards reduced it again under their government; but at the time of the Norman conquest it was so impoverished, that William the Conqueror remitted all its taxations, for which reason it is not rated in the Domesday Book, as other counties are.

RIVERS.

Though this country enjoys an extent of 67 miles of sea coast, yet it cannot boast of its navigable rivers; the tide not flowing more than two or three miles up the greatest part of them: even the Eden, by much the largest, is perplexed with shoals, and its navigation cannot be said to reach beyond Sandsfield, though the tide flows a few miles further. There are few places where water is so abundant and good as in the district; for besides the large rivers, Eden, Derwent, Esk, &c. every village, and almost every farm, enjoys the benefit of a pure spring, or is visited by a rivulet. The larger rivers abound with salmon, trout, and various other kinds of fish, and the smaller brooks with trout and eels. The beautiful and extensive lakes in this county have of late years made a tour to these a fashionable amusement, whence considerable emoluments have resulted to the inhabitants.

The principal rivers are, the Eden, which rises in the moors of Westmoreland near the borders of

Yorkshire, and after receiving several tributary streams, enters Cumberland at its confluence with the Eamont, and taking a north-easterly direction, after passing Kirkoswald and Carlisle, flows into Solway Firth near Rockliffe Marsh. This river produces fine trout, and various other kinds of fish, but particularly salmon, which are very plentiful, and of an excellent quality.

The *Eamont* flows from the lake of Ulswater, near Pooley Bridge, proceeds in a south-easterly direction, through a pleasant wooded vale, to the Eden, into which it falls, at the south-east extremity of the county.

The *Duddon* is a small river, rising near the borders of Westmoreland and Lancashire, and flowing southwardly, forms a boundary between Cumberland and the last-mentioned county, from its source to its confluence with the sea, which flows near nine miles up its channel. This river abounds in fish, particularly salmon, trout, cod, and flounders.

The *Eden* rises in those mountains which surround Borrowdale, and, after having formed itself into the lake called Ennerdale Water, proceeds in a semicircular direction, through the pleasant dales of Ennerdale and Kenniside, to Egremont, and then flows southward through a flat country into the sea.

The *Derwent* rises in Borrowdale, a large valley south of Keswick, and running along the hills, called Derwent Fells, forms a lake, bearing its name, at the north end of which stands the town of Keswick; thence the Derwent flows through the middle of the country, and passing by Cockermouth, falls into the Irish Sea, near a small market-town called Workington.

The *Greta* is formed by the junction of two small rivers called, Glendera-maken, and the Bure, the former of which rises on the Saddleback, and after winding round Souter Fell, flows through the vale of Grisdale and Threlkeld, a little below which it unites with the Bure, a river rising near Dunmailraise, and after forming the lake of Thirlmere, pursues a rapid

course through the vale of St. John, where, uniting its waters with the former river, it forms the Greta, which rushes along a narrow glen, passes Keswick, and falls into the Derwent.

The *Cocker* rises in a mountain near the black-lead mines, and after flowing through the lakes of Buttermere and Crummock, continues its progress northward; dividing the vale of Lorton, and after leaving the mountains, and flowing through a more open country, falls into the Derwent at Cockermouth.

The *Ellen*, which is a small river, rises on Caldbeck fells, and after receiving several tributary streams, which issue from the range of hills which form the western boundaries of the Derwent, passes Udale and Ireby, and flowing in a westerly direction through an open vale, falls into the sea at Maryport.

The *Waver* and the *Wampool*, rise among the fells about Brocklebank; the former, after passing through a low tract of country, falls into the sandy estuary of the Wampool, which flows more eastward, and at length carries its waters into Solway Firth.

The *Caldew* rises on the south-east side of Skiddaw, and after being joined by several smaller streams, from the neighbouring fells, pursues a northerly direction by Hesketh New-Market to Carlisle, at which place it joins the Eden, after a course of about 24 miles.

The *Peteril* is composed of several streams, the chief of which issue from the neighbourhood of Graystock Park, Skelton, and Hutton; these streams, after having formed a junction, descend northward towards Carlisle, near which this river falls into the Eden.

The *Esk*, which is a large river, rises in Scotland, and enters this county at a place called the Moat, and flowing through a beautiful vale, passes Longtown, and continuing its course in a westerly direction, falls into the Solway Firth. Great quantities of salmon are taken in this river.

“Majestic o’er the steeps, with murmuring roar,
See winding Esk his rapid current pour;
On the bright wave the sportive salmon play,
And bound and glisten in the noon-tide ray.”

Maurice.

The *Liddal* enters this county from Scotland, at Kirshope Foot, where it receives the waters of Kirshope rivulet; and, after traversing a wild country, along a rocky channel, flows into the Esk, near its entrance into Cumberland.

The *Leven* derives its origin from several fountains among the gloomy hills of Nichol Forest and Bewcastle; the two principal branches, however, rise near Christenbury Craggs: these having received several smaller streams in their course, unite near Stapleton Church, from whence, having been increased by several brooks, it winds, in a serpentine manner, through some pleasant vales till it forms a junction with the Esk, a few miles above Solway Firth.

The *Irving* rises in the bleak hills which divide this county from Northumberland, and proceeding in a southerly direction, forms a boundary between the two counties for several miles; and after winding round Spade Adam Waste, from whence it derives an increase from several streams, from that barren district it proceeds westerly towards the Eden, into which it falls near Newby.

The *Gelt* springs from Croglin Fell, and after passing through Geltsdale forest, issues from the fells below Castle-carrock, and after having its current swelled by Castle-carrock Beck, and the brook that flows from Talkingtarn, continues its rapid progress, till it falls into the Irving near Edmond Castle.

ROADS.

These in general are very good, both parochial and turnpikes, except that from Carlisle to New-castle. The superior goodness of the former is in a great measure attributed to the universal use of sin-

gle horse carts. Wherever waggons are used they are the destruction of roads, especially in hilly countries, where they are obliged to lock the wheels.

LEASES, TENURES, AND TITHES.

The noblemen and gentlemen enjoying the most considerable property in this county *let no leases*: some have verbal contracts for seven years, which are next to none, and of those who let leases, the term is only for five, seven, or nine years; besides the usual reservations of mines, wood, &c. the tenant covenants to pay the rent, cesses, taxes, and to keep all in repair; some are confined to a certain quantity of tillage, and to fallow one-fourth annually; others are under no restraints at all. To some are attached the performance of customs, as grinding corn, payment of chickens, and other services.

By far the greatest part of this county is held under lords of manors by *customary tenure*, subject to the payment of fines and heriots, and performance of various services, called *boon-days*, such as getting and leading the lord's peats, harrowing his land, reaping his corn, &c. whenever summoned. The remaining part is mostly freehold; copyhold and leasehold are rarely met with.

Tithes are mostly taken in kind; a few parishes pay a *modus* in lieu of tithes, and others are tithe-free, in consequence of a portion of the common being given to the impropiator.

RENT AND SIZE OF FARMS.

In the vicinity of towns land lets from 2*l.* to 4*l.* an acre; farms at a distance from towns, from 5*s.* to 30*s.* per acre; in general the average may be stated at about 15*s.*; rent is almost universally paid in money. On the large estates there are farms from 100*l.* to 150*l.* a year, few reach 200*l.*; some have been as high as 600*l.*; but the general size is from 15*l.* to 20*l.* a year. The *Statesmen*, or small proprietors, seem to have inherited the manner of cultivating their

estates from their ancestors; they seem content with their situation. With their own hands they produce almost every necessary article of food; and clothing they partly manufacture themselves; luxury is in no shape an object of their desires. They appear happy, and have a high character for honesty and sincerity. The Cumberland farmers are divided into three classes; the occupiers of large farms, the small proprietors, commonly called *lairds*, or *statesmen*, and the small farmers. Some of the latter are mechanics also, and farm from ten to twelve pounds a year.

FARM HOUSES AND COTTAGES.

Through the greatest part of the county the farm houses are well built of stone, with blue slate roofs, and white-washed walls, which give them a look of neatness peculiarly pleasing, and prepossess a stranger with a favourable idea of the cleanliness of the inhabitants. Where farms are very small, no great extent of offices are wanted; a barn, a byer for housing their cattle in winter, and a small stable, are in general all that is necessary; no regular plan for form or site seems to have been adopted. Fold-yards with a shed for cattle have been very rare in many parts of the county. The cottages are very few, as the farms are so very small that the occupiers and their families are generally sufficient for the work without the help of labourers, &c.

The cottages in the vicinity of the lakes are scattered over the valleys, under the hill sides, and on the rock. The dwelling-houses and contiguous out-houses are, in many instances, of the colour of the native rock, out of which they were built; but frequently the dwelling-house is distinguished from the barn and byer by rough cast and white wash, which, in the course of a few years, changes its colour by the influence of the weather. The houses having been inhabited from father to son, have received additions and accommodations according to the taste of each. Among the numerous recesses and projec-

tions in the walls and different stages of their roofs, are seen the bold and harmonious effects of contrasted sun and shadow. Many of these dwellings are furnished with substantial porches or a projection of two large slates over their thresholds. Sometimes a low chimney, almost upon a level with the roof, is overlaid with a slate, supported by four slender pillars, to prevent the wind from driving the smoke down the chimney. Others are of a quadrangular shape, rising one or two feet above the roof, and surmounted by a tall cylinder. These dwellings, mostly built of rough unhewn stone, are roofed with slates taken from the quarry before the present art of splitting them was understood; and being rough and uneven in their surfaces, both the coverings and sides of the houses, have given birth to lichens, mosses, ferns, and flowers. Here is also a little garden with its shed for bee-hives, its small beds of pot-herbs; and its borders and patches of flowers for Sunday posies, with sometimes a choice few, too much prized to be plucked. Here is an orchard of proportioned size; a cheese-press often supported by some tree near the door; a cluster of embowering sycamores for summer shade, with a tall Scotch fir; to these add the little rill or household spout, murmuring in all seasons, and you have the idea of a mountain cottage in this county, so beautifully formed in itself and so richly adorned by the hand of nature.

IMPLEMENTS.

The plough in this county is the swing plough generally used in the northern counties. The carts through the whole county are drawn by a single horse, which probably originated in necessity in times when simplicity and cheapness were mostly considered, and when *tumble carrs*, without one piece of iron about them, were to be seen: the wheels were made of three pieces of wood joined by pins of the same material; but this construction has happily given way to the wheel with a nave and spokes, much

more manageable and quick. Three single horse-carts are driven by a man or a boy, or even women and girls, many of these under twenty years of age—Thrashing machines, drills, &c. are very sparingly used.

CATTLE.

The *long horns* here are not distinguished by any good qualities; these and the Galloway-polled cattle are probably better adapted to this county than any other—The sheep are only of two kinds; one of them peculiar to that high, exposed, rocky, mountainous, district at the head of the Duddon or Esk rivers. Of this breed, commonly called *Hard-wicks*, the ewes and wethers are all polled or hornless; and also many of the tups; their faces and legs speckled; but a great portion of white with a few black spots on those parts, are accounted marks of the purest breed; as are also the hornless tups. These sheep are lively little animals, well adapted to seek their food among these rocky mountains, in many places stony and bare: the soil is thin, but the herbage mostly green, though heath is found on their summits. They support themselves during the deepest snows in winter, by scratching down to the heath, or other herbage. They do not face the coming storm, but, like other sheep, turn their backs on it. In such weather they generally gather together and keep stirring about, by which means they tread down the snow, keep above it, and are rarely over-blown.

The horses are middle sized, from fourteen to fifteen hands high, of various colours, but bays and chesnuts seem the most prevalent. Almost every small farmer breeds his own horses; the superfluous is purchased by the dealers.

MINERALS.

These abound, as coal, lime, lead ore; here is also black lead, copper, gypsum, lapis calaminaris, and excellent slate. Coal is found in many parts of the eastern mountains, and with few exceptions from

Sebergham to Whitehaven, and along the coast to Maryport, forming a district of about 100 square miles. Cannel coal is got in large quantities in the parishes of Coldbeck and Bolton. Limestone abounds in most parts of the eastern mountains, and in the neighbourhood of Egremont and Whitehaven. Freestones abound in most parts of the county, some of which split into good slate; but are more heavy, less durable, and require stronger timber to support them than the blue slate, and are also more subject to imbibe moisture—Black lead is only found in Borrowdale a few miles west of Keswick.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The same confusion in weights and measures prevails here as in many other parts of the kingdom; for instance, a Winchester bushel is 32 quarts, but a Carlisle bushel is 96 quarts. A Penrith bushel is 64, ditto for wheat and rye, and barley, oats, and potatoes—A stone of tallow, wool, or hay, is 16 lb.—Ditto of butcher's meat 14 lb. but in many places 16lb. The pound is 16 ounces, by which butter and various other articles are weighed.

QUARTER SESSIONS.

The Quarter Sessions and the Assizes for the county of Cumberland are holden at the city of Carlisle.

CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL DIVISIONS.

Cumberland contains one city and county town, Carlisle, and five *wards*, synonymous with hundreds in other counties; but so called here from the inhabitants of each division being formerly obliged to keep watch and ward against the irruptions of the Scots.

The ward of Allerdale above Derwent is in the Diocese of Chester, all the other part of the county in that of Carlisle and in the province of York.

TITLES CONFERRED BY THE COUNTY.

The city of *Carlisle* confers the title of Earl on

the Howard family, and is the see of a Bishop—*Whitaven* gives the title of Viscount and Baron to the Lowthers—The villages of *Greystoke* and *Gillesland* give the title of Baron to the Howard family—*Ellenborough* the same to the Laws.

LEARNED AND EMINENT CHARACTERS.

Sir J. Banks, a learned Judge, born at Borrowdale, near Keswick, died 1644. Archbishop Grindal, born at Hemmington, 1519, died 1583. A. Fletcher, an ingenious mathematician, born at Little Broughton, 1714, died 1793. G. Graham, a very ingenious mechanic, born at Gratwick, 1675, died 1751. Thomas Tickel, the friend and coadjutor of Addison, an ingenious poet, born at Bridekirk, 1686, died 1740. Rev. William Nicholson, Divine and Antiquary, born at Orton, died 1727. Rev. Josiah Relph, in his time called the Poet of the North, born at Sebringham, 1712, died 1744.

NEWSPAPERS PRINTED IN THE COUNTY.

The Carlisle Journal on Saturdays. The Patriot on Saturdays. The Whitehaven Packet and Gazette, Mondays.

TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

Journey from Kirkandrews to Penrith ; through Carlisle.

Kirkandrews is a small town, situated on the borders of Scotland, on the banks of the Liddel, 315 miles from London, contains 428 inhabited houses, and 2235 inhabitants.

Proceeding southward, at the distance of about a mile from Kirkandrews, on the left of our road is NETHERBY, the seat of Sir James Graham, Bart. This place is celebrated for the many improvements which were made during the last century ; as well as the number of Roman remains which are preserved here ; from its having been itself a Roman station ; and from its contiguity to *Æsica*, which is supposed to have stood in its vicinity.

This estate, which forms the barony of Lyddel, in the reign of King John became the property of the Stutevilles, but whose male issue failing in the time of Henry III. their estates were conveyed to Hugh de Wake, by his marriage with Joan, heiress of Nicholas de Stuteville : Margaret, a descendant from the Wakes, married Edward Plantagenet, earl of Kent, whose daughter Joan became the wife of Edward the Black Prince, by which the barony is supposed by some historians to have become vested in the crown ; others, however, affirm, that it was purchased of the earl of Kent by his father, Edward III. ; by whom it is said to have been annexed to the duchy of Lancaster. James I. soon after his accession, granted this among other manors to George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, whose successor, Francis, sold them to Sir Richard Graham, ancestor to the present owner.

Mr. Horsley observes that “the remarkable station at Netherby, is certainly *Castra Exploratorum* ; the remains and monuments of it are so very great.

'The Roman way from Middleby to Netherby, and from thence to Carlisle, is very certain: and the distances, according to the number in the Itinerary, I believe to be very exact." Sir James Clark, nevertheless, in a letter to Mr. Gale, expresses his belief that the true *Castra Exploratorum* was at Middleby and Burnswark Hill, in Scotland, about ten miles from Netherby. It is however certain, from the numerous antiquities discovered here, that it was a Roman station of considerable importance. "Ther hath bene," says Leland, "marvelus buyldings as appere by ruinus walles; and men alyve have sene rynges and staples yn the walles, as yt had bene staves or holders for shyppes."

Mr. R. Goodman, of Carlisle, in a letter to Mr. Gale, observes, that "from the principal and oblong fort on the north-west angle towards the Esk, there is a gradual descent, in which several streets are very visible. In one running north and south, on the west side towards the river, by digging among the ruins for stones, were discovered two rooms, parallel to the street. The southernmost is plainly a cold bath, from the cement and large thin glass laid at the bottom, and an earthen pipe at the north-west corner, descending from a small water course, that runs under the other room, and a partition wall, and so below the door into the street. The outward room has an entrance from the street; the door-checks are two large flags of about seven feet high, and 20 inches broad, with holes for fastening the door, which opened into the street." In the year 1732, a plain altar was found in this room, with the following inscription:—

" DEAE SANCT.
AE FORTVNAE
CONSERVATRICI
MARCVS AVREL
SALVIVS TRIBVN
VS COH I AEL HI

SPANORVM

∞ EQ

V. S. L. M."

The floor of this room, which was scattered with the bones of different animals, but particularly of sheep and oxen, with fragments of fine earthen pots adorned with figures, was covered with a cement of about one inch and a half in thickness. In the year 1745, a fine Roman hypocaust, with a double sudatory, was discovered near this apartment. The one to the east was divided into two chambers, but communicating by three hollow bricks or pipes, and supported by 55 stone pillars; the 36 of the outer chamber being in a square form, and sustained a pavement of flags, which was covered with cement like the flooring of the bath. The other sudatory had likewise two chambers; in the outermost were 20 pillars of square tiles about two inches thick, and connected by cement, the innermost had 16 pillars of the same kind; the whole of which were about a yard in height: two apertures were the only communication between these two divisions. A conduit or air-pipe passed through the middle of these chambers, which communicated by one end with the first sudatory, and by the other with different apartments, supposed to have been used as dressing chambers.

The present mansion at Netherby, which was erected by the late Dr. Robert Graham, in the year 1757, stands on an eminence near the river Esk, and commands an extensive prospect. The house, which is elegantly fitted up, contains a valuable collection of ancient and modern medals, the library is furnished with a select collection of valuable authors, all of the best editions; and the gardens and pleasure grounds are laid out with great taste and judgment.

The estate indeed owes its present importance to the above Dr. Graham, "for the lands when he be-

came possessed of them," says Mr. Pennant, "were in a state of nature, the people idle and bad, still retaining a smack of the feudal manners; scarce a hedge to be seen, and a total ignorance prevailed of even coal and lime. His improving spirit soon wrought a great change in these parts; his example instilled into the inhabitants an inclination to industry, and they soon found the distinction between sloth and its concomitants, dirt and beggary, and the plenty that a right application of the arts of husbandry brought among them. They lay in the midst of a rich country, yet starved in it; but in a small space they found that instead of a produce that hardly supported themselves, they were enabled to raise even supplies for their neighbours; that much of their land was so kindly as to bear corn for many years successively without the help of manure; and for the more ungrateful soils, that there were limestones to be had, and coal to burn them. The wild tract soon appeared in the form of verdant meadows and fruitful corn-fields; from the first they were soon able to send to distant places cattle and butter; and their arable lands enabled them to maintain a commerce as far as Lancashire in corn." "One mode," says a modern writer, "by which this truly patriotic character improved his estates, was by erecting hamlets of eight or ten houses, with a number of acres to each, and then permitting his industrious married tenants to live in them rent free, till the produce of the soil would enable them to pay a certain annual stipend; which he increased as the lands were improved, but never so as to become burthensome. He also established schools on different parts of his estate; and as the peasants were enjoined to send their children with regularity, in a few years he had the satisfaction of seeing upwards of 500 young persons constantly instructed at them. By these and other judicious regulations, his rent roll increased in more than quadruple proportion. The number of inhabitants was also greatly augmented,

their situation improved, and themselves rendered proportionably wealthy; "but their value as citizens," says another writer, "was augmented in a ratio which is incalculable: they were changed from being idle to be industrious; from wretched cottagers, grovelling in dirt and poverty, into contented husbandmen, and opulent farmers. Still more, they were changed from loose and ignorant barbarians, ever quarrelsome and disorderly, into a peasantry peaceful and regular; a peasantry, perhaps, more intelligent, and better educated, than most others in the island."

Among the numerous antiquities and Roman remains, which are preserved at Netherby, on a plain stone, two feet eight inches in height, by two feet eleven inches wide, is an inscription, which preserves the memory of the Cohort, Lieutenant, and Proprietor, who founded the *Basilica Equestris equitata exercitatoria* at this place. This was a kind of riding-school for exercising the cavalry with the infantry, who were to serve mixed with them."

"IMP CAES M AVRELIO

SEVERO ALEXANDRO PIO FEL AVG

PONT MAXIMO TRIB POT COS PP COH. I AEL

HISPANIORVM ∞ EQ DEVOTA NIMINI

MAIESTATIQUE EIVS BASELICAM

EQVESTREM EXCERCITATORIAM

JAMPRIDEM A SOLO COEPTAM

AEDIFICAVIT CONSUMMAVITQUE

SVB CURA MARI VALERIANI LEG

AVG PRPR INSTANTEM AVRELIO

SALVIO TRIB COH IMP D N

SEVERO ALEXANDRO PIO FEL

AVG COS."

Dr. Taylor, in his observations on this inscription, which were printed in the Philosophical Transactions, remarks, that the dedication of this edifice to

the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Severus Alexander, by the words, *Devota Numina majestatique ejus*, renders the opinion of this emperor's inclination to Christianity, and his aversion to idolatrous compliments, somewhat dubious, notwithstanding the assertion of Lampridius, *Dominum se appellari cetuit*, that he forbade himself to be called Lord.

At the distance of about two miles from Netherby is a strong entrenchment, called *Liddal's Strength*, or, the Mote; it is situated on a lofty and steep cliff, and commands a vast extent of country. Its form is circular, having a high mount at one end, and in the middle is the foundation of a square building; on one side it is strongly entrenched, having a sort of half moon before it, with a vast foss. "This," says Leland "was the moted place of a gentilman cawled Syr Walter Seleby, the which was kyllled there, and the place destroyed yn King Edward the Thyrde' time, when the Scottes went to Dyrham." It appears that David II. took this place by storm; and after having caused the two sons of Sir Walter Seleby to be strangled before their father's face, ordered the parent's head to be struck off.

Returning from our digression, at the distance of three miles from Kirkandrews, is Longtown, a modern market-town, situated on the banks of the Esk, near its conflux with the Liddel. This town, which stands in the midst of the Netherby estate, and of which it forms a part, has a good Charity School, with a market on Thursday: by the population returns of 1821, the inhabited houses were returned at 809, and the inhabitants 1812. At the north end of the town is a good stone bridge; the houses are built in the modern style, and the streets are regular and spacious. It is situated in the parish of Arthuret, 810 miles from London; and contains, according to the late returns, 176 houses, and 1835 inhabitants, of whom 648 were returned as being employed in trades and manufactures.

About two miles to the west of Longtown is the

marshy ground called Solway Moss, which between 30 and 40 years since, overwhelmed by a torrent of mud, upwards of 500 acres of land belonging to the Netherby estate. A description of this marshy ground, as well as the particulars of the eruption, have been given by Mr. Gilpin, in the following interesting manner.

“Solway Moss is a flat area, about seven miles in circumference. The substance of it is a gross fluid, composed of mud and the putrid fibres of heath, diluted by internal springs, which arise in every part. The surface is a dry crust, covered with moss and rushes; offering a fair appearance over an unsound bottom, shaking with the least pressure. Cattle by instinct avoid it. Where rushes grow the bottom is soundest; the adventurous passenger, therefore, who sometimes, in dry seasons, traverses this perilous waste, to save a few miles, picks his cautious way over the rushy tussocks as they appear before him. If his foot slips, or if he ventures to desert this mark of security, it is possible he may never more be heard of.

“On the south Solway Moss is bounded by a cultivated plain, which declines gently through the space of a mile to the river Esk. This plain is rather lower than the moss itself, being separated from it by a breast-work formed by digging peat which makes an irregular though perpendicular line of low, black boundary. It was the bursting of the moss through this peat breast-work, over the plain between it and the Esk, that occasioned the dreadful inundation which destroyed so large a district. The more remarkable circumstances relating to this calamitous event were these.

“On the 13th of November, 1771, in a dark tempestuous night, the inhabitants of the plain were alarmed with a dreadful crash, which they could in no way account for; many of them were then abroad in the fields watching their cattle, lest the Esk, which was then rising violently in the storm, should carry

them off. None of those miserable people could conceive the noise they had heard to proceed from any cause, but from the overflowing of the river in some shape, though to them unaccountable. Such, indeed, as lived near the source of the eruption, were sensible that the noise came in a different direction; but were equally at a loss for the cause.

“In the mean time the enormous mass of fluid substance, which had burst from the moss, moved slowly on, spreading itself more and more, as it got possession of the plain. Some of the inhabitants, through the terror of the night, could plainly discover it advancing like a moving hill. This was in fact the case; for the gush of mud carried before it, through the first two or three hundred yards of its course, a part of the breast-work; which though low, was yet several feet in perpendicular height; but it soon deposited this solid mass, and became a heavy, fluid. One house after another, it spread around, filled, and crushed into ruin; just giving time to the terrified inhabitants to escape. Scarcely any thing was saved except their lives, nothing of their furniture, few of their cattle. Some people were even surprised in their beds, and had the additional distress of flying naked from the ruin.

“The morning light explained the cause of this amazing scene of terror, and shewed the calamity in its full extent; and yet among all the conjectures of that dreadful night the mischief which really happened had never been supposed. Who could have imagined that a breast-work which had stood for ages, should at length give way, or that those subterranean floods, which had been bedded in darkness since the memory of man, should ever burst from their black abode?

“This dreadful inundation, though the first shock of it was most tremendous, continued still spreading for many weeks, till it covered the whole plain, an area of 500 acres; and, like molten lead poured into a mold, filled all the hollows of it, lying in some

parts 30 or 40 feet deep, reducing the whole to one level surface. The overplus found its way into the Esk, where its quantity was such as to annoy the fish; no salmon during that season venturing into the river. As we descended from the higher ground to take a nearer view of this scene of horror, it exhibited a very grand appearance. The whole plain was covered by a thick smoke, occasioned by a smothering fire, set to it, in various parts, with intent to consume it; and brought before us that simple and sublime idea of *the smoke of a country going up like the smoke of a furnace.*

“When we got to the gulf, from whence all this mischief had issued, the spectacle was hideous. The surface of the moss itself had suffered little change; near the chasm it appeared indented through a space of several yards, but not in any degree, as might have been expected from so vast a discharge. The mouth of the chasm was heaped round with monstrous piles of ruin, formed by the broken breast-work and shell of the moss, on the first great burst; and a black mossy tincture continued still to issue from it.

“As we stood on the higher ground we obtained a clear idea of the plain, and of the course of the irruption over it. Many fragments of a very large size, which had been carried away in the first full stream of the discharge, appeared thrown to a considerable distance. Fragments of a smaller size, and yet many of these considerable, appeared scattered over the plains, as the heavy torrent was able to carry them. Here and there the broken rafters of a house, on the top of some blasted tree, were seen; and made an odd appearance, rising as it were out of the ground. But through the whole waste, there was not the least sign left of any culture, though this plain had once been the pride of the country. Lands which in the evening would have let for 20s. an acre, by the morning light were not worth sixpence. On this well-cultivated plain 28 families had their dwell-

lings, and little farms, every one of which, except perhaps a few, who lived near the skirts of it, had the world totally to begin again."

Mr. Pennant, in his account of this occurrence, has in some measure explained the occasion of the accident: he says, "The shell, or crust, which kept this liquid within bounds nearest to the valley, was at first of sufficient strength to contain it; but by the imprudence of the peat diggers, who were continually working on that side, at length became so weakened as not longer to be able to resist the weight pressing on it. To this may be added, that the fluidity of the moss was greatly increased by three days' rain of unusual violence, which preceded the eruption, and extended itself in a line as far as Newcastle, took in part of Durham, and a small portion of Yorkshire, running in a parallel line of about equal length. After the black deluge had burst its confines, many cattle were suffocated: but the case of a cow that escaped deserves mention, from its singularity. She was the only one out of eight in the same cow-house that was saved, after having stood 60 hours up to the neck in mud and water: when she was relieved, she did not refuse to eat, but would not taste water, nor could even look at it without shewing manifest signs of horror. The surface of the moss received a considerable change: what was before a plain, now sunk in the form of a vast bason, and the loss of the contents so lowered the surface, as to give Netherby a new view of land and trees unknown before.

"The eruption burst from the place of its discharge like a cataract of thick ink, and continued in a stream of the same appearance, intermixed with great fragments of peat, with their heathy surface; then flowed like a tide, charged with pieces of wreck, filling the whole valley, running up every little opening, and on its retreat leaving upon the shore tremendous heaps of turf, memorials of the height this dark torrent arrived at."

“ The vast morass,
Dissolv'd by floods, and swoln with mighty rains,
Pour'd its black deluge o'er the neighb'ring plains ;
Ah ! see, thro' yonder beauteous vale it spreads,
Whelming at once an hundred fertile meads :
Then bearing onward with resistless force,
Sweeps herds and houses in its dreadful course,
Till Esk's fair tide its loathsome billows stain,
That roll with added fury to the main.”

MAURICE.

By the exertions of an illiterate Yorkshireman, of the name of Wilson, whose self-taught genius at once conceived the plan, and directed its execution, this plain, which was covered with this stygian torrent, has been reclaimed, and is again covered with verdure. The simple means by which Wilson effected his purpose, has been thus described by Mr. Gilpin :

“ Near the front of Dr. Graham's house, at Netherby, stood a knoll, which made a disagreeable appearance from the windows ; being desirous, therefore, of removing it, he sent to Newcastle for a person accustomed to works of this kind. The undertaker came, surveyed the ground, and estimated the expense at 1800*l*. While the affair was in agitation, Dr. Graham heard that Wilson had affirmed the earth might be removed at a much easier rate. He was examined on the subject, and his answers appeared so rational, that he was set to work. He had already surveyed the higher grounds, where he first collected all the springs he found into two large reservoirs ; from which he cut a precipitate channel, pointed at an abrupt corner of the knoll. He cut also a channel of communication between his two reservoirs. These being both filled, he opened his sluices, and let out such a continued torrent of water, the upper pool feeding the lower, that he very soon carried away the corner of the knoll, against which he had pointed his artillery : he then charged again, and levelled against another part with equal success. By a few efforts of this kind he carried away the whole

hill, and told Mr. Graham, with an air of triumph, that, if he pleased, he would carry away his house next. The work was completed in a few days, and Mr. Graham himself informed us, the whole expense did not amount to *twenty pounds!*"

Wilson, by a plan formed on the same principles, cleared the whole of the ground overflowed by Solway Moss. "From the reservoir made," continues our author, "by a little stream on the highest part of the overflowed ground, he cut channels in various directions to the Esk; and when the water was let off, he placed numbers of men by the side of the stream, who rolled into it large masses of the mossy earth, which was hardened by the sun." By this simple contrivance the whole of the extraneous matter was carried away, and the whole plain restored to its former state."

Solway Moss is celebrated in history for the defeat of the Scots, in Henry VIII.'s time, by Sir Thomas Wharton, when the whole Scotch army were either taken or dispersed, and several of the fugitives are supposed to have perished in this very moss, into which they had plunged in their endeavour to escape, as some peat-diggers are said to have found in it, a few years ago, the skeleton of a trooper and his horse in complete armour.

ARTHURET, a village pleasantly situated about half a mile to the south of Longtown, forms part of the barony of Liddal, which, soon after the Conquest, was granted by Ranulph de Meschines to one of his dependents, named Brundey, which grant was confirmed by Henry I. It was afterwards given to the Abbey of Jedburg, in Scotland; but in the reign of Edward III. it was seized by that king, on the principle that the Abbot of Jedburg was then in rebellion.

The Church, which stands on an eminence, was erected in the year 1609, and consists of a nave, chancel, side aisles, and square tower: its length is considerable, and the whole structure is embattled. In the church-yard is a rude cross, which Mr. Pen-

nant observes is "the exact figure of the cross of the knights of Malta, and was probably erected by one of that order." In this parish was born and buried Archibald Armstrong, Jester to James I. and Charles I. By an accident suitable to his profession, the day of his funeral was the first of April. He was banished from court for speaking too freely of Archbishop Laud's measure of introducing the liturgy into Scotland, which had produced a considerable tumult. On the arrival of the news in England, Archy facetiously asked his grace, "Who's fool now?"—This joke was resented by the prelate, who procured an order of council, "That the King's fool be banished the court, for speaking disrespectful words of the Archbishop of Canterbury."

At the distance of three miles to the east of Arthuret is the village of KIRKLINGTON. To the north of the village stands Kirklington Hall, the pleasant seat of W. Dacre, Esq. the materials for building which were brought from an ancient castle, belonging to the Dacres, which stood at a few hundred yards distance, and was formerly called Clough Hall. The view from Kirklington Hall is very extensive, commanding a fine vale, which extends even to the Solway Firth.

From Clough Hall the famous archers, *Clym o' the Clough*, and *Willyam of Cloudele*, who make such considerable figures in the Garland of Adam Bell, are supposed to have taken their names. Three adjoining villages are still called Clough Head, Clough Side, and Long Clough Side.

About three miles to the south of Kirklington, at the small village of Scaleby, is Scaleby Castle, which, though standing in a low situation, appears to have been a place of more than ordinary strength; having formerly been surrounded by two circular moats, the circumference of the outermost being about a mile. The Castle was erected in the centre, and was entered by two draw-bridges, defended by a high tower, and a very lofty wall.

"At present," says Mr. Gilpin, the celebrated essayist of picturesque beauty, who was born, and passed his early years within this edifice, "one of the moats only remains; the other is filled up, but may still be traced. The castle is more complete than such buildings generally are; it preserved its perfect form till the civil wars of the 16th century, when, in too much confidence of its strength, its gates were shut against Cromwell, who made it a monument of his vengeance. He has rent the tower, and demolished two of its sides, the edges of the other two, he has shattered into broken lines. The chasm discovers the whole plan of the internal structure: the vestiges of the several stories, the inversion of the arches, which supported them, the windows for speculation, and the breastwork for assaults.

"The walls of this castle are uncommonly magnificent, they are not only of great height, but of great thickness; and defended by a large bastion; the greatest of them is chambered within, and wrought into several recesses. A massive portcullis-gate leads to the ruins of what was once the habitable part of the castle, in which a large vaulted hall is the most remarkable apartment; and under it are dark and capacious dungeons. The area within the mote, which consists of several acres, was originally intended to support the cattle which should be driven thither in times of alarm. When the house was inhabited, this area was the garden, and all around, on the outside the mote, stood noble trees, regularly planted, the growth of a century. Beneath the trees ran a walk round the mote, which on one hand commanded the castle in every point of view; and on the other overlooked a country, consisting of extensive meadows bounded by lofty mountains.

"This venerable pile has now undergone a second ruin; the old oaks and elms, the ancient natives of the scene, are felled, weeds and spiry grass have taken possession of the courts, and have obliterated

the very plan of a garden, while the house itself is a scene of desolation. The chambers unwindowed, and almost unroofed, fluttering with rags of ancient tapestry, are the haunts of daws and pigeons, which burst out in clouds of dust when the doors are opened, while the floors yielding to the tread, make curiosity dangerous. A few pictures, heir-looms of the wall, are the only appendages of this dissolving pile, which have triumphed over the injuries of time. Swallows and martins are every where about the ruins; either twittering on broken quoins, threading some fractured arch, or pursuing each other in screaming circles round the walls of the castle."

This manor was granted to Richard Tilliol by Henry I. after which, coming into the possession of Sir Edward Musgrave, it was sold by his grandson to Mr. R. Gilpin, whose grandson again sold it to Governor Stephenson, in whose family it still remains.

At Rockcliffe, a small village about 4 miles to the south-west of Arthuret, are the ruins of a castle, built by Lord Dacre, which, together with the demesnes, was purchased of Henry Howard, Duke of Norfolk, for 15,000*l.* by Charles Usher, whose grand daughter devised it to the late W. Strong of Peterborough. In the church-yard of this village is the following singular inscription, on a tomb-stone, to the memory of the Rev. W. Robinson:—

"I living planted trees; of one is made
The chest wherein my body now is laid."

Returning to the turnpike road, at the distance of about six miles from Authuret, is the village of STANWIX. Horsley, and other modern antiquaries, have determined this to have been the *Congavata* of the Notitia, in which it is mentioned as the 15th station *ad lineam Valli*, or upon the wall, the remains of which may be distinctly seen in this vicinity." "Here," says Mr. Horsley, "is the plain area of a station. There is a gentle descent to the south; and

the rising for the out buildings, which the number of stones dug up prove to have stood here; and by all accounts it is upon this descent, and chiefly to the south-east, that the Roman buildings have stood. Severus's wall formed the north rampart of this station; some of the gardens of the village pass over its course, and are fenced with the stones obtained from it. The ditch may be traced distinctly from the west end of the village to the river's banks: the ridge which the wall has left is pretty eminent in many places, and may be accurately traced to the brink of the precipice above the river Eden, where it apparently terminates; but at the bottom of the precipice, near Hissopholm well, some remains are still to be seen." "On Hissopholm bank," says Mr. Pennant, "are the vestiges of some dykes, describing a small square, the site of a fort to defend the pass; for the wall reached to the edge of the water, and continued to the opposite side. Possibly this was a station of cavalry; for near Hissop bank is a stupendous number of horses' bones, exposed by the falling of a cliff." The church of Stanwix, which stands upon the Roman station, was built with the materials for the wall. Adjoining this village is the city of

CARLISLE,

Pleasantly situated in a forest, near the confluence of the rivers Eden and Caldew. Its name appears to have been derived from the Saxon word *Caer Lyell*, that is, the city near the wall, from its contiguity to the great Roman wall; and is said to have been founded by Luil, a petty king of the Country, long before the Romans came into the island. That it flourished in the time of the Romans is evident from the many antiquities which have been dug up near it, and from the frequent mention of it in Roman authors. It is recorded by William of Malmesbury, that in the reign of William II. a Roman triclinium, or dining room, was discovered in

this place, built of stone, and arched over in such a manner that it could not be destroyed even by fire. On the front of it was this inscription.

MAURII VICTORIÆ.

Or, as Camden believes,

MARTI VICTORI.

A large altar was likewise dug up here not long since, with the following inscription in very fair characters,

DEO MARTE BELATVCARDRO

Which shews it to have been dedicated to Belus, or some other local deity, worshipped by the Roman legions that were quartered there. That the sixth legion was quartered in this place appears from the following inscription in beautiful characters, and supposed to be cut upon stone, though that does not appear:

LEG VI. VIC P. F G. P R F

This is interpreted, *Legio Sexta Victrix, Pia, Felix*. The other letters are not explained.

After the departure of the Romans, this city was destroyed by the Scots and Picts, and lay buried in its ruins many years after the coming of the Saxons, by whom it was called Suel, till Egfrid, king of Northumberland, about the year 686, rebuilt it, and environed it with a good stone wall, and having repaired the church, and placed in it a college of secular priests, gave it, with all the lands 15 miles round, to St. Cuthbert, bishop of Lindisfarn, and to his successors. In the ninth century, when the whole country was ruined by the repeated invasions of the Danes and Norwegians, this city was again demolished and its inhabitants massacred, and "its very foundations," says Dr. Todd, "were so buried in the earth, that it is said large oaks grew upon them: and this is not only attested by our historians, but also evinced by some discoveries

that have been lately made of large unhewn oak trees buried 10 or 12 feet below ground." In this desolate state the city remained nearly 200 years; till William Rufus, returning from the Scotch wars, about the year 1094, and perceiving its importance as a frontier station, rebuilt the houses, the walls and castle, and placed here a colony of Flemings, and afterwards (when he removed them into Wales) replaced them with South Britons. Henry I. considering likewise how good a barrier it might be made against the incursions of the Scots, fortified it still better, and dignified it, in the year 1133, with an episcopal see, confirming at the same time the monastery of canons regular of St. Augustine, founded by Walter a priest, and one of the followers of William the Conqueror; which continued till the 33rd year of Henry VIII. when it was dissolved, and the prior and convent converted into a dean and chapter, consisting of four canons and prebendaries. This city was taken by the Scots in the reigns of kings Stephen and John, but recovered by kings Henry II. and III. and being in the reign of Edward II. casually burnt, was, by the munificence of future princes, restored and much improved in strength and beauty; so that in the Civil Wars it was able to stand a siege of nine months, and was the last garrison that surrendered to the rebels. During the rebellion in the year 1745, this city was surrendered, after a sharpe siege, to the forces of the Pretender. This ill-timed surrender, was supposed by some to have been occasioned by the disaffection of the inhabitants; but without reason; the real cause appears to have arisen from the fears of the militia, who composed part of the garrison. The following anecdote respecting its surrender, which partly accounts for it, has been related by Mr. Gilpin, but which was unknown till some years after the event.

“When the insurgents came before it, it was garrisoned only by two companies of invalids, and two

raw undisciplined regiments of militia. General Wade lay at Newcastle with a considerable force; and the governor of Carlisle informing him how unprovided he was begged a reinforcement. The single hope of this relief enabled the gentlemen of the county, who commanded the militia, to keep their men under arms. In the mean time the rebels were known to be as ill-prepared for an attack, as the town was for a defence. They had now lain a week before it; and found it was impracticable, for want of artillery, to make any attempt. They feared also an irruption from General Wade; and besides, were unwilling to delay any longer their march towards London: under these difficulties, they had come to a resolution to abandon their design.

“ At this critical time the governor of Carlisle received a letter from General Wade, informing him he was so circumstanced that he could not possibly send the reinforcement that had been desired. This mortifying intelligence, though not publicly known, was, however, communicated to the principal officers; and to some others, among whom was a busy attorney, who was then addressing a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of the county; and to assist his cause, and give himself consequence with his intended father-in-law, he whispered to him, among his other political secrets, the disappointment from General Wade. The whisper did not rest here; the father frequented a club in the neighbourhood, where observing (in the jollity of a cheerful evening) that only friends were present, he gave the company the information he had just received from the attorney.

“ In that company there was a gentleman of some fortune, who, though a known papist, was at that time thought to be of very entire affection to the government. This man, possessed of such a secret, and wishing for an opportunity to serve a cause which he favoured in his heart, took horse

that very night, after he left the club room, and rode directly to the rebel camp, which he found under orders to break up the next morning. He was carried immediately to the duke of Perth, and others of the rebel leaders, to whom he communicated the intelligence, and assured them, that they might expect a mutiny in the town, if they continued before it one day longer. Counter orders were immediately issued; and the next day the Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, being under no discipline, began to mutiny and disperse; and the town, defended now only by two companies of invalids, was thought no longer tenable. It was in consequence surrendered by the mayor and corporation on the 14th of November, and the inhabitants were obliged to raise 2000*l.* to prevent the plunder of their houses. The following month, however, it was attacked by the duke of Cumberland, who on the 27th opened a battery against the castle; and on the 18th of the next month the rebels surrendered on the following laconic terms offered by the duke, "All the terms his Royal Highness will, or can grant to the rebel garrison of Carlisle, are, that they shall not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the king's pleasure."

Carlisle is regularly built, and the houses are generally good, some of them elegant, and finished in the modern style. The principal streets are five in number, viz. English Street, Scotch Street, Fisher Street, Castle Street, and Abbey Street, so called perhaps from their situation. They are spacious and well paved, and kept in repair by the corporation. The city is fortified by a wall, a citadel, and a castle, the wall has three gates or entrances into the city; the English gate southward, the Scotch gate, northward, and the Irish gate, westward: the wall and citadel are in a ruinous state.

The wall was first built by Egfrid, king of Northumberland, in the seventh century; the citadel and castle by William Rufus, the latter of which

however, according to Camden, "was rebuilt, or much repaired, by Richard III. whose arms, he says, were set up against it. Probably these repairs became necessary from the damage it sustained in the great fire, anno 1292, in which the Chronicle of Lanercost Abbey says it was burned down, together with the cathedral and suburbs. Or it might at length have become ruinous from the assaults it had sustained from the Scots, by whom it was so often besieged and twice taken; once in the reign of king Stephen, and re-taken by king Henry II. and again in the time of king John. This castle, which stands at the north-west angle of the city, consists of an outward and inward ward; the walls of the outward ward being nine feet in thickness, and about eighteen in height; those of the inner ward being about twelve feet in thickness. On the east side of the castle, within this ward, is the great tower, of a square form, built of reddish stone, and very lofty, with walls of vast thickness, constructed according to the ancient mode of defence; it has, however, been since strengthened according to the modern system, and defended by a half moon battery and platform, mounted with cannon. Within this tower is a well of great depth, which is said to have been made by the Romans. In the outer ward stands the governor's house; and in the inner gate of the castle the old portcullis is still to be seen. In this fortress Mary, the unfortunate Queen of Scots, was detained a prisoner, and the apartments in which she was lodged are still shewn. From the top of the castle, or from the ramparts, is a most beautiful prospect; the fore ground is formed of level meads, washed by the Eden, part of which is insulated by a division of the river. This plot is enriched by two fine stone bridges, one of four, the other of nine arches, the great passage towards Scotland. To the westward is a fine view of the Firth, to its mouth, with a vast tract of Scotch land, surmounted by Scroffell, and a chain of hills extending westward as far as the eye

can reach. To the east a rich plain of cultivated land, bounded by the heights of Northumberland. To the south, the plains towards Penrith, with Cross Fell and Skiddaw; and to the north, a large Scotch territory. The castle has a governor, lieutenant governor, a town major, store-keeper, master gunner. &c. but no garrison.

The building called the citadel, now removed, was connected with the English gate, and was of an oblong shape, having a round tower at each end, with slender openings for the discharge of arrows. The towers were low, but apparently of great strength; and, together with the gateway, were built by Henry VIII.

The city walls are principally formed of squared stone, with flights of steps leading to the top, and on the south and east sides were supported by numerous buttresses.

The cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Mary, is situated near the centre of the city, and is a venerable building, erected at various periods, and displaying specimens of different styles of architecture. Part of the western wing was demolished during the civil wars, at which period about 90 feet of the nave was pulled down to erect guard-houses and batteries: the opening was afterwards closed with a wall, and the space between the wall and the transept fitted up as the parochial church of St. Mary; the arches in this part are circular, and the shafts extremely massive, the height of each being only 14 feet, while the circumference is upwards of 17 feet. The roof was once elegantly vaulted, and adorned with various coats of arms, but these were defaced, or removed, about the year 1764, at which time the choir was repaired, and the ceiling stuccoed in form of a groined vault. The east window, which is partially decorated with stained glass, is 48 feet in height, and 30 broad, and constitutes one of the chief beauties of this church. The choir is wainscotted with oak from a design of the late Lord Camelford, and the arches of this part of the cathedral are supported by clustered pillars, and have a very handsome appearance;

the inner mouldings of the capitals are ornamented with figures and flowers in carved open work: the stalls are embellished with tabernacle work, and the bishop's throne is elegant and stately. The choir was begun by Bishop Welton, in the reign of Edward III. and finished by the succeeding bishops, Appleby and Strickland; the expenses being chiefly defrayed by subscriptions. In arches formed in the walls of the aisles are some monumental effigies, mitred, but the personages they represent are not known. The height of the tower, which is ascended in the inside by a flight of narrow stone stairs, is 123 feet. On the screens in the aisles are several paintings of the histories of St. Augustine, St. Antony, and others, composed of the most ridiculous figures, and barbarous devices, placed in panes or pannels: to every circumstance represented is a distich in old monkish rhyme, written in an uncouth language, a mixture of Scotch and English. Adjoining the transept, in the south aisle, is a small chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine, which was founded and endowed by John de Capella, a citizen of Carlisle.

The length of the choir is 137 feet, its height 75, and its breadth, including the aisles, 71. The breadth of the transept is 28 feet, and its length 124.

The Chapter House and Cloisters, which stood on the south side of the Cathedral, were demolished during the civil wars; part of the dormitory, however, still remains, as does the refectory, which is used as a chapter house. The abbey gate is likewise standing, and in tolerable repair.

To the cathedral belong a bishop, a dean, a chancellor, and archdeacon, four prebendaries, eight minor canons, four lay-clerks, six choristers, and six almsmen. The only church, besides that of St. Mary's, in the cathedral, is St. Cuthbert's, founded in honour and bearing the name of that saint, who was bishop of Durham in the seventh century. It is a plain modern building, erected in the year 1778, at the expense of the parishioners, on the site of the old structure, which is said to be more ancient than

St. Mary's; and when the foundations were making for the present edifice, the workmen, on digging below the foundations of the old church, discovered the remains of a still more ancient building.

The other structures for religious worship, are three meeting-houses for Protestant Dissenters, one for Quakers, one for Methodists, and a Catholic chapel.

The Market place, which is adorned with a pillar, on the top of which is a lion, is nearly in the centre of the city, where the Town Hall, Moot Hall, and Council Chamber are situated, the latter is ornamented with a cupola; but the others have nothing to recommend them to strangers.

The public institutions are, a Free School, well endowed, for the benefit of the children of freemen; Sunday Schools; and a dispensary for the poor.

Dr. Bell's central school, lately built, will hold 1000 scholars. The number of boys and girls taught gratis, generally exceeds 500. A public library and that belonging to the cathedral, greatly add to the mental gratification of the inhabitants. Near the English gate are houses for the accommodation of decayed freemen or their widows.

The court houses, erected a few years since on the site of the ancient citadel, are circular buildings in the gothic taste, with rooms for juries, witnesses, &c. Here the prizes are annually held.

Among other improvements in 1817, the east wall of the city was removed and the ground converted into a commodious market for horses. In the same year, the bed of a branch of the river Eden was filled up, and converted into a spacious cattle market.

An Academy of Arts has lately been established here. On the 24th of October, 1823, an exhibition of painting, sculpture, &c. by native and other artists, took place. The manner in which this first attempt to excite the attention of the citizens of Carlisle towards the fine arts by this exhibition was received and patronized, reflects great credit on all concerned. The appeal to their attention and liberality was frank and confiding, and the answer to it kind and cheer-

ing, and augured most favourably for the future. The two statute days for hiring servants, are at Whitsuntide and Martinmas. A new bridge of five elliptical arches, has also been constructed over the Eden, at the expense of 50,000 pounds. In 1817, the great year of improvements, a new wall, now much used as a promenade by the inhabitants, was raised round the castle, and is called "The Devonshire Walk" in compliment to the Duke of Devonshire. The views from this wall are exquisite.

The castle is kept in complete repair, and in an armory lately built, ten thousand stand of arms are deposited. The rooms in which Mary Queen of Scots was confined, are still shewn. The Town hall, Moot hall, and Council chamber are conspicuously placed in the centre of the city. The races, which are genteely attended, take place in September.

The principal inns are the Coffee House, the Crown and Mitre, the Bush, and the King's Arms; Pack Horse, the Duke's Head, and the Spread Eagle, are likewise respectable inns; these and others are good travellers' houses. Seven mail coaches leave Carlisle daily: Southward, to London, Liverpool, and Manchester—North, Edinburgh and Glasgow: East, Newcastle; and West, Portpatrick.

Trade here, for many years past, was in a state of progressive improvement. After the peace of 1814 the labouring classes, as in many other places, were involved in great distress, but out of which they have been gradually relieved. The general appearance of the inhabitants bespeak industry and opulence, and in place of the comfortless picturesque, Mr. Green observes, Carlisle has substituted an elegance, highly accommodating to the refinement of its present situation. A hundred years ago, the houses with wooden latches to the doors, bespoke the poverty of the in-dwellers. The gables which fronted the streets, the porches projecting two or three yards, all richly ornamented in the taste of the times of

their erection, gave the whole an appearance highly antiquated.

The population of Carlisle and the suburbs (named Botchard gate, and Caldew gate) has increased greatly during the preceding century; the number of inhabitants of this city in the year 1763 being 4158; in the year 1780 the number returned was 6299; in 1796 it amounted to 8516. The inhabitants were, by the survey of 1811, found to have increased to 10,221, by the return of 1821, they were given in at 15,476, viz. 7238 males, and 8238 females, and the number of inhabited houses, was 1936.

This increase of population may, in a great measure, be attributed to the advances in trade and manufactures; the principal of which are cotton yarn, cotton and linen checks, osnaburghs, drills, worsted shags, stamped cottons, hats, shamois, tanned leather, linseys, hardwares, dressed flax, ropes, &c.

Carlisle enjoys many great privileges and immunities, conferred on it by charters, granted at various times, and by different kings. These are, the return of writs; a market every Wednesday and Saturday, which is well supplied with grain and butcher's meat, and the prices of the several commodities are a standard to the other markets of the county; two statute days for the hiring of servants, the Saturdays immediately before Whit-Sunday and Martinmas, during which intermediate time the fair is supposed to last; and no attachment for debt can then be put into execution; a free guild; the election of a mayor, two bailiffs, and two coroners; the assize of bread, beer, and wine; trials of felonies, and all pleas of the crown, which belong to the sheriff and coroner, &c. &c. King Charles I. in a charter, granted in the last year of his reign, confirmed all the former privileges, save only the free election of mayor, bailiffs, and coroners. By this charter the mayor and citizens were made one body corporate, by the name of mayor, aldermen, bailiffs, and citizens, of the city of Carlisle; that the corporation should

have a common-seal, and that one of the aldermen shall be mayor. The number of aldermen is 12, and of common council-men 24. The mayor and other officers of the corporation, are chosen annually on the first Monday after Michaelmas-day, and the oath of office is administered by the old mayor.—The mayor and senior aldermen, *ex gradu*, are justices of the peace within the city. The mayor's court, in which he sits judge, is holden every Monday, and the town sessions four times a year: to the corporation likewise belong a recorder and a town-clerk, who are chosen by the mayor, aldermen, and common-council, and their continuance in office is *durante bene placito*. The session of assize and jail delivery for the county of Cumberland is holden in Carlisle once a year, by an act of parliament passed in the 14th year of Henry VI. There are always two judges of assize, the one to try criminal, the other civil causes: they sit in the Mote hall, and must be in this city the 10th Sunday after Trinity.

Carlisle sends two members to parliament, who are chosen by the freemen. It is 306 miles from London.

Among other remarkable occurrences that have happened in this city, may be enumerated the shock of an earthquake, which was very sensibly felt by many persons in Carlisle and the neighbourhood, about two o'clock in the morning of the 11th of August, 1786. "Those who were perfectly awake, or who happened to be out of doors, report that the concussion continued about four or five seconds, and that it was preceded by a hollow tremulous sound. Many were awakened out of their sleep by the shaking of their houses, beds, doors, and window-shutters. Birds in cages were likewise sensible of its influence, and fluttered as if greatly agitated and alarmed. Very providentially, however, little or no damage was sustained; a few chimneys and old walls were here and there thrown down, and three people in Whitehaven were thrown off their feet; but in

other respects, a momentary fright and alarm were the only inconveniences that were suffered from it. The concussion seemed to take its direction from the east to the west, and extended quite across the island, being felt both at Newcastle and Whitehaven, from the north southwards, it extended from Glasgow to the northern parts of Lancashire. The Wednesday and Thursday preceding were moist, gloomy, and sultry; but Friday was a very clear, hot, calm, sultry day."

About three miles to the east of Carlisle, near the banks of the Eden, is the village of WARWICK; this place is of great antiquity, and appears to have been a Roman station. The church is very ancient, and was granted in the time of William the Conqueror, to the Abbey of St. Mary, in York; it is built of squared stone, and is about 24 yards in length.—

To the east of this village is Warwick Hall, the seat of R. Warwick, Esq. the house, which has been lately rebuilt, is situated in a finely cultivated vale, on the banks of the Eden: and the adjacent lands are undergoing many judicious improvements under the management of the present proprietor.

At WETHERAL, a small village situated about two miles to the south of the last-mentioned place, are the ruins of an ancient priory, founded for monks of the Benedictine order, by the Earl of Ranulph de Meschines, about the year 1086, and afterwards given to the Abbey of St. Mary, at Carlisle; the only part of this monastery now remaining, is the gateway, which is ornamented with a fine elliptic arch; "its square turretted form," says Mr. Warner, "points out the strength with which it was constructed, in order to resist, or repel the attacks of the moss troopers. Plain and trifling as it is, it yet forms a pleasing feature in the very beautiful picture which opens at this spot. A deep glen, with bold and lofty banks of rock and wood, bearing in its bosom the river Eden, of crystalline transparency, confines the eye to the right by its verdant eminences."

ces; and opening to the left, lets in a broad luxuriant valley, bounded by distant hills."

On the opposite side of the river, on an elevated cliff impending over the Eden, is Corby Castle, the elegant mansion of Henry Howard, Esq. The original edifice having undergone such various and extensive alterations, displays but little remains of antiquity: the present building is irregular, but the apartments are fitted up in an elegant style, and are decorated with some good picture; but the chief feature of this place are its celebrated and beautiful grounds, the improvements of which were made about the year 1705, by the father of the present possessor, who is said to have been one of the first who broke through the trammels of the Dutch taste; which, in compliment to king William, had been introduced into England. "The exchange of style," says Mr. Warner, was so far for the better, that the latter mode (the *Dutch taste*) had classical ideas for its foundation; but the climate and scenery of this country, never harmonized well with the decorations taken from ancient mythology; and, after a reign of half a century, in which Good Sense, led astray by pleasing associations, lost itself amidst temples, statues, and inscriptions; Taste at length took her by the hand, and presented Nature to her for her prototype; bidding her in future borrow all her ideas from that inexhaustible source of enchanting variety and picturesque beauty.

Some of these classically disposed parts at Corby Castle are still preserved for the sake of the hand that laid them out; but they only serve as a foil to the more modern improvements of Mr. Howard. To these beautiful scenes we were introduced by a descending path, arched over head by the finely spreading branches of some fine lime trees, which admit of occasional peeps at the reaches of the Eden, both up and down the river; the former shewing him in his rude impetuous course, thundering over a rugged bed of rock, maddened by the close con-

finement of its banks ; the latter throwing him before the eye into a still lake-like scene, silently rolling on his floods through flower-enamelled meads, and gentle velvet banks

“ Proceeding onwards for a few hundred yards, a point of view is caught at once curious and picturesque ; the opposite bank of the river now rises in front, and a deep face of perpendicular rock, whose beetling head is crowned with wood. Half way down this precipice are seen traces of masonry, in four small windows, and some regular arrangements of stone, which prove that human art has exercised itself in this singular spot. They form the facing of an excavation called *St. Constantine's Cell*, consisting of three rooms and a gallery ; either the seat of solitary sanctity in superstitious times, or of retreat and safety in violent ones ; or perhaps designed for both purposes, as occasion might require. The inhabitants, at all events, might be sure of resting unmolested in this retreat, since it can only be reached by a path, steep, narrow, and perilous, and which, before the wood was cleared away, must also have been invisible. With this object, and the rocky bank on our right, the river before us, and a castellated summer-house crowning the distant eminence, we paced along the margin of the stream for half a mile, when the rock to the right suddenly rears itself to a tremendous height, its perpendicular face embossed in the most singular manner with the knarled roots of some vast and ancient oaks, whose giant arms, aloft in air, stretch themselves over the walk beneath. This grand scene is opposed on the other side by a bank of gentle declivity, and pastoral appearance ; and between them is caught another long reach of the river, terminated by a promontory, one dark mass of fir-tree shade from top to bottom. Retracing our footsteps we took the walk that exhibits the old decorations of the place ; and keeping aside the river, opens in succession, the cascade, the temple, the excavated apartment, and a stair-case hewn

out of the rock, affording a descent from its summit to its foot."

A few miles to the south of Corby Castle, in the middle of a desolate waste, generally denominated King Harry, is an extensive druidical circle, called the Grey Yauds; the number of stones is 88; and the diameter of the circle about 52 yards; the stones however, are but small, the largest not exceeding four feet in height.

Returning from this digression, at the distance of eight miles and a half to the south-east of Carlisle, we pass through the village of HIGH HESKET.

A short distance to the east of High Heskett, near the small lake, named Tarn Wadling, are the remains of a very strong fortress, called *Castle Hewin*. Leland mentions it by the name of *Castel-Lewin*, but adds nothing relative to its history or owners. It is said, however, to have belonged to king Ewaine, who was sovereign of Cumberland in the reign of Athelstan, and a poet who wrote about the time of Chaucer, makes mention of it in the following lines, which proves it to have been a place of some eminence in the time of King Arthur.

"A boone, a boone, O Kinge Arthure,
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish knight,
Who hath shent my love and me.

In Tearne Wadlinge his castle stands,
All on a hill so hye;
And prodlye rise the battlements,
And gaye the streemers flye.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye faire
May pass that castle wall;
But from that foul, discourteous knighte,
Mishappe will them befall."

The ruins of this fortress cover a considerable tract of ground, and the foundations are in some places eight feet in thickness and faced with rough

stones of ashler work: this building appears to have consisted of various apartments, strengthened with outworks, and long extended trenches. The extent of the principal building is upwards of 230 feet by 150: the outer fence, which is of stone, seems to have been circular; and beneath are a ditch and breast-work, which are carried down the acclivity of the hill for three or four hundred yards.

About two miles to the north of the last-mentioned place, is Armathwaite Castle, the seat of Robert Milbourne, Esq. it is situated near the banks of the river Eden, in a deep vale, and appears rather to have been intended for seclusion than security. The front, which is modern, is built of hewn stone, and an additional building for offices has lately been erected. The antiquity of this castle has not been ascertained; the first family, however, that appears to have resided here is the Skeltons, in the reign of Henry VIII. who continued possessors till the year 1712; when Richard Skelton sold the estate to William Sanderson, Esq. from whom it descended to the present owner.

The scenery contiguous to this castle is highly romantic and picturesque. The river, which here spreads itself into a broad and tranquil expanse, has the appearance of a lake, being hemmed in at the southern extremity by *Barren Wood*, "a magnificent hill, of the most solemn shade, and broken in upon to the right by a projecting crag, bold and grotesque, called Cat Glent, the rendezvous of many wild inhabitants of the feline tribe. Other grand masses of rock, groaning beneath the weight of heavy woods, present themselves in front, while behind is the mill, and some little sequestered tenements. Beyond this peaceful feature another reach of the Eden displays a very different character; here, rushing down a cataract, it pours in sonorous violence over a bed of the opposing rock, whose immovable crags whirl the stream into eddies as it passes them in its fury."

Nunnery, the beautiful and romantic seat of R.

Bamber, Esq. is situated about two miles to the south-east of the former place. The mansion is a plain neat structure, fronted with red stone, it was erected on the site of an ancient religious house, established by William Rufus for Benedictine nuns. In the reign of Edward the Sixth it was granted to W. Graham, a branch of the Grahams of Netherby, from one of whose descendants it was purchased in the year 1690, by Sir John Lowther, Bart. who some time afterwards exchanged it for the manor and castle of Drumburgh, with John Aglionby, Esq. whose successor, Henry Aglionby, who erected the present mansion; but the chief improvements in the grounds were made by the late Christopher Aglionby, the last heir male, and his sister, the present Mrs. Bamber.

Though the situation of the house is rather confined, the grounds are laid out with great taste and judgment. "The walks," says Mr. Warner, "commence with a turf path of some length, carried along the margin of the Eden, whose waters, concealed by trees, are only heard in their furious passage through their rugged channel, and terminating at a point which opens upon a grand face of rock, scarred with natural caverns, the largest of which is called Samson's cave. Near the confluence of the Eden and Croplin, the walks ascend to a higher level; one of which extends to the deep rocky ravine through which the latter river pours its rapid waters: here (continues our author) the banks at once rise into lofty precipices, beetling over the road, but finely softened down with shrubs and plants; the torrent in the mean time follows a rapid descent, and keeps up an incessant roar. Farther on the mural rock rises on each side, the glen becomes narrower and more gloomy, and the sound of many waters increasing upon the ear, intimates the neighbourhood of a cataract; nor is the expectation disappointed, for two successive falls immediately appear. Of these the second is wonderfully impressive; the deep cauldron which receives the troubled water, after its

desperate leap, being nearly involved in midnight darkness by the mass of wood that overhangs its abyss. Approaching now more closely to each other, the rocks excite the struggling stream to tenfold fury, which with difficulty pushes its waters through a horrible fissure, and forms a cascade (of upwards of thirty feet). The overarching cliffs and solemn shades reverberate the roar in a manner truly tremendous. In these beautiful recesses, little has been done to assist nature, and that little performed with great skill; an increasing interest is kept up by the scenes which succeed each other, gradually rising in grandeur and sublimity, from the quiet of Poussin's pastoral pictures, where nature shews herself in silence and repose, to the dashing and gloomy landscapes of Salvator, where she dwells in awful magnificence amidst rocks and cataracts, amidst images of destruction, and scenes of uncontrollable fury."

In a field call Cross Close, at a little distance from the mansion, is an upright pillar, with a large oval stone on one side, on which is the word *Sanctorium*, in Saxon and Roman characters; Mr. Pegg is of opinion that Nunnery had the privilege of a sanctuary; and that this cross or pillar formed the boundary of the privileged land towards that point of the compass in which it stands.

Returning to the turnpike road, at the distance of three miles from High Hesketh, we pass through the village of Plumpton; about five miles and a half beyond which, in a pleasant vale, at the foot of an eminence, is

PENRITH, situated in the district called Inglewood Forest, which was disforested by Henry the Eighth, and is now a wide dreary moor, bounded by lofty hills. This town derives its name from Pertrina, now OLD PENRITH, a hamlet, situated about five miles north of Penrith, and containing several remains of its ancient buildings, and supposed to have been a Roman station, and a very extensive town before the growth of New Penrith.

At the Conquest the manor of Penrith, and Inglewood Forest, were in possession of the Scots, who were soon after dispossessed, but kept up their claim to the three counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland; to which king John seems to have given assent, on the payment of 15,000*l.* by William, king of Scotland. These claims were renounced by king Alexander, on a grant from Henry I. of 200 librates of land in this county or Northumberland, in any town where there was no castle, or in places near the said counties; which lands were farther confirmed by a marriage of Alexander's son with Henry's daughter; hence called the Queen's demesnes. Edward the First seized them, and granted them to the bishop of Durham; but such were the actions of this prelate, and, as we are informed by Camden, he became so insolent through excessive wealth, that he was deprived of Penrith by parliamentary interposition. Richard the Second granted it to the duke of Bretagne and Richmond, and afterwards to Ralph Neville, whose heir, Richard Earl of Warwick, was killed at the battle of Barnet; and his estate being seized by Edward IV. these lands remained with the crown, till Penrith, its dependencies, and forest of Inglewood, were granted to the Earl of Portland by William the Third. This town was burned by the Scots, in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. Richard III. when duke of Gloucester, lodged in the castle, which stands near the west end of the town; both its builder and the time of its erection, says Mr. Grose, are unknown. Leland, who mentions it in his Itinerary, calls it "a strong castel of the Kinges," an appellation it does not from its remains appear to have deserved.

Camden also speaks of it, but mentions neither the date of its erection nor its founder; he indeed says that it was repaired in Henry VIth's time, out of the ruins of Maburg. This is however by his last editor justly deemed a mistake.

"It is built of a coarse reddish stone, and was

nearly square, each side measuring about 125 feet. All but a small fragment of the north wall is tumbled down. There seems to have been a small bastion-like projection on the south-west angle, but by much too trifling to serve for a defence. The south-east and north-east angles have no such addition; and whether or not there was one on the north-west cannot be discovered; those angles being entirely demolished. In the middle of each face was a small projection, like a buttress or turret, and round the top of the walls run brackets, such as usually support machicolations, but these seem to have been intended rather for shew than use. Neither the height nor thickness of the walls are extraordinary; the former no where exceeding 30, nor the latter five feet."

This building seems to owe its present ruinous state to more violent causes than the slow depredation of time and weather: yet history does not mention it as the scene of any great military achievement; neither was its form, destitute of flanks, by any means calculated to sustain a siege. Perhaps the value of its materials may have conduced to its destruction.

This castle, it is said, continued in the crown till the reign of William the Third, when that prince granted it, together with the honour of Penrith, to William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, ancestor to the present Duke of Portland.

The remains of this castle have likewise been described by Mr. Warner, who says, that it is reported to have been erected on the foundations of a Roman fortress, the traces of which are not now to be discovered.—"The buildings form a square, and are situate on a rising ground, surrounded with a ditch. The site towards the town is much more elevated than on any of the other quarters. This front consists of the remains of an angular tower to the east, which now stands separated from the rest by the falling of the walls: the centre, which projects a little

from the plain of the front, is hastening to decay, presenting to the eye, broken chambers, passages, and stairs. This part of the building is still connected with the western angular tower, an open hanging gallery forming the communication. Below this gallery a large opening is made by the falling of the building, forming a rude arch, through which and the broken walls to the east, the interior parts of the ruin are perceived in a picturesque manner. Nothing remains within, but part of a stone arched vault, which by its similitude to places of the like nature, which we had formerly seen, we conceived to have been the prison."

The town of Penrith is very irregular, but many of the houses are well built and convenient; the buildings are of red stone, and in general covered with blue slate. The Church is a neat but plain structure; and was partly rebuilt in the year 1722: its galleries are supported by Ionic columns, each column formed of a single stone, dug out of a neighbouring quarry, and are ten feet four inches in height, and about four feet in circumference; they are of a red colour, finely veined, and being well polished have the appearance of mahogany.

In the north side of this church-yard are two pyramidical monuments, called the Giant's grave, each about 12 feet high, and fifteen feet distant from each other, said to have been set up in memory of Owen Cæsarius, who is fabled to have been of so enormous a stature that his body reached from one pyramid to the other: he is said to have destroyed the robbers and wild boars that infested Inglewood forest; and on the interior of one of the pillars is a rude delineation of some animal, like a wolf or dog, as a trophy of his prowess.

The stations for the different marketable commodities are singularly disposed; the wheat market being in one part of the town, rye and potatoes being sold in another, and barley in a third; the measures used in these markets are also different; the

bushel by which rye, wheat, peas, fruit, and potatoes are sold, contains only 64 quarts; while that by which barley and oats are disposed of, contains 83 quarts. Cattle, horses, and hogs, have likewise their distinct places of sale.

The principal Market-place was formerly disfigured by an ancient town-house, built of wood, and embellished with devices of bears and ragged staffs; from which it is supposed to have been erected by one of the Earls of Warwick; this building, however, was burnt a few years since, while occupied by a company of players.

Penrith suffered greatly by the plague in the year 1380, and again in 1598, by which, according to an inscription on the north wall of the church, 2260 persons died; but the register only accounts for 680 burials.

Here is a good Free-school, a Charity-school, two Sunday-schools, with several Meeting houses for Presbyterians and Quakers. Its principal manufactures are those of check and fancy waistcoat pieces. Its market days are on Tuesday and Saturday; Penrith is the greatest thoroughfare in Cumberland and Westmoreland. Buchanan's Hotel, commonly called the New Crown Inn, and the George Inn, in their style of accommodation are of a very superior description. There are a number of excellent smaller Inns. The London and Glasgow mails arrive at Penrith at twelve in the forenoon; the same mail passes from the north towards London at ten in the morning. There is likewise a daily mail from Manchester and one from Liverpool, northward. A London heavy coach on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, north and south, at nine in the morning. A Glasgow Carlisle and Liverpool coach passes south at ten at night, and north at five in the morning; and a coach to and from Penrith to Whitehaven, through Keswick, at eight in the morning on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. By the population returns of

1821, the houses were stated at 800, and the inhabitants at 5385.

About half a mile to the south-east of Penrith is Carlton Hall, the seat of Mrs. Wallace. The house is a plain modern structure, situated on an elevation, in a luxuriant and beautiful vale, inclosed with woody hills, and intersected by the rivers Eamont and Louth: the grounds are laid out with great taste and judgment, and command some beautiful prospects.

On the north bank of the Eamont, near Penrith, are two caves, or grottos, dug out of the solid rock, and sufficient to contain 100 men. The passage to them is narrow and dangerous, and from some iron gates having been formerly taken from hence, it is supposed they were intended as a place of safety during the incursions of the Scots: they are called Isis Parlis, or Giant's Caves; and "the vulgar," says Dr. Gibson, "tell strange stories of one Iser, a giant, who lived here in former times, and, like Cacus of old, seized men and cattle, and drew them into his den to devour them."

Journey from Temmon to Workington; through Carlisle.

TEMMON is a small village, situated on the borders of Northumberland, about two miles to the north of which is GILSLAND SPA; a place much frequented during the season, by persons of fashion from both sides of the Tweed. There are only two houses, and some smaller dwellings for the accommodation of the company; but the former are large and commodious, and after the plan of those at Harrowgate. One of these buildings is called the Spaws, and the other the Orchard-house: the former of which is delightfully situated on a steep bank of the river Irving; the latter is about a mile distant, also by the side of a river, on both sides of which are beautiful walks, with benches at convenient distances. The spring, which attracts

the company to this sequestered and desolate spot, is near the upper-house; it is strongly impregnated with sulphur, but extremely agreeable to the palate: its effects in cutaneous disorders are powerfully good. At a small distance on the moor is a chalybeate spring; and another four miles distant, highly charged with alum and vitriol.

"The agreeable mixture," says Mr. Warner, "and diversified combination of those constituents of landscape, rock and wood, water and dingle, render Gilsland Spa a spot of great interest to the painter; but it is still more attractive to the geologist, as the banks of the river, being in many places utterly bare of vegetation, present a beautiful and complete specimen of the stratification of this part of the country. Their height is about 40 yards, wherein the following strata are thus disposed: *mould* about six inches; common ferruginous or coarse martial *clay*, five yards; loose argillaceous *shiver*, growing gradually more compact as it descends, two yards; coarse *free stone*, eight yards; coal, one yard; a stratum of hard coarse *schistus*, sand-stone, with iron-stone, and lime-stone, intermixed, singularly composed and blended together, six yards; another stratum of *black shiver*, out of which the sulphurated water issues; below this the indurated argil, called *clunch*. The black shiver for the most part is strongly impregnated with alum; and some of it so strongly with alum and green vitriol, as to hold out a fair encouragement for the establishment of works for these articles in this neighbourhood."

About one mile to the south of Gilsland Spa, is the famous Roman wall, called the Picts' Wall, erected as a formidable barrier to prevent the ravages of the Caledonian Britons. After ramparts of earth had been tried in vain by emperors and generals, to check the fury of the valiant but uncultivated sons of the north, Severus at length built one of stone. This fortification extended from Tinemouth, in Nor-

thumberland, to Solway Firth, in this county, and divided the kingdom from sea to sea. At proper and convenient distances, castles or towers were built upon this immense wall, to protect the country, and carry intelligence from the one end to the other. The legionary soldiers of the Romans were employed in erecting this wonderful piece of architecture, the remains of which may still be traced for 70 miles; and will probably long continue a monument of the consummate skill and persevering industry of that brave and formidable people.

Thirlwall-Castle stands on that part of the Picts' wall where it crosses the Tippel, near the Irthing, on the borders of Cumberland. Here the Scots forced a passage into England; for, having summoned in the boors, with their mattocks and pick-axes, they made gaps in the wall for a passage, from which gaps this part of it was called Thirlwall, which signifies in the Saxon the same as the Latin words *murus perforatus*. The castle, which is about 20 yards long and 12 broad, stands close by the north side of the wall, has been curiously vaulted underneath, and its walls are nine feet thick, and on the top are six little turrets. The floor of one of the apartments was lately cleared, and discovered to be of singular construction, consisting of three tiers of flags, laid upon sand. The only light admitted is through apertures as narrow as those in staircases of ancient castles; and the whole carries the appearance of a horrid gloomy dungeon.

At the distance of about five miles to the north-east of Gilsland Spa, in the midst of a wild and unfrequented district, is the township of BEWCASTLE, containing 238 inhabited houses, and 1213 inhabitants, on the river Line, and is supposed to have been a Roman station, and garrisoned by part of the Legio Secunda Augusta, as a security to the workmen, who were employed in building the famous wall. There are some vestiges of ancient buildings

still remaining, and numerous Roman coins and inscriptions have been discovered here.

The name of this village is reported to have been derived from Bueth, who was lord of the manor at the time of the conquest, and who is said to have repaired a Roman castle here, and called it after his own name. The castle, which seems to have been a dark gloomy fortress, is now in ruins; it was of a square form, each front being about 29 yards in length, and the south side, which is most entire, is nearly 14 yards in height. This structure was destroyed by the parliament forces in the year 1641.

The church is a small edifice, situate on a rising ground, at a little distance from the castle. In the church-yard is an ancient cross, on the sides of which are several sculptures, supposed to have been to the memory of some British or Scottish priest. Both the church and castle are surrounded by a foss.

Returning from this digression, at the distance of about three miles from Temmon, and half a mile to the right of our road, is **NAWORTH CASTLE**, formerly the baronial residence of the lords of Gilsland, an extensive district in this part of Cumberland, but now the property of the Earl of Carlisle, who is a descendant of Lord William Howard, third son of the duke of Norfolk, who married the heiress of its former lords. George, Lord Dacre, the last heir male of that family, was, according to Stowe, on the 17th of May, 1559, "being a child in year's and then ward to Thomas, Lord Howard, Duke of Norfolk, by a great mischaunce slayne at Thetford, in the house of Sir Richard Flamenstons, Knight, by meane of a vaunting horse of wood, standing within the same house; upon which horse, as he meant to have vaunted, and the pinnes at the feet being not made sure, the horse fell upon him, and bruised the brains out of his head."

This castle is built on a pleasant eminence, at the head of the vale of Lanercost. It consists chiefly of two large square towers, united by other build-

ings, and inclosing a quadrangular court. In the south side is a gateway, over which are the arms of the Howards and the Dacres. On the north it impends over the river Irving at a great height, the banks being shagged with wood: "the whole house (says Mr. Pennant) is a true specimen of ancient inconvenience, of magnificence and littleness, the rooms numerous, accessible by sixteen staircases, with most frequent and sudden ascents and descents into the bargain;" and in the time of Lord William Howard, who succeeded Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, in the occupation of this castle, it exhibited the appearance of a fortress belonging to some giant of romance, rather than the dwelling of an English nobleman, for "being made warden of the borders (says Mr. Warner) by Elizabeth, and appointed to controul and chastise the moss-troopers, whose devastations were such as to awaken the notice of government, he prepared himself for the unthankful office by strengthening his castle, and securing his own apartments, in every possible manner, to prevent attack from without, and filling it with one hundred and forty soldiers, to enable him to carry on his offensive operations. A winding staircase, dark and narrow, admitting only one person to ascend at a time, guarded by a succession of strong doors, plated with iron, which on their massive hinges turning, *grated harsh thunder*, and when shut defied all human strength to open, led to the rooms which he occupied: a library, a chapel, and a bed-chamber. The first apartment was like all the other rooms, small, dark, and inconvenient, the situation sufficiently secluded and secure; at the top of the tower, which contained his own suite of apartments, the roof is rudely carved, and the windows far above the head. Here we have a proof of this nobleman's attachment to letters, in a vast number of books, chiefly of controversial divinity, legendary history, and early translations of the classics; many of them inscribed in the first page with the hand of Lord William, in

very good writing. Some manuscripts of no great antiquity are among the volumes, particularly a great wooden case, above a yard in height, containing three leaves, in each of which are two pages of vellum, fairly written, with the legend of Joseph of Arimathea. In this cell Lord William is said to have consumed a great part of his time, nourishing his natural severity by silent solitude. To interrupt these hours of seclusion was an offence cautiously avoided by the domestics, particularly as one intrusion had been attended with fatal effects.

"His lordship was one day deeply engaged among his schoolmen or fathers, when a soldier, who had captured an unfortunate moss-trooper, burst into the apartment to acquaint his master with the circumstance, and enquire what should be done with the captive. "Hang the fellow!" said Lord William, peevishly: an expression intended to convey no other meaning than displeasure at this intrusion upon his privacy. The servant, however, accustomed to the most perfect obedience, immediately construed this passionate expression into a command; and a few hours afterwards, when Lord William directed the fellow to be brought before him for examination, he was told that, in compliance with his order, the man had been hanged."

Though the government of Lord William was severe, it was extremely useful, and produced a wonderful change in the lawless manners of the surrounding district, and introduced a degree of security, where every thing before had been violence and licentiousness. The means which he employed were, however, of the harshest kind. "Prompt execution, (says Mr. Warner) on a lofty gallows, followed the hearing of his dread tribunal; and till his leisure allowed investigation the prisoners were confined in the dungeons; four horrible apartments, that still exhibit the rings to which criminals were chained, to secure them during the dreadful interval that passed between capture and death."

The great hall of this castle is 25 paces in length, and nine and a half broad, and of a proportionable height; it has a gallery at one end, adorned with vast crests carved in wood, representing, a griffin, a dolphin, an unicorn, and an ox with a coronet round his neck: in the front is the figure in wood of an armed man; and likewise two other figures in short jackets and caps. The ceiling and upper end of the room is painted in squares, representing the Saxon kings and heroes; the chimney in this room is five yards and a half broad. Within this apartment is another hung with old tapestry, and containing a head of *Anne of Cleves*, and several family portraits.

Adjoining the library is the ancient oratory, the walls and ceilings of which is most richly ornamented with coats of arms and carvings in wood, painted and gilt. On one side is an excellent painting on wood, in the style of Lucas Van Leyden, representing the Scourging of our Saviour, his Crucifixion, and Resurrection. In this room are likewise preserved several pieces of sculpture in white marble; among which are Judas saluting Christ; an abbess with a sword in her hand, waiting on a king who is stabbing himself; and a monk with a crowned head in his hand. These pieces of sculpture are supposed to have been brought from Llanercost Priory.

The Chapel, which is in the lower part of the Castle, is fitted up in the antique style; the top and part of the side are painted in pannels, like the hall; and on one side are the crests of arms and pedigree of the Howards, from Fulcho, to whom they trace their descent, to the year 1625. On the window, in glass, are painted the representation of Thomas Lord Dacre, who died in the year 1525, and his lady Elizabeth, the rich heiress of the barony of Grey-stoke.

In the garden walls of this castle were formerly several stones with Roman inscriptions, supposed to have been collected from the Picts' wall; but these

stones were given by the late Earl of Carlisle to Sir Thomas Robinson, who married his sister, and were by him removed to his museum at Rokeby.

About one mile to the north-west of Naworth Castle, in a romantic valley, are the ruins of Llanercoast Priory, an Augustine monastery, founded by Robert de Vallibus, in the year 1169. Its remains consist of the Priory Church and some few of the offices of the monastery, now fitted up for a farmhouse. The chancel is in ruins, where amidst shrubs, brambles, and nettles, appear several very elegant tombs of the Dacre family; and about the ruined part of this building many ash trees have taken root, and flourish among the disjointed stones, affording a very picturesque appearance. The nave is in good repair, and serves for the parish church; it has two side aisles, divided by pointed arches of a very considerable span. The west front of this building appears to have been neatly finished, and in a niche near the top is an elegant female figure. A small distance west of the church, in what was the church-yard wall, are the remains of a handsome gate, whose arch is a segment of a large circle.

This monastery at the Dissolution was valued at 79l. 19s. and in the time of Edward VI. was granted to Sir Thomas Dacre, but at present belongs to the earl of Carlisle, into whose family it came by marriage with the sister and co-heir of the last Lord Dacre.

About three miles to the west of the last-mentioned place, is Castlesteads, or Cambeck Fort, an ancient fortification, said to be the 13th station *ad lineam Valli*, though some distance from the *Prætenturæ*. The station appears to have been of an oblong square; the width 100 yards; and the length, in the directions east-south-east, and west-south-west, 130 yards. The outward walls were faced on each side with large stones; and filled with stones thrown in irregularly. The south-east and west sides had been moated; the north side was secured by an ab-

rupt descent, at the bottom of which flows the river Cambeck. The remains of the out-buildings are very considerable, where many inscriptions have at different times been discovered.

This estate was some years since purchased of the Dacre family, by the late John Johnson, Esq. who built a new residence between the old fort, and the ancient manor-house. The lands round the fort are at present in a fine state of cultivation, and most probably the whole station would long ago have been entirely defaced, by the operations of husbandry, had it not been for a forest of oaks, with which some former proprietor permitted it to be overrun.

One mile to the north of Castlesteads is the elegant mansion of William Johnson, Esq. called Walton House; it is conspicuously situated, and commands an extensive prospect over the fertile vale of the Irthing; the distant views being bounded by the long range of mountains which divides this county from Durham and Northumberland.

Returning from our digression, at the distance of about three miles from Temmon, is the town of BRAMPTON. It is situated in a deep and narrow vale, round which the country swells into considerable eminences; the town is very ancient, and was formerly a Roman station, of considerable note in the second and third centuries. According to Camden, the Romans called it *Bremeturacum*. It is still the capital of the barony of Gilsland, belonging to the Earl of Carlisle; and the town courts are held here twice a year. It principally consists of one spacious street, irregularly built; but a few modern houses, and a good inn, have been lately erected. A chapel has likewise been built with the materials of the church, which stood on an eminence about a mile from the town; the chancel yet remains, where the burial service is generally read. Here is an hospital for six poor men, and six poor women; it has a good market on Tuesday, and an inferior one on Saturday. This town contains 515 inhabited houses, and 2921 inhabitants.

Immediately on the north-east of Brampton is a high hill called the Mote, the summit of which is cast up, and appears to have been a beacon to alarm the country in times of danger. This beacon forms a link in the chain of communication between Penrith and other places on the south, and Burnswark and other parts of Scotland. Hence a range of country to the extent of 50 miles and upwards could be informed of an invasion in the space of a few minutes. From the summit of this mount there is, perhaps, the most extensive view in the north of England. The prospect extends down the pleasant vale of Irthing, over the city of Carlisle, Solway Firth, as far as Whitehaven, and even to the Isle of Man. This mote is now ornamented with a thriving wood.

A mile to the south of Brampton runs the small stream of Gelt, where there is a fine free-stone quarry, from whence a part of the Roman or Picts' wall was built; and on the face of a high cliff hanging over the same stream, is an inscription left by the Romans while they were stationed in Brampton; it is greatly mutilated, but seems to have been written by a lieutenant of the second legion Augusta, under Agricola the Proprætor. A little higher up, on the banks of this river, at a place called Helbeck, was fought a bloody battle between the forces of Queen Elizabeth, and those of Leonard Dacres, her rebellious subject, wherein the royal army gained the victory.

About three miles to the south of the last-mentioned place, is the small village of CASTLE CARROCK, situated at the foot of the great ridge of mountains which extends northward from Cross Fell; contains 65 houses and 846 inhabitants. Near this village are the remains of two ancient fortifications; one in a low meadow field, about 40 yards from the east end of the church, surrounded by a foss of some depth, and of an oblong form; the other is at the distance of a furlong towards the south, and of a circular form.

In this quarter of the county is Geltsdale Forest, or King's Forest, a considerable tract of mountainous land, consisting chiefly of heathy pasture; but in the lower parts are some extensive birch and alder woods. This forest is held under a lease from the crown, by the Earl of Carlisle.

The village of **CUMREW** is situated at the bottom of the Fells, of the same name, on the summit of which is a large cairn, called *Cardunneth*, and near it are some considerable ruins, but which are so confused that the form of the structure cannot be ascertained; they are however supposed to be those of Dunwalloght, formerly belonging to Lord William Dacre, who obtained a license from Edward the First to fortify and convert his mansion into a castle.

Returning to our road, at the distance of about two miles from Brampton, on our left, is Edmond Castle, the beautiful seat of T. Graham, Esq.—About two miles to the north-west of which is Watchcross, the fourteenth station *ad lineam Valli*, and supposed to have been the Aballaba of the Notitia; its situation is on the summit of an eminence, of an easy ascent, and commanding a very extensive prospect.

Proceeding westerly, at the distance of about five miles, we pass through the hamlet of Crosby, about two miles beyond which, on the left of our road, is **LINSTOCK**, a small village, anciently a barony of the bishops, who had a palace here as late as the year 1298; one mile beyond which is the city of Carlisle, which we have already described.

About four miles to the north-west of Carlisle, to the right of our road, is the village of **BURGH**, or *Burgh-on-the-Sands*, so called, from its situation near the low meadows bordering on Burgh Marsh. There appears to have been a Roman station near the church, said to be the *Axelodunum* of the Notitia, and the 16th station *ad lineam Valli*, where Horsley imagines the *Cohors prima Hispaniorum* lay in garrison, after its removal from Ellenborough. Seve-

rus's wall seems to have formed the northern rampart of this station, as several Roman antiquities have been dug up here.

"Burgh yn the Sand" says Leland, "is a village by the which remain the ruins of a great place, now clene desolated, wher King Edward the First died." All the vestiges of ruin which remain at present are those of a square column, having a cross at the top, with the following inscription on the south side.

MEMORIÆ ÆTERNÆ

EDWARD I. REGIS ANGLIÆ LONGE
CLARISSIMA: QVI IN BELLI APPARATV
CONTRA SCOTUS OCCVPATVS HIC
IN CASTRIS OBIIT 7. IVLII.

AD. 1307.

This column was erected by Henry, duke of Norfolk, in the year 1685, and is situated about one mile from the village.

Burgh extends about three quarters of a mile in length from east to west, and has a manufactory of tobacco, and another of linen cloth. It contains 187 inhabited houses, and 907 inhabitants.

About four miles to the west of Burgh, is Drumburgh, the Gabrosentum of the Notitia, and the 17th station *ad lineam Valli*. This station is perfectly distinct: and, on a rising ground, at the extremity of the marsh, is Drumburgh Castle, a large building, erected on the site of the ancient fort by the Dacres, with the materials of the old castle and of the wall. The castle is converted into a farm-house, and the ramparts, which are very visible, inclose an area, now used as a garden and orchard. Horsley is of opinion that it was here that the *cohors secunda Thracum*, were stationed at the time of the lower empire.

The village of Bowness is situated about three miles from Drumburgh; it is supposed to be the *Tunno cel-lum* of the Notitia, and the 18th station *ad lineam Valli*. The fort was on a rocky promontory, on the

verge of the Solway Firth, and the marks of the valum and outworks are still visible. The Solway Firth is fordable here, at low water, both for foot passengers and carriages; but when the tide is in, it appears like a vast expanse of sea, and is navigated by vessels of considerable burden.

Returning from this digression, on leaving Carlisle, we proceed in a south-westerly direction, and, at the distance of about three miles, we pass Dalston Hall, the ancient seat of the Dalstons, but now the property of J. Sowerby, Esq. who purchased the estate in the year 1795, for upwards of 15,000*l*. The house is a venerable structure, apparently of the time of Richard III. or Henry VII. but the exact time of its erection is unknown.

About one mile from Dalston Hall is the considerable village of DALSTON, situated on the river Caldew; containing 457 inhabited houses, and 2716 inhabitants; this increase of population is, in the population report of 1821, ascribed to the new collieries established here. At the east end of the village is a Cross, raised on several steps, the shaft of which is sculptured with various coats of arms. The Church is a good stone building, without aisles: near the church is a field, called the Chapel Flat, supposed to have been the site of a chapel or hermitage of St. Wynemus, a canonized bishop of the 14th century. The situation is extremely romantic, being in a vale, environed by rocks and hanging woods: "Here (says Nicholson and Burn, in their history of this county) was anciently a British temple, or something of that sort; for a good many years ago, a circle of rude stones, each about three feet in diameter, was discovered; the whole circle being about thirty yards in circumference. Within the circle, towards the east point, were found four stones, much of the same form as the rest, lying one upon another, supposed to be something of the kistvaen kind. Not far from thence was a very regular tumulus, or barrow, about eight yards in diameter

at the bottom, and two at the top, and about three yards in height.—When opened, two stones were found near the top, about three feet long, and one broad; each having a kind of circle rudely cut on the upper part. Nothing particular was discovered underneath, though the ground was opened more than four feet below the level.”

About two miles to the west of Dalston is the small village of THURBY. The Church, which consists of a nave and chancel, is said to have been built by David I. of Scotland. This village is supposed to have derived its name from the god Thor, to whom the Danes are said to have consecrated a temple at a place called Woodings, about half a mile to the north-west.

Crofton-Place, the seat of Sir John Briscoe, is situated about one mile and a half from the last-mentioned place. The mansion is a commodious building, erected in an open and pleasant situation, within a small park, near which is an artificial mount of a conical form, constructed probably as the tumulus of some ancient chieftain, and now planted with trees. Several old coins have likewise been found within these few years on this estate.

Returning to the turnpike-road, at the distance of about two miles from Dalston, on the left, is Rose Castle, the seat of the bishops of Carlisle: it is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Caldew, and surrounded with a most delightful landscape. This Castle was built at different times by the successive bishops of that see, particularly Strickland, Kill, and Bell, whose names the towers now standing still bear; it retains little of the castellated form, except the gateway, and two towers in the north part; it appears, however, originally to have possessed considerable magnificence, consisting of a complete quadrangle, with a fountain in the middle, five towers, and other lesser turrets, and fortified with strong walls and a double ditch, which were kept in good order till the Civil Wars, at

which time it was burnt; but what escaped the fire, and was standing at the time of the Restoration, was somewhat repaired and made habitable by Dr. Stern, then bishop of this see; but its greatest benefactors were his two successors, Dr. Rainbow and Dr. Smith, who at no small expense, added a chapel and two towers, which, together with the later improvements, have rendered it a handsome and commodious palace. King Edward I. resided here some time, during his expedition against the Scots, and his writs for assembling a parliament at Lincoln were dated from this castle, by the distinction of *Apud le Rose*.

About two miles to the south-east of the last-mentioned place, is High Head Castle, called in the Inquisitions taken in the reign of Edward III. *Pela de High Head*. The only remains of this castle, which was built on the brink of a rocky precipice, the pavement of the court-yard being the mere surface of the rock made even, are the shattered walls of a tower, the curtain wall, and a gateway tower, with a small turret at one corner. In the reign of Edward II. it was in the possession of the Harclas, but on the attainder of Andrew de Harcla, it was granted to the Dacres. In the reign of Henry VIII. the castle and manor were bought by the Richmonds, in whose family they still remain.

In the neighbourhood of this castle are numerous vestiges of antiquity: the principal of which are on Broadfield Common, a great part of which is still uncultivated. On this common stands a round barrow, called *Souden*, or *Solden Hill*, about 14 yards in diameter, having a circle of granite stones on the top; this barrow, which was opened in the year 1780, was found to contain several stone chests, about three feet in length, and two feet broad, in which were a great variety of human bones, skulls, jaws, &c. in complete preservation.

In the ninth volume of the *Archæologia*, is the following account of the opening of a barrow in this

vicinity, communicated to the society of Antiquarians by Hayman Rooke, Esq.

Towards the middle of a field near High Head Castle, at the south-west end of Broadfield, the earth has been thrown up in a circular form, with a sloping bank of 12 feet. The diameter of the top, which has a flat and level surface, is 63 feet. Here there appeared to have been a *circle* of great stones; the holes from whence they have been taken are very distinguishable; and several people in the neighbourhood assured me, that many large stones have, from time to time, been blasted, and carried away from this place. Towards the centre, and a little out of the circular line, were six large stones, placed two and two: one of these was four feet in height, and five broad; two others were three feet high, and respectively four feet, and four feet and a half, in breadth. They evidently appeared to have been much higher; and the present tenant told me, that he remembered having seen large pieces broken from their tops.

“Being of opinion that this elevated circle had been a Druid temple, I could not help thinking that those stones, placed two and two, were put there for some mysterious purpose: either as rock idols, or sepulchral monuments of the Druids.—With this idea, I ordered two men to clear away the ground under two of the contiguous stones. Here I perceived that great pains had been taken to fix these firm in the ground, by placing large stones close round their bases, to the depth of three feet and a half. This I think favours the supposition of their having been a considerable height above the ground, which would naturally require their being firmly secured in the earth; the smallest of them at present cannot be less than five or six ton weight.

“In removing the earth and stones, I observed, that, as the workmen advanced towards the centre of the circle, the soil varied to a lighter kind of

earth, and was free from stones. At length I discovered a small stone chest, the stones of which had been shaped and dressed, and fitted close at the sides without cement. This was filled with a light sandy earth; and at the bottom were pieces of a skull, and small bits of bones, which mouldered away on being touched; under the skull was found a lump almost as big as a man's fist, of concreted metallic particles resembling gold; but whether it is a composition of art or nature seems to me doubtful. The stone of which this chest was made is a kind of free-stone, common in that part of Cumberland.

"In digging under a second couple of these stones, they appear to have been as firmly fixed in the ground as those above-mentioned. At about six feet from these, towards the centre, I discovered another chest, a little bigger than the former, the ends equally diverging. In the bottom was part of a skull, with the upper jaw, the teeth remarkably even, they were much decayed, and mouldered away on being pressed; near the head was found a piece of a skull, and under the head, a metallic lump of the same composition as the above-mentioned, but larger. This chest was covered with a flat stone, and two larger cobble stones were placed on the top, for the purpose, I should suppose, of keeping it close down. The sides of this chest were a dark coloured kind of slate, shaped and dressed. It is remarkable that none of this sort is to be found nearer than Grisdale Fell, between 18 and 19 miles distant.

"Proceeding in a like manner, from the other two contiguous stones, I found a third chest, filled with light earth, the sides of which were of the common free-stone and dressed, pieces of a skull, a few teeth, and some bones, which were very brittle, lay at the bottom: there were likewise some small bits of the above-mentioned composition.—This chest was also covered with a flat stone, and two large cobble stones were upon it.

"The placing of these small chests, under ground,

and in the middle of a Druid temple, is very singular. It is evident that the bodies could not be interred within so small a space, and therefore probable that they were first burnt, and the bones afterwards deposited in the chests. As neither arms, nor any kind of ornaments were found in these little chests, I think that it is not improbable, but that they were the sepulchres of the principal Druids of that district, who alone would be indulged in having their bones deposited within the sacred circle. Amulets as preservatives against diseases, witchcraft, and other unforeseen accidents, were highly esteemed by the ancient Britons; and after death were deposited in their sepulchres, or placed upon their ashes in the urns, as guardians of the manes: one thus placed I found in a barrow, among the druidical remains, at Stanton Moor: hence I think we may venture to conclude, that the above-described lumps of metallic particles were deposited in the chests as amulets."

The following curious particulars of a *Rocking-stone* in the vicinity of the circle, are mentioned in the same paper. "At about 165 yards south from the Druid Temple, is a large stone, 23 feet nine inches in circumference, and supposed to be nearly ten ton weight. On examining the bottom, I perceived it had been sloped to a point, from which I imagined it had formerly been a rocking-stone; nor was I deceived in my conjecture, for, on clearing away only part of the stones and rubbish from under it, one man set it in motion with the iron crow he was working with, and it easily moved on its centre. This appeared more extraordinary, as I had been informed by the tenant that he had, not many years ago, blasted off a great piece from the top, which it was natural to suppose might have destroyed the equilibrium. It is probable that there has been an avenue of erect stones leading to this sacred rock; parts of four now remain on its different sides; and I was told that others have been taken up for the convenience of ploughing."

About two miles and a half to the south-west of Highhead Castle, is the pleasant village of SEBERGHAM. The Church, which was completely repaired in the year 1774, is a small but singularly neat structure. This village is said to have originated in the reign of Henry II. at which time it was partially enclosed by a hermit named William Wastell, who first settled here in the time of Henry I. and lived to an extreme old age; the eminence on which the village stands was granted to him by King John, it was afterwards bequeathed by Wastel to the prior of Carlisle, who appears to have erected a church on the site of the hermit's cell.

One mile to the west of the last-mentioned village is Warnell Hall, a venerable mansion, and for several generations the seat of the ancient family of the Dentons, though now the property of the Earl of Lonsdale. The house is situated on an acclivity of Warnell Fell, and commands a fine prospect.—At the west end was formerly a strong tower, which is said to have been erected by a Scottish nobleman, as the condition of ransom, who was made prisoner at the battle of Flodden Field, by one of the Dentons, in the year 1513.

At the distance of one mile and a half to the south-west of Warnell Hall, is the parish of CALBECK, consisting of three townships; by the returns of 1821, the inhabited houses were ascertained to be 298, and the inhabitants 1588. Two thirds of this parish formerly consisted of mountains and moors; “Even the bleakest and most bare of these wastes, however, is not wholly useless; they afford a good summer pasture to between 7 and 8000 sheep, whose yearly produce of lambs is estimated at upwards of 2000. In several of the estates, the flock of sheep is considered as a sort of *heir loom*, being sold and bought along with the land; and also leased out with it, when the land is let; the tenant being bound to deliver, on the termination of his lease, as many sheep as he receives, and of the same kind, age,

and quality." This parish contains three meeting-houses for Quakers, who have been settled here almost as early as in any part of the kingdom; George Fox, their founder, residing near this place, at the time that he was employed in extending the belief of his peculiar tenets

A little below Calbeck, in the bed of the river Caldew, is a singular natural curiosity, called the Houk; it is a waterfall in a narrow glen, which empties itself into a large bason, where it boils up in foaming eddies. A few feet from this bason is a singular excavation, called the *Fairy Kettle*; it is about 18 feet in diameter, and scooped out in nearly the shape of a huge cauldron, with an inside as smooth as if polished by a statuary,

About one mile to the east of Calbeck, is HESKET-NEW-MARKET, so called from a market having been established there during the last century; it is a hamlet belonging to the parish of Calbeck, and is a small but neat township.

Two miles to the east of Heskett-New-Market, is the manor of SOWERBY, called also Castle Sowerby, from the ruins of an old fortress on a lofty eminence, called Castle Hill. This hill is said to have been fortified by a strong pallisado, or outwork of wood; in one part is a cavity formed in the rock, nearly 18 yards in extent, with a narrow entrance; and on an eminence, called How Hill, is a circular inclosure, about 20 yards in diameter, the rampart of which is composed of stones and earth. The manor of Sowerby at present belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, who obtained it by purchase from the Duke of Portland.

About three miles south-west from Castle Sowerby is the stupendous mountain, called Carrock Fell, being 803 yards above the level of the sea, and 520 yards above the surrounding meadows.—The whole of this mountain is a ridge of horrid precipices, abounding with chasms, not to be fathomed by the eye. Close under it, for nearly two miles, is a wind-

ing path, just wide enough for a horse to pass singly, and every where intercepted by enormous stones, which have fallen from the summit of the mountain. In the year 1740, a cavern was discovered at the end of it, which has never been explored; near which is a remarkable pool of water, called Black Hole, 150 yards in circumference, and in some places 65, and in others 45 fathoms deep. The eastern end of Carrock Fell, for upwards of a mile in length, is almost covered with masses of granite of various sizes, some of them not less than 300 tons in weight; and on the highest part is a singular monument of antiquity, of which the following description has been given in the history of Cumberland.

“The summit of this huge fell is of an oval form; round its circumference is a range or inclosure of stones, which seems to be incontestably the work of men’s hands. The stones at the sides of the inclosed area are about eight yards perpendicular below the ridge of the mountain, but at the ends not more than four. The stones are piled one upon another, in a rude irregular manner; the mean breadth at the base of the range is about eight yards, and its mean height about four. In some places, however, the height is six feet, in others three only, or even less; this variation is probably owing to a practice continued from age to age of rolling some of the stones down the sides of the mountain for amusement, or rather from a desire of witnessing the effect of their increasing velocity. The stones are in general from one to two or three, and even 400 weight; but many of them are considerably smaller. From the few stones that may be found within the area, it would seem that the whole range has been formed by the stones obtained in the inclosed space, which is nearly destitute of vegetation.

“The direction of the ridge on the top of the fell, in its transverse diameter, is nearly east by west; and in this direction, within the surrounding pile of stones, it measures 252 yards; the conjugate diame-

ter is 122 yards; and the contents of the space inclosed is about three acres and a half. The entrances are four, one opposite each point of the compass; those on the west and south sides are four yards in width, that to the east appears to have been originally of the same dimensions, but is now about six yards wide; the width of the northern entrance is eight yards. Besides these, on the north-west quarter there is a large aperture or passage 12 yards in width; which, if the nature of the ground is attended to, and the apparent want of stones in this part considered, seems never to have been completed.

“At the distance of 66 yards from the east end of this range, on the summit of the hill, stands an insulated pile of stones, appearing at a little distance like the frustrum of a cone. Its base is about 11 yards in diameter, and its perpendicular height seven yards. On clambering to the top, the interior is found to be funnel-shaped; the upper part, or top of the funnel, being of five yards diameter; but as the hollow gradually slopes downward, the width at the bottom is little more than two feet: the largest stones appear to weigh about one hundred and a half.

“The crowned head of old Carrock is by no means perfectly uniform, the end to the westward being about 18 yards higher than the middle of the oval. On the highest point is a fragment of rock, projecting about three yards above the surface of the ground, having stones heaped up against two of its sides, and at a distance assuming an appearance similar to the one just described, though of twice its magnitude. Both these piles seem to be coeval with the surrounding range; but there are other smaller heaps that are evidently of modern contrivance, and appear to have been erected, speaking locally, as *ornaments* to the mountain. The name given to this monument by the country people is the *Sunken Kirks*.”

Returning from this digression, at the distance of about twelve miles from Dalston, we pass through the village of ULDALE.

About four miles and a half from the last-mentioned village, we cross the river Derwent, over Ouse Bridge, which is situated at the northern extremity of the Bassenthwaite water, or Broad water.

On leaving Ouse bridge, we proceed in a westerly direction, and at the distance of about one mile and a half, pass by Isal Hall, the seat of the ancient family of the Lawsons; it is situated in a low but pleasant vale, near the banks of the Derwent, and about half a mile to the right of our road. Many of the views along the borders of the river, near this place, are extremely beautiful, the surrounding eminences being clothed with wood.

Three miles and a half from the last-mentioned place, and five from Ouse Bridge, is the town of COCKERMOUTH, so called from its situation at the mouth of the river Cocker, by which it is divided into two parts nearly equal, but united by a bridge of one arch; the church, market-place, and castle, standing on the east side, and the other parts on the south-west. The town in general is irregularly built, but there are several modern and well-built streets and houses, particularly the one ascending to the Castle gate, which is very steep; and in that which leads to Derwent Bridge some of the houses are handsomely built of red free-stone.

The Castle, which was the baronial castle of the honour of Cockermouth, was built, as is supposed, soon after the Conquest, by William de Meschines, who possessed that honour by gift of his brother Ranulph Earl of Cumberland, to whom the Conqueror gave all that part of Cumberland, called Copeland, lying between the Duddon and the Derwent. From the said William this honour descended to Richard de Lucy; whose daughter and co-heiress marrying Thomas de Moulton, his son Anthony, took upon him the name of Lucy; and to him, this

honour, together with the manor of Pappe Castle, was granted by Edward III. This Anthony dying without issue, his estates devolved to his sister Maud, who married Henry de Percy, Earl of Northumberland. She, by a fine levied in 1384, settled the castle and honour of Cockermouth upon her husband and his heirs male, with diverse remainders to the family of the Percies, upon condition that they should always bear the arms of Lucy quarterly with their own. In this family it continued till Joceline, the last earl, leaving only a daughter, by her marriage it became the property of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset; and by the death of his son Algernon, without heirs male, it descended to the late Earl of Egremont.

Other accounts attribute the building of this castle to Waldof, first lord of Allerdale, son of Gospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, cotemporary with William the Conqueror. Waldof, it is said, resided first at Pappe Castle, in this neighbourhood; which he afterwards demolished, and with the materials erected this edifice.

The ruins of this castle stand on the conflux of the rivers Derwent and Cocker, on an eminence which commands an extensive and beautiful prospect. The dimensions of the walls, which form nearly a square, are computed at about 600 yards in compass. They are flanked by several square towers. The entrance is on the east side over a bridge. Over the outer gate are five shields of arms; four of them are said to be those of the Moultons, Umfrevilles, Lucies, and Percies. In this gate are some habitable rooms, wherein the auditor holds a court twice every year.

Within the walls are two courts: in the first are some small modern tenements inhabited by a person who takes care of the castle. From this court, through a gate, is the entrance into the second. On each side of this gate are two deep dungeons, each capable of holding 50 persons; they are vaulted at

the top, and have only a small opening in order to admit the prisoners, who either descended by a ladder, or were lowered down with ropes. On the outside of the gate, just even with the ground, are two narrow slits; one on each side, sloping inward. Down these were thrown the provisions allotted for the wretched beings confined there, who had no other light, or air, but what was admitted through these chinks.

Within the second court stood the mansion, now in ruins. The kitchen, as it is called, makes a picturesque appearance; it has one of those monstrous chimneys so common in old mansions. Under it is a groined vault, said to have been the chapel, supported near the middle by a large polygonal column, and lighted by only one window.

During the Civil Wars, in the reign of Charles I. it was garrisoned for the king, but being besieged and taken, it was dismantled, and with the exception of the outer gateway, part of the buildings at the east angle, where the Earl's audit courts are held, and two other rooms, has never since been repaired.

The Church, which was first built in the reign of Edward III. was entirely rebuilt from the ground, except the tower, in the year 1711, by virtue of a brief.

The town is governed by a bailiff, who is the head officer, and is chosen annually at the Michaelmas court of the lord of the manor, by a jury of 16 burgesses. The town was anciently a hamlet to Bridgham, a parish about a mile distant; but it has been a distinct parish ever since the reign of Edward III. It has only enjoyed the privilege of representation since the year 1640, except one return that it made in the 23rd year of Edward I.) and it now sends two members to parliament.

The principal manufactures here are tanned leather, hats, shalloons, coarse woollens, and linens.—The principal market is on Mondays, which is well supplied with provisions and grain, and a small one

on Saturday. The fair for servants is held in the castle yard; the cattle fair in the spacious street below the bridge; and the horse fair on a common adjoining, called Gallow Barrow.

Cockermouth contains 721 inhabited houses, and 3790 inhabitants.

The advantages which this town has over the neighbouring ones are many, being an excellent situation for trade and manufactures, the surrounding country populous and fertile, having a constant and plentiful supply of water by different streams, several valuable coal-mines, and three sea ports, all within the small distance of 15 miles. Besides which its situation is extremely beautiful, being watered by two fine rivers; and beneath the Derwent is a plain of considerable extent, in which is a public walk, a mile in length: the river on one hand falling in gentle cascades, and the banks enriched by corn-fields and meadows; while on the other hand, the level mead is bounded by a rising ground covered with wood. The one end of this walk terminates by scattered rocks, covered with trees, and the other by the ruins of the castle.

There are several excellent inns at Cockermouth; the Globe is superior in its general accommodation. Here is an hospital for six poor widows, founded about 1770, by the Rev. Thomas Plumland. The interest of 800*l.* the gift of various worthy persons, is distributed every Sunday in bread and money.

About two miles from Cockermouth is the pleasant village of PAP CASTLE, situated on the banks of the Derwent, and from the number of antiquities dug up here, it is said to have been a Roman station; by some supposed to be the *Derwentone* of the Notitia, so called from its situation near the above river.

BRIDEKIRK, a small village, situated about two miles to the north of Cockermouth, is celebrated among antiquaries for a curious and ancient font, preserved in its humble church. This font is a large open vessel of green stone, with several little images

engraven on it; particularly that of a priest dipping a child in water, the primitive mode of baptism; and a Danish inscription on it in Runic characters, signifying that Ekarld, a Dane of high rank, was baptized here, whose example was followed by the rest of his countrymen.

Returning to our road, at the distance of three miles from Cockermouth, is the village of BRIGHAM, and two miles beyond, that of CLIFTON.

At the distance of two miles from the last-mentioned village, is WORKINGTON, a sea-port and market-town, near the fall of the Derwent and Cocker, into the ocean. The public buildings are all of a late date. The houses are principally disposed into two clusters; in that called the Upper Town. In the area of the new square is the corn market; and at a little distance are the butcher's shambles, a neat assembly room, and a small theatre. It has a market on Wednesday, and contains 1384 inhabited houses, and 7188 inhabitants. An agricultural society, founded at Workington by J. C. Curwen, Esq. has operated much to the improvement of the county. Upwards of 100 vessels are employed in the coal trade to and from this port.

Near the east end of the town, on a fine eminence, stands Workington Hall, the seat of John Christian Curwen, Esq. The Mansion-House, which was formerly a castle, is a large quadrangular building, which still bears marks of great antiquity, notwithstanding various alterations and improvements, which have been made during the last 30 years.—The walls are so remarkably thick that they were able a few years since, in making some improvements, to excavate a passage sufficiently wide, lengthways, through one of the walls, leaving a proper thickness on each side of the passage, to answer every purpose of strength. In this mansion the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, in the year 1658, after her escape from the Castle of Dunbar, and subsequent defeat, took refuge, and was hospitably entertained, till the pleasure of Queen

Elizabeth was known, when she was removed to Cockermouth and Carlisle. The chamber in which she slept is still called the Queen's Chamber.

The coal-pits in the vicinity of Workington are about sixteen in number; their depth is from forty to ninety fathoms. The coal lies in bands, or seams, divided from each other by intermediate strata. The thickness of the uppermost seam is generally three feet; of the second, four feet; and of the third, or lowest that has hitherto been worked, from ten to twelve feet. The extraneous matter that separates the former, varies; but the covering of the main coal is of the finest white free-stone, generally about twenty yards thick. The quantity of coals shipped per day is about 300 tons; the raising of which employs several steam engines, and about six hundred workmen. The coal consumed by the inhabitants is purchased at the rate of two shillings for four customary bushels. A new seam was discovered in the year 1794, at a place called the Chapel-bank, on the estate of Mr. Curwen, and, from its extent and quality, promises to be of incalculable advantage to the proprietor, who celebrated the opening of the works by a splendid festival, in which the populace were partakers. The principal articles manufactured in this town are sail-cloths and cordage.

Leland noticed *Wyrkenton* as being, in his days a *lytle prety fysshers town*; and Camden has mentioned it, as famous for its salmon fishery. The latter is considerable, both on the coast, and for several miles up the Derwent. The salmon, as appears from a statement in Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, are sometimes caught on the shallows, or sand-banks, near the mouth of the river, by persons on *horse-back*, locally termed *Salmon-hunters*. The huntsman is armed with a spear of three points, barbed, having a shaft fifteen feet in length, which he holds with both hands; and while the horse is going at a swift trot, or moderate gallop, middle deep in water, he strikes the spear into the body of the salmon, and

with a turn of the hand raises the fish to the surface, and runs it the readiest way to dry-land without dismounting. The passage of the salmon is frequently obstructed by nets; but whether thus intercepted, or left in the shallows by the tide, the fish is commonly discovered by the effect that his endeavours to escape has upon the surface of the water. The months for killing salmon at Workington are August, September, and October, and sometimes February.

About two miles to the south-east of Workington, at the village of Seaton, are some extensive iron-works, erected in the year 1763, under the inspection of the ingenious Thomas Spedding, Esq of Whitehaven: they consist of two blast furnaces for the melting of iron-ore; a mill for the slitting and rolling of bar-iron, and a double forge for refining and drawing it; a foundry for casting cannon, and iron-work of all kinds; a mill for boring cannon cylinders; with many other ingenious contrivances, suitable to the nature of the different branches of that manufacture.

Journey from Workington to Millam; through Whitehaven, Egrmont, and Ravenglass.

On leaving Workington, we proceed in a southerly direction, and at the distance of three miles, pass the flourishing village of HARRINGTON, situated about one mile and a half to the right of our road; this village, being close to the shore, at the mouth of a small brook, which contributes to form a very convenient port, possesses a considerable trade, nearly 60 vessels of 100 tons burthen, being employed in the exportation of coal, lime, iron-stone, and fire clay, all of which articles are obtained in the neighbourhood.

About one mile and a half from Harrington, and three and a half from Workington, we pass through the village of DISLINGTON.

Two miles and a half from the last-mentioned place is the pleasant village of MORESLEY. This, in the

opinion of Mr. Horsey, is the *Arbeia* of the Notitia; several inscriptions having been found here, which prove the station to have been Roman; and its remains, which occupy the summit of an eminence, commanding a fine view of the sea, are still very conspicuous. The fort was a square of 110 yards, with obtuse angles, the west rampart is very conspicuous and lofty; the southern one is on the edge of a high ridge, and distinct, the stones and mortar in many parts breaking through the turf. The east rampart is but low, but very observable; and the ditch is also discernible; the northern rampart is much defaced. The church stands within the limits of the station, the area of which is cultivated.

The salmon fishery at Workington is considerable, and the exclusive property of the Earl of Lonsdale and Mr. Curwen.

About one mile and a half from the last-mentioned village, is the sea-port town of WHITEHAVEN. In the year 1566 this town is said to have had only six houses; but encouraged and supported by the Lowther family, it has become very considerable by the coal trade, which is so much increased of late, that it is the most eminent port in England for that article next to Newcastle. Camden does not so much as name the place, and his continuator says very little of it; at present it is a regular well-built town, about one third larger than the city of Carlisle, but containing three times the number of inhabitants. It is greatly indebted for its flourishing condition to two acts of parliament, passed in the reign of Queen Anne, by virtue of which the harbour was so considerably deepened and improved, and such strong and substantial moles and bulwarks erected, that ships, which were before liable to be driven on the rocks and shoals on this coast, can now lie in perfect safety, and frequently, in consequence of being detained by contrary winds, there are upwards of 200 sail of ships at a time go from this place to Dublin, laden with coals.—Here are three churches; St.

James's, 'Trinity, and Hold Church, also meetings for Methodists, Quakers, and Presbyterians; a Dispensary, Charity School, &c. Besides the extensive coal mines in the neighbourhood, there are several copperas works.—On the old quay is erected a lighthouse; and the entrance of the harbour is defended by a fort and half-moon battery. This port has likewise a custom-house; with regular officers attached to it. It has a plentiful market on Tuesdays. This town contains 2117 inhabited houses, and 2438 inhabitants. The new canal between Carlisle and Solway Firth has been navigable above half its length for some time

The uniformity of the streets adds greatly to their beauty. Two of the principal ones stretch down the declivity of the hill in right lines towards the haven, and are crossed by others at right angles. Here are two excellent butcher's markets, well supplied with meat, poultry, eggs, and butter, and almost every species of fish. Coaches and carriers go to various parts from Whitehaven almost daily. The government packet from Whitehaven to Douglas sails once a week. The post is daily in the evening, Tuesdays excepted, to and from London and all towns on the road. This town is well lighted, and has a handsome theatre on the model of that at Bath. A market-house for persons selling butter, eggs, and other country commodities, erected here, was designed by Mr. Smirke. The news-room and library handsomely fitted up at the expense of the Earl of Lonsdale, were by him presented to the town. To some good mathematical schools here, a marine-school has been erected by the same nobleman, and endowed with 100*l.* a year by Matthew Piper, Esq. Kensington Chapel has also been re-opened and endowed with 150*l.* a year by the Earl of Lonsdale.

As a protection to the property of the inhabitants, and for the preservation of the public peace, a nightly watch and police officers have been appointed.

The approach to Whitehaven from the eastward

has been much improved by the alterations in the road down Bransty Row. From this new line St. James's Chapel and the adjacent buildings are seen to advantage. The whole of the streets, lanes, and outlets, being newly paved and well lighted, have rendered the avenues to Whitehaven equal in their accommodations to those of any other town in the north of England—A new road has also been made between Corckickle and Kensington, by which Corckickle Brow is avoided, and the entrance from the south enlivened by a view of the houses in Lonsdale Place.

The Trustees of Whitehaven harbour, lately resolved that the plan by Messrs. Whidby and Rennie for the extension and improvement of that harbour should be adopted; this includes the extension of the great western pier, which will cost 67,000*l*.

In March, 1793, this town suffered by a storm, when the tide rose six feet above its usual height; and in the American war Paul Jones landed here, spiked the guns, and set fire to two ships in the docks; but, by the vigilance of the inhabitants, there was but little damage done, and he was forced to retreat.

The coal mines near Whitehaven are perhaps the most extraordinary of any in the known world.—

The principal entrance into these mines for men and horses, is by an opening at the bottom of a hill, through a long passage hewn in the rock, which, by a steep descent, leads down to the lowest vein of coal. The greatest part of this descent is through spacious galleries, which continually intersect other galleries; all the coal being cut away, except large pillars, which, in deep parts of the mine, are three yards high, and about twelve yards square at the base, such great strength being there required to support the ponderous roof. The mines are sunk to the depth of 130 fathoms, and are extended under the sea to places where is, above them, sufficient depth of water for ships of large burden. These are the deepest

coal mines that have hitherto been wrought; and perhaps the mines have not in any other part of the globe penetrated to so great a depth below the surface of the sea; the very deep mines in Hungary, Peru, and elsewhere, being situated in the mountainous countries, where the surface of the earth is elevated to a great height above the level of the ocean. There are here three strata of coal, which lie at a considerable distance one above another, and there is a communication by pits between one of these parallel strata and another. But the vein of coal is not always regularly continued in the same inclined plane; but instead thereof, the miners meet with hard rock, which interrupts their further progress in a straight line. At such places there seem to have been breaks in the earth, from the surface downward: one part of the earth appearing to have sunk down, while the part adjoining has remained in its ancient situation. Those who have the direction of these deep and extensive works, are obliged, with great art and care, to keep them continually ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air, which afford the miners a constant supply of that vital fluid, and expel out of the mines damps and other noxious exhalations, together with such other burnt and foul air, as is become poisonous and unfit for respiration. In some works, which are not ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air, large quantities of these damps are frequently collected; and, in such works, they often remain for a long time without doing any mischief; but when, by some accident, they are set on fire, they then produce dreadful explosions, very destructive to the miners; and, bursting out of the pits with great impetuosity, like the fiery eruptions from burning mountains, force along with them ponderous bodies to a great height in the air. The coal in these mines has several times been set on fire by the fulminating damp, and has continued burning for many months, until large streams of water were conducted into the mines, and suffered to fill those parts

where the coal was on fire. By such fires several collieries have been entirely destroyed; of which there are instances near Newcastle, and in other parts of England, and in the shire of Fife in Scotland; in some of which places the fire has continued burning for ages. In order to prevent as much as possible the collieries from being filled with those pernicious damp, it has been found necessary carefully to search for those crevices in the coal from whence they issue; and at those places to confine them within a narrow square, and from those narrow spaces in which they are confined, to conduct them through long pipes into the open air, where, being set on fire, they consume in perpetual flames as they continually arise out of the earth. The late Mr. Spedding, who was the great engineer of these works, having observed, that the fulminating damp could only be kindled by flame, and that it was not liable to be set on fire by red-hot iron, nor by the sparks produced by the collision of flint and steel, invented a machine, in which, while a steel wheel is turned round with a very rapid motion, and flints being applied thereto, great plenty of fire sparks are emitted, which afford the miners such a light as enables them to carry on their works in a close place, where the flame of a candle, or a lamp, would occasion dreadful explosions. Without some invention of this sort, the working of these mines, so greatly annoyed with these inflammable damp, would long ago have been impracticable. This invention has, however, been since proved not to be an effectual preservative, and the ingenious inventor lost his life, about fifty years ago, by the explosion of one of those damp, whose destructive effects he had so sedulously attempted to prevent. But fewer mines have been ruined by fire, than by inundations; and here that noble invention the fire-engine displays its beneficial effects. It appears, from pretty exact calculations, that it would require about 550 men, or a power equal to that of 110 horses, to work the pumps of one of the largest

fire-engines now in use (the diameter of whose cylinder is 70 inches), and thrice that number of men to keep an engine of this size constantly at work. There are four fire engines belonging to this colliery, which, when all at work, discharge from it about 1228 gallons every minute, at 18 strokes, and after the same rate 1,768,820 gallons every 24 hours.

The honour of raising this town to its present high importance, must be given to the *Lowther* family, by one of whom, Sir John Lowther, Knight, the lands of the dissolved monastery of St. Bees, were purchased for his second son, Sir Christopher, about the commencement of the reign of Charles the First. At this period the use of coals first became general; and it seems that Sir Christopher conceived the idea of making his possessions productive, by opening some collieries; but no considerable progress was made till after the Restoration, when Sir John Lowther, who had succeeded to the estates, formed a place for working the mines on a very extensive scale; and that all opposition to his intended series of operations might be prevented, he procured a grant of all the ungranted lands within the district. This was in the year 1666. Two years afterwards he obtained a further accession of property, by the gift of the whole sea-coast for two miles northward, between high and low water mark. Sir John now directed his attention to the port, which was neither large nor convenient, and, by his judicious schemes, laid the foundation of the present haven. It has since been greatly improved; particularly when an act was obtained to perfect, and keep it in repair, by a tonnage on shipping.

This haven is protected by several piers or moles of stone-work; three of them project in parallel lines from the land; a fourth, bending in the form of a crescent, has a watch-house and battery, and at its extremity a light-house. At low water the port is dry, and the shipping within the moles lie as in dry docks. The coal *staith*, or magazine, adjoins the

harbour on the west side of the town: *here*, on an under floor, sufficiently extensive to contain about 3000 waggon loads, the coals are deposited when there are no ships ready to receive them. The method of delivering the coals into the vessels is singular: the greatest part of the road from the pits is on a gentle descent, along which rail-ways are laid, which communicate with covered galleries terminating in large flues, or *hurries*, placed sloping over the quay. When the waggons are loaded, they run by their own weight on the rail-way, from the pit to the staith, where the waggon bottoms striking out, the coals fall into the *hurries*, whence they are discharged into the holds of the ships, rattling down with a noise like thunder. Each waggon is guided from the pits by one man; and where the descent is so steep that the motion becomes too rapid, he retards it by pressing down one of the wheels with a piece of wood, called the *convoy*, which is fixed to the waggon for that purpose. When the waggons are emptied they are carried round by a turn frame, and drawn back to the pits by a single horse, along another road. Eight or ten vessels, from an hundred to one hundred and twenty tons burthen each, are commonly loaded at one tide, and on extraordinary occasions, twelve: the expense of loading is ten shillings per vessel. Most of the coal exported from this haven is conveyed to Ireland: the quantity raised annually, on the average of twenty years, is about 90,000 chaldrons.

When the bands of coal near Whitehaven were first begun to be worked, a level was driven from the bottom of the valley which reaches from this town to St. Bees, till it intersected the seam, now called by the workmen, the *Bannock-band*, where it drained a very considerable bed, or field of coal, which has been drawn out by pits from twenty to fifty yards deep. Another level was then driven more towards the south than the former; and by continuing it to the westward, the seam, called the *Main Band*, was intersected, and a large bed of coal effectually drain-

ed. The coals at this period are drawn out of the pits by men with windlasses, and were carried to the ships, in *packs*, each measuring about three Winchester bushels, upon the backs of galloways, or small horses. A subsequent attempt to obtain coal was made lower down the valley, at a place now called *Gins*, from the machines worked by horses, and employed here to raise both coals and water. Near these gins a few houses were erected, and have since been increased by additional buildings to a considerable village. This mode of raising the water by horses, having been found greatly to diminish the profits of the colliery, the late Sir James Lowther erected a steam-engine, the materials of which he is said to have purchased in London, where it had been used for raising water for the service of the city. As the number and depth of the pits increased, the difficulty of freeing them from water augmented: and another and more powerful engine was erected. By these two engines several considerable bands of coals were drained, from which the markets were wholly supplied for some years. Afterwards a pit was sunk about half a mile from the *Staith*, and called the *Parker-pit*, and from this the first railed waggon-way was laid in this county.

The next working for coals was made at *Saltom*, about one mile south-west of the town; this was very expensive undertaking: a steam-engine, with a forty-inch cylinder, was erected; and within a few years afterwards, a second of the same dimensions; the united powers of these machines discharged the water from a number of new pits, and the collieries became very flourishing.

The subterranean passages by which men and horses descend to the coal works, are locally termed *Bear-mouths*: where these have not been made, no horses can be employed under ground, and the workmen are let down the shaft by the windlass. In the *Howgill* colliery, south-west of the town, the *King-pit* is 160 fathoms deep, and has five valuable

seams of coal, besides several that are smaller, and of little consequence: this colliery abounds with *dykes*. In those places where the coal is drawn from under the sea, which it is in various parts, to the extent of eight or nine hundred yards, the pillars left to support the roof are about eighteen yards square. Here nearly one-third only of the coal is removed, the rest being left to sustain the incumbent weight. Those works which are at the greatest depth below the level of the sea, produce the largest quantity of *fire-damps*; in the works above the level, the damps are but trifling. It is observed, that the best coals are invariably the lightest: the seams are always found at equal distances from each other; and all dip to the west about one yard in ten.

There is a tradition, that mines are frequented by a dwarf species of *gnomes*, or *elves*, who wander through the drifts and chambers of the works, as little old men, dressed like miners, and *seem* perpetually employed in blasting the ore, flinging it into the vessels that convey it to the surface, turning the windlass, &c. yet never do any thing. Mr. Pennant observes, in his description of these collieries, that the immense caverns that lay between the pillars, exhibited such a gloomy appearance, that he could not help enquiring after the imaginary inhabitant, the creation of the labourer's fancy,

The swart Fairy of the mine:

and was seriously answered by a black fellow at his elbow, that he *really* had never met with any; but that his grandfather had found the little implements and tools belonging to this diminutive race of subterranean spirits.

The situation of Whitehaven is remarkable: it occupies the northern extremity of a narrow *vale*, which extends to the village of St. Bees, about five miles, distant; and, from the general appearance of the soil, and the discovery of an anchor at a considerable depth in the ground, about halfway up the vale, seems to have been formerly covered by the

sea. Indeed, the hilly ground between this vale and the ocean is in ancient deeds called *Preston Isle*; and the opinion that it was an arm of the sea, is corroborated by the inclination of the ground, which, though apparently level, has actually a descent each way: this is evinced by the small rivulet, *Poe*, or *Poe-beck*, which on one side running northward, flows in a very easy current from about the middle of the valley, to the sea at *Whitehaven*; and on the other, directing its course southward from nearly the same spot, falls into the ocean at *St. Bees*.

The *Poe*, on the *Whitehaven* side, empties itself into the creek which forms the harbour, between two promontories; one called *Tom Hurd Rock*; the other, *Jack-a-Dandy Hill*. The colour of the former, a greyish white, has by some writers been supposed to have given name to the town, but tradition, with at least an equal degree of plausibility, affirms, that its appellation was derived from a fisherman named *White*, who was the first person that frequented the bay, and who, to shelter himself from the weather, built a cottage, which still remains in that part now called the *Old Town*. As a confirmation that this circumstance gave name to *Whitehaven*, it should be remarked, that many old people in the neighbourhood commonly denominate it *Whitton*, or *White's Town*.

The creek on which *Whitehaven* is built is so deeply seated, that the adjacent lands overlook it on every side. The approach from the north is singular, as the heights are so much above the town, that only the slated roofs of the houses can be seen, till the traveller is nearly at the entrance, which on this point is by a fine portico of red free-stone, with a rich entablature, ornamented with the arms of the *Lowther* family. From the south, the prospect is more open; the eye commands the whole town and haven: the *castle* also, the elegant mansion of the *Earl of Lonsdale*, is on this side comprehended in the view, and forms a very noble and prominent

feature. The town itself is one of the most handsome in all the northern counties; the streets being regular and spacious, and crossing each other at right angles. Many of the buildings are very neat, and the tradesmen's shops exhibit a degree of elegance seldom seen in the north.

Two miles and a half to the south of Whitehaven, is the ancient village of St. BEES, which forms a promontory on the shore, and had once a nunnery, founded about the year 1650 by Bega, a female of exemplary piety, on whose death a church was erected in honour of her virtues; but both these establishments having been destroyed by the Danes, William, the son of Ralph de Meschines, replaced them by a monastery for Benedictine monks; and in the reign of Henry the First, made it a cell to the Abbey of St. Mary at York. Great part of the church erected at this period still remains; the east end, however, is in ruins, but the nave is fitted up as the parish church, and the cross aisle is used as a place of sepulture; the whole edifice is of red free-stone. In this village is a free school, founded in the year 1587, by Dr. Edmund Grindale, archbishop of Canterbury, under a charter of Queen Elizabeth; to this school belongs a good library, which has been greatly improved by the donations of Dr. Lamplough, archbishop of York, Dr. Smith, bishop of Carlisle, Sir John Louthier, &c. The parish is of great extent, and appears from its ancient ruins to have been fortified at all the convenient landing places, by the Romans, against the incursions of the Irish and Scots. In January, 1823, the new light on St. Bees' Head was first exhibited. It has nine reflectors.

Two miles and a half to the south-east of St. Bees, and seven from Whitehaven, is the town of EGREMONT, pleasantly situated about two miles from the sea, on the northern side of the vale watered by the river Eden. It is of great antiquity, as appears from its receiving writs of summonses to return members

to parliament in the reign of Edward I.; but although it availed itself of that privilege for some time, the burghers becoming poor, (or unwilling) to pay their burgesses their wages, they, to free themselves from that future burden, petitioned the king and parliament, that they might be exempted from that charge. The buildings of this town, in general, are ancient, several of the houses being piazzaed in front. On the summit of an eminence, at the west end of the town, are the ruins of a castle, which was erected about the beginning of the 12th century; this castle, though not very extensive, appears to have been of great strength; and the whole is in a state of decay, so much only being preserved as is sufficient for the Earl of Egremont to hold a court in; it giving that title to the Wyndham family. Beyond the gates of this castle is a lofty artificial mount, whereon stood an ancient circular tower; the western side of which was levelled only a few years ago: the height of this mount is 78 feet perpendicular above the moat.

This castle, with its manor, came by a variety of intermarriages into the family of the Piercies, and from them, by the marriage of an heiress, to Sir William Wyndham, in whose family it remains.

The government of this town is vested in a jury, and a chief magistrate, called a sergeant, who is elected annually. It has a market on Saturday, which is well supplied with barley and oats. Egremont contains 348 inhabited houses, and 1741 inhabitants.

On a common adjoining Egremont are several *tumuli*, one of which is composed of loose stones, and is 40 yards in circumference; and at a small distance is a circular of ten large stones, inclosing an area of about 20 paces in diameter.

About four miles to the north-east of Egremont is the hamlet of ENNERDALE; one mile beyond which is ENNERDALE WATER. This lake, which is in length about two miles and a half, and its breadth,

in the widest part, about three quarters of a mile, is surrounded, except on the west, by wild and craggy mountains, that are almost impassable; on the eastern side, however are several farms, which in some measure dispel the gloom of the situation, but "on the whole, the scenery is melancholy; and the mind is apt to be depressed, rather than enlivened and touched with pleasure, at the view of human habitations sequestered and shut out for many months from the comfortable rays of the sun."

CRUMMOCK WATER is situated near the skirts of the barren Mellbreak. The length of Lowswater, Crummock, Buttermere, Gatesgarth Dale, and Scale Force, is one mile and a half west of Buttermere.

Returning from this digression, about one mile to the south-east of Egremont is **HALE HALL**, the seat of Miles Ponsonby, Esq. in the possession of whose ancestors it has remained for several generations. It is a commodious mansion, and stands in a rather high situation, and is well adapted for a sporting seat.

About one mile to the south of the last-mentioned place is the manor of Beckermont, on which is a romantic hill called Wotobank, the derivation of which name is said to have arisen from the following tale, which furnished Mrs. Cowley with the subject of her ingenious poem of Edwina. Tradition relates that "a lord of Beckermont, with his lady, and servants, were one time hunting the wolf; during the chase the lady was missing; and after a long and painful search, her body was found lying on this hill, or bank, slain by a wolf, who was in the very act of ravenously tearing it to pieces. The sorrow of the husband, in the first transports of his grief, was expressed by the words "Woe to this bank!"

"Woe to thee, ^Wbank!" th' attendants echoed round,
And pitying shepherds caught the grief-fraught sound,
Thus to this hour, through ev'ry changing age,
Through ev'ry year's still every-varying stage,

'The name remains, and *Woto-bank* is seen
From ev'ry mountain bleak, and valley green;
Dim Skiddaw views it from its monstrous height,
And eagles mark it in their dizzy flight.

Not *rocks* and *cataracts*, and *alps* alone,
Point out the spot, and make its sorrows known;
For faithful lads ne'er pass, nor tender maid,
But the soft rite of tears is duly paid;
Each can the story to the trav'ller tell,
And on the sad disaster pitying dwell.

Edwina.

About one mile to the south of Hale Hall, are the ruins of Calder Abbey, beautifully situated on the northern bank of the river Calder, in the secluded vale through which this river flows from the bleak mountains of Cald Fell. The chief remains of this abbey is the square tower of the church, which is supported by pointed arches, sustained on four finely-clustered columns, about 24 feet in height, and of excellent workmanship. The roof of the church was supported on semicircular arches, with clustered pillars, and a fascia, which is yet perceptible above the remaining arches. The capitals of the columns are ornamented in the Saxon style; and on the walls are several fragments of various sepulchral figures, which, from the devices on the shields, appear to have belonged to the tombs of eminent persons. This abbey was founded in the year 1184, by Ranulph de Meschines, second earl of Chester and Cumberland, for a certain number of Cistercian monks, to the honour of the Virgin Mary. At the Dissolution, its revenues amounted, according to Speed, to 64*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*

Near the ruins is the elegant mansion of their present owner, J. T. Senhouse, Esq. whose attention in their preservation is highly praiseworthy.

At a short distance to the south of Calder Abbey, is Ponsonby Hall, the seat of G. E. Stanley, Esq. The house was erected about 20 years since, and is

situated near the banks of the Calder, and commanding some very extensive and beautiful prospects. The apartments, which are elegantly fitted up, contain several excellent portraits both of the ancient and modern masters. Among other antiquities preserved here is a curious carved bedstead, said to have been made in the year 1345, which from the excellence of the workmanship is supposed to be one of the greatest curiosities of the kind in England.

About seven miles to the east of Ponsonby is **WAST WATER**.

Returning from this digression, at the distance of five miles and a half from Ponsonby, is the village of **CARLETON**, beyond which is the small but ancient sea-port town of

RAVENGLASS, a little town situated on a bay, at the influx of the Esk, Irt, and Mute, into the Irish Sea, which forms an excellent harbour for shipping. The town is well built, and has a good charity school, and extensive fishery, with a market on Saturday; by the returns of 1821, the inhabited houses were found to be 82, and the inhabitants 510.

The oysters on the coast are extremely fine, and the inhabitants are much employed in attending to the beds. This manor was originally part of the barony of Egremont, but was granted by Richard Lucy to the Penningtons, from whom the present owner, Lord Muncaster, is a lineal descendant. The fair is still held by the Earl of Egremont, or his representative for this purpose, on the eve, day, and morrow, of St. James. The ceremonies attending this fair are singular. On the first day the lord or his proxy, attends accompanied by the serjeant of the Borough, with the insignia, called the Bow of Egremont, by the foresters, with their bows and arrows, and by all the tenants of the forest of Copeland, who hold their estates by the special service of thus attending the Earl during Ravenglass fair.

On the third day at noon, the Earl's officers and

tenants of the forest depart, after proclamation, and Lord Muncaster and his tenants take formal re-possession of the place, when the day is concluded by horse-racing, and various rustic diversions.

The children of this manor observe an ancient custom of going from house to house, singing a ditty, which craves the bounty *they were wont to have in old King Edward's days*. The donation is two-pence, or a pie, at each house. There is much unchaste language in this annual salutation, more fit for the orgies of savages than for the utterance of youth.

The harbour of Ravenglass has lately been examined in order that it might be improved; by which means this little port will become an important asylum to the shipping belonging to the neighbouring coast, and may be the means of saving much property, and many valuable lives.

Near this town, on the northern bank of the Esk, is Muncaster House, the principal residence of Lord Muncaster.

About one mile and a half to the east of Muncaster House, on the opposite banks of the Esk, are some considerable ruins, called the *City of Barnscar*; though no historical documents appear to exist relative to this place, tradition ascribes it to the Danes, who are said to have peopled it from the village of Drig and Beckermont, in confirmation of which they give the popular saying of, "*Let us go together like lads of Drig and lasses of Beckermont.*" Mr. Hutchinson, in describing this place, says it "is about 300 yards long, from east to west, and 100 broad, from north to south: it is walled round, save at the east end, near three feet in height.—There appears to have been a long street, with several cross ones: the remains of house-steads, within the walls, are not very numerous; but on the outside they are innumerable, especially at the south side and west end. The circumference of the city and suburbs is nearly three computed miles: the figure is an oblong square. There is an ancient road through the city

leading from Ulpha to Ravenglass. About the year 1730, a considerable quantity of silver coin was discovered in the ruins of one of the houses, concealed in a cavity formed in a beam."

One mile and a half to the east of these ruins is the small lake of Devock water, which occupies about 300 acres, and is reported to contain the finest trout in the north of England.

Returning to our road, at the distance of about seven miles from Ravenglass, we pass through the township of BOOTLE, pleasantly situated, containing 120 inhabited houses, and 656 inhabitants. The Church is ancient, and contains an octangular font of black marble; on each side of which are two shields, raised from the plane, inscribed with a Latin sentence in Old English and Saxon characters. This inscription contains the words of baptism, *In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

About one mile to the south-east of this village is Black-comb, a mountain, which from its standing near the sea, and having the level counties of Lancashire and Cheshire on its south east side, may, in a clear day, be seen from 'Talk-on-the-Hill, in Staffordshire, nearly 100 miles distant. On the summit of this mountain is a capacious cavity, that appears to have been the crater of a volcano, though a small rivulet springs from the centre of the cavity.

Several Druidical circles, and other remains of antiquity, are to be seen in the neighbourhood of this mountain: the most remarkable of which is the Druidical temple called *Sunken Kirk*, situated in the level part of a wet meadow, about a mile east from Black-comb. It is a circle of very large stones, and is thus described in Mr. Gough's Addition to Camden:—"At the entrance are four large stones, two placed on each side at the distance of six feet; the largest, on the left-hand side, is five feet six inches in circumference. Through this you enter into a circular area, 29 yards by 30. The entrance is nearly south-east: on the north or right hand side, is a huge

stone of a conical form, its height nearly nine feet. Opposite the entrance is another large stone, which has once been erect, but is now fallen within the area; its length is eight feet. To the left hand, to the south-west, is one, in height seven feet, in circumference, eleven feet nine inches. 'The altar probably stood in the middle, as there are some stones still to be seen, though sunk deep in the earth. The circle is nearly complete, except on the western side, where some stones are wanting; the larger stones are about 31 or 32 in number. The outward part of the circle, upon the sloping ground, is surrounded with a buttress, or rude pavement of smaller stones, raised about half a yard from the surface of the earth. The situation and aspect of the Druidical temple, near Keswick, is in every respect similar to this, except the rectangular recess formed by 10 large stones, which is peculiar to that at Keswick; but upon the whole, I think the preference will be given to this, as the stones in general appear much larger, and the circle more entire."

About four miles to the north-east of Bootle is Ulpha Park, originally enclosed by the Huddlestons, as a place of security for deer, and extends from the channel of the river Duddon to Devock Lake.

Returning to our road, at the distance of about three miles from Bootle, is the village of WHITBECK, about five miles beyond which is the township of MILLUM, formerly a market-town, but the market has long been discontinued. Here is the remains of an ancient castle, formerly the mansion of the lords of Millum, but it has long been neglected, and is now in ruins; though a part of it is occupied by a farmer, who rents the surrounding lands.

The extensive manor of Millum, which comprehends the whole southern part of the peninsula formed by the sea, and the channel of the river Duddon, was given in the reign of Henry I. to — de Boyvill, by William de Meschines. It was afterwards conveyed by a female heir to the Huddie-

stones; by the last of whom, a female also, it was transferred to Sir Hedworth Williamson, her husband, who sold it about the year 1774, to the late Earl of Lonsdale.

Many popular superstitions are current, and many singular customs observed in this sequestered district. The bees are said to sing on the midnight preceding the day of the Nativity, and the labouring ox to kneel at the same hour. The inhabitants are friendly and hospitable; yet from the little intercourse they have with polished society, their manners are uncouth, and their language made up of antiquated words and phrases.

Journey from Carlisle to Maryport; through Wigton.

On leaving Carlisle, we proceed in a south-westerly direction, and at the distance of five miles, pass through the hamlet of Woodhouses, about one mile to the north of which, is the village of ORTON. The situation of this village is so remarkably pleasant, that from a small inclosure, a little to the west, called *Parson's Thorn*, 15 churches may be seen in Cumberland, besides several in Scotland. The entrances to this village were formerly defended by gates fastened with an iron chain, and a double ditch; that to the north being still very distinct; this defence was rendered necessary from the predatory excursions of the moss-troopers; and several of the villages in this part of Cumberland exhibit similar traces of defence.

Returning to our road, at the distance of about five miles from Woodhouses, is the town of WIGTON, in the forest of Allendale. The streets are spacious, and many of the buildings are handsome and modern. The Church, which was erected in the year 1788, from materials procured from the Roman station at Old Carlisle, is a neat structure. Here is an Hospital for six poor clergymen's widows, and a Free Grammar-school. It has a market on 'Tuesdays, and in the returns of 1821, was stated to contain 991 inhabited houses, and 5456 inhabitants.

About one mile south from Wigton are the re-

mains of that ancient Roman station, *Caer Leol*, now called Old Carlisle, but by some supposed to have been the *Olenacum* of the Notitia, where the ala Herculea were in garrison. These remains are situated on an easy ascent, and commanding an extensive prospect towards Solway Firth and the Scotch borders; they are very extensive, foundations of innumerable buildings being scattered over many acres, as well within the vallum as on every hand without the line, except to the westward, where the hill descends precipitate to a small brook. This station is an oblong square, 170 paces in length, and 110 in breadth, with obtuse angles, defended by a double ditch, with an aperture or approach in the centre of each side: the whole ground appears a confusion of ruined edifices. Within the vallum, towards the north, a well has been opened within these few years, of about three feet in diameter, walled regularly with stone, around which were scattered fragments of bricks, tiles, and earthen ware. Various inscriptions, sacrificing instruments, coins, altars, statues, and several other vestiges of antiquities, have been found at this station; "and certain it is (says Camden) that the *ala* (wing,) which for its valour was called *Augusta*, and *Augusta Gordiana*, was here in the time of Gordianus, as appears from the following inscription, which I saw in the neighbourhood.

"I. O. M.

PRO SALVTE IMPERATORIS
M. ANTONI. GORDIANI. P. F.
INVICTI AVG ET SABINIAE FR
IAE TRANQVILE CONIVGI EIVS TO
TAQVE DOMV DIVIN EORVM A
LA AVG GORDIA OB VIRTVTEM
APPELLATA POSVIT CUI PRAEST
AEMILIVS CRISPINVS PRAEF
EQQ. NATVS IN PRO AFRICA DE
TVSDRO SVB CVR NONNII PHI
LIPPI LEG AVG PROPRETO
ATTICO ET PRAETEXTATO
COSS.

"This votive altar was erected for the happy health of the Emperor Gordian the Third, and his wife Furia Sabina Tranquilla, and their whole family, by the troops of horsemen surnamed *Augusta Gordiana*, when Amilius Crispinus, a native of Africa, governed the same under Nonnius Philippus, lieutenant general in Britain, in the year of Christ, 243, as appeareth by the Consuls therein specified."

About one mile to the south of this station, on a well cultivated spot, but in the midst of an elevated and dreary moor, is Clea Hall, the seat of Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart. The northern prospect from this place is very extensive, the lower parts of Cumberland, the Solway Firth, and the borders of Scotland, being all comprehended in the view.

At the distance of about six miles from Wigton, and on the left of our road, is Brayton Hall, the seat of Sir Gilfrid Lawson, Bart; the house, which is an elegant and commodious dwelling, has been much improved of late years, and the apartments are enriched with several good paintings.

About one mile beyond the last-mentioned place is the village of ASPATRIA, containing 237 houses and 1220 inhabitants, the labourers in the coal-pits included. Near this is Bragton Hall, the seat of Sir G. Lawson, Bart. Nearly 200 yards north of the village is Beacon Hill, on the summit of which there was formerly a tumulus that contained a number of Roman antiquities, represented in the tenth volume of the *Archæologia*.

In the year 1790, a barrow was opened, which stood about 200 yards north of this village, in which a human skeleton was found, which measured seven feet from the head to the ancle bone; the feet were rotted off; on the left side was a broad sword, five feet in length, the guard of which was ornamented with flowers of silver, inlaid; and on the right side lay a dirk or dagger, one foot and a half in length, the handle of which was likewise ornamented with silver. Part of a gold buckle, an ornament for the

end of a belt, a piece of which adhered to it; a broken battle axe, a bit, in the shape of a modern snaffle, and part of a spur, were likewise discovered in this sepulchre.

About four miles to the west of Aspatria, is the town of ALLONBY; it is a neat and well-built town, occupying a flat situation on the sea coast, and is much frequented in the summer season for the purpose of bathing. It is situated 309 miles from London, and contains 158 houses, and 709 inhabitants; a great number of whom are employed in the herring fishery, which has, however, greatly declined on this coast, of late years, which is attributed by Mr. Hutchinson, to the singular circumstance in the natural history of this fish. "After remaining (he says) in this channel ten years, the wonderful shoals are said to leave it, to stay away ten years, and then return and stay ten years longer. These revolutions are described to be as regular as those of any of the planets, the flowing of the tides, or the vicissitudes of the seasons. Unaccountable as this circumstance confessedly is, it is confidently affirmed, and by very credible authority, to be a fact, and to have been observed of the herring for three successive periods yet within memory."

Returning to the turnpike-road, at the distance of five miles from Aspatria, we pass through the hamlet of Crosby, belonging to the parish of CROSS CANNONBY, situated about half a mile to the right of our road, containing 41 houses, and 200 inhabitants.

At the distance of about three miles from the last-mentioned village is MARYPORT, a sea-port and market-town, in the parish of Cross Cannonby, to which Maryport is a chapel of ease, erected in the year 1760. The town is pleasantly situated on the sea-shore, on the banks of the river Ellen, which divides it into two parts, and in which is a fishery. The harbour will at present contain about 150 vessels, but it is capable of great improvement. A great proportion of the inhabitants are employed in the

neighbouring coal-mines, from which this town derives its origin and consequence. Its market day is on Friday. At the south end of the town, on an eminence called the *Mote Hill*, is an artificial mount; the base of which is 160 yards in circumference; it is protected by a deep ditch, surrounding it on all sides, except where the steepness of the hill rendered such a defence unnecessary. By the returns of 1821 the population was stated at 637 inhabited houses, and 3514 inhabitants.

Near this town, on the north of the river Ellen, are the remains of a considerable Roman station, generally called Ellenborough, though the village of that name is situated at some distance. This station is supposed by Camden to be *Volantium*, where the first cohort of the Dalmatians were in garrison. There was also a town near this place, called *Olenacum*, where the first Herculean wing was stationed, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. At this place have been found more altars, statues, inscribed stones, and other remains of Roman antiquity, than perhaps in any part of this country. The principal of these remains is a Roman altar, with the following inscription:

" GENIO LOCI
 FORTVNÆ RED
 ROMÆ ÆTERNÆ
 ET FATO BONO
 G. CORNELIVS
 PEREGRINVS
 TRIB COHORT.
 ET PROVINC
 MAVR CÆSA
 DOMVS ET ÆD
 DECV R. . . .

On the back of this altar, and upon the upper edge, are the words *VOLANTII VIVAS*, from which Camden

conjectures, that the altar was votive for the life of G. Cornelius Peregrinus, who lived at Volantium, and was erected by the inhabitants, as an acknowledgment of his kindness and protection. Under the inscription are the figures of several instruments used in sacrifices. On the left side are a mallet and jug; and on the right a goblet, a dish, and a pear. This altar is at Lord Lonsdale's seat at Whitehaven.

Mr. Pennant has given the following account of some discoveries that were made here, on the removal of the earth that covered the relics of this station. "The streets and footways (he says) have been traced, paved with stones from the shore, or free-stone from the quarries; the last much worn by use. Many foundations of houses, the cement still very strong, and the plaster, on several remains of walls, of a pink colour. Several vaults have been discovered; one with free-stone steps, much used; fire hearths open before, inclosed with a circular wall behind; from the remains of fuel, it is evident, that the Romans used both wood and pit-coal.—Bones and teeth of various animals, and pieces of the horns of stags, many of the latter sawed, were found here; also shells of oysters, muscles, and snails. Broken earthen-ware, and fragments of glass vessels and mirrors, and two pieces of a painted glass cup, which evinces the antiquity of that art."

*Journey from Cockermouth to Alstone; through
Keswick and Penrith.*

On leaving Cockermouth (which we have already described) we proceed in a south-easterly direction, and at the distance of four miles pass through the village of LORTON.

Five miles beyond Lorton is the hamlet of Braithwait; about one mile beyond which is the village of PORTINSCALES. One mile and a half from which is,

KESWICK, a small market-town, pleasantly situated near the lower end of Derwent Water, in a deep valley, under vast mountains full of mines, and mi-

nerals. The town, which consists of one long street, is protected from the north winds by the lofty mountain of Skiddaw. The houses are built of stone, each, with a few exceptions, being occupied by one family. In the returns of 1821 it was stated to contain 403 inhabited houses, and 1901 inhabitants. The market, which is on Saturday, is particularly famous for its delicious mutton, and for the variety of fresh water fish from the neighbouring Lakes. This town is much frequented by strangers making the tour of the Lakes. In this town are two museums, collected by private persons, and open for the amusement of visitants: they contain specimens of almost every variety of the mineralogical substances of the county, with many kinds of fossils, plants, antiques, &c.

Between one and two miles to the south of Keswick, on a plain* formed on the summit of an eminence, called Castle Rig, around which the adjoining mountains make a solemn circle, is a remarkable Druidical arrangement of rude stones, of various forms, natural and unhewn; they appear to have been collected from the surface, but from what lands it is impossible to conjecture, most of them being of a species of granite; they are 50 in number, set in a form not exactly similar, the diameter being 30 paces from east to west, and 32 from north to south; at the eastern end a small enclosure is formed within the circle by ten stones, making an oblong square, in conjunction with the stones of that side of the circle, seven paces in length, and three in width within: in this place it is conjectured that the altar had been erected. At the opposite side a single square stone is laid at the distance of three paces from the circle, which may have been used to bind the victims to. The stones forming the outward line are some of them standing erect, others fallen; they are of various sizes, some of the largest of those standing being nearly eight feet in height, and 15 in circumference. The following interesting

remarks by Mrs. Radcliffe, on this ancient monument, and the surrounding scenery, are so apposite, that we cannot refrain from inserting them. "Whether our judgment (says this lady) was influenced by the authority of a Druid's choice, or that the place itself commanded the opinion, we thought this situation the most severely grand of any hitherto passed. There is, perhaps, not a single object in the scene that interrupts the solemn tone of feeling impressed by its general character of profound solitude, greatness, and awful wildness. Castle Rigg is the central point of three valleys, that dart immediately under it from the eye, and whose mountains form part of an amphitheatre, which is completed by those of Derwent Water, on the west, and by the precipices of Skiddaw and Saddleback, close on the north. The hue which pervades all these mountains is that of dark heath, or rock; they are thrown into every form and direction that fancy would suggest, and are at that distance which allows all their grandeur to prevail. Such seclusion and sublimity were, indeed, well suited to the deep and wild mysteries of the Druids. Here at midnight, every Druid, summoned by that terrible horn, never awakened but upon high occasions, descending from his mountain or secret cave, might assemble, without intrusion from one sacrilegious footstep, and celebrate a midnight festival,"——

——by rites of such strange potency,
As done in open day would dim the sun,
Tho' thron'd in noon-tide brightness.

CARACTACUS.

Mr. Warner, in his Northern Tour, has given the following characteristic and true delineation of the manners and circumstances of a class of men inhabiting this mountainous district: "In the midst (says our author) of these secluded scenes, formed by the involutions of the mountains, uncorrupted by the society of the world, lives one of the most independent, most moral, and most respectable

characters existing; the *Estatesman*, as he is called in the language of the country. His property usually amounts from 80l. to 200l. a year; his mansion forms the central point of his possessions, where he passes an undisturbed inoffensive life, surrounded by his own paternal meads and native hills. Occupied in cultivating the former, and browsing the latter with his large flocks of 3000 or 4000 sheep, he has no temptation to emigrate from home; and knowing but few of those artificial wants which spring from luxury, he has no inclination to lessen or alienate his property in idle expenditure; but transmits to his descendants, without diminution or increase, the demesne, which had been left to himself by his own frugal and contented forefathers. Hence it happens that more frequent instances occur in the deep vales of Cumberland, of property being enjoyed for a long series of generations by the same family, than in any other part of England. Their sheep running wild upon the mountains, and never taken into the farm-yard, are exposed to perpetual accidents and loss, arising from the inclemency of the weather, and the horrors of snow-storms; and, in some instances, 12 or 15 head have been destroyed in a year. This circumstance prevents them from getting rich; but on the other hand, as the flocks are kept without the least expense to the proprietors, their losses never induce poverty upon them; so that happily oscillating between their loss and gain, they are preserved in the independent state, that *golden mean*, which the wise Augur, so earnestly and rationally petitioned of his God that he might enjoy. Removed by their situation and circumstances from the ever-shifting scene of fashionable life, their manners continue primitive, unabraded by the collision of general intercourse; their hospitality is unbounded and sincere, their sentiments simple, and their language scriptural. "Go," said an estatesman to a friend of mine, whom he had entertained for some days in

his house, "go to the vale on the other side of yon mountain, to the house of such an estatesman, and tell him you came from me. I know him not; but he will receive you kindly, for *our sheep mingle upon the mountains!*"

About half a mile to the south-west of Keswick is DERWENT-WATER.

At the head of Borrowdale, to the east of a steep mountain, are the famous black-lead mines of which the black-lead pencils are made; known in France by the appellation of *Crayon d'Angleterre*. The summit of one of these mountains Mr. Smith, a native of Cumberland, thus describes:—"Not a herb was to be seen, but wild savin growing in the fissures of the naked rocks; while the horrid projection of vast promontories, the vicinity of the clouds, the thunder of the explosions in the slate quarries, the distance of the plain below, and the mountains heaped on mountains piled around us, desolate and waste, appeared like the ruins of a world we had survived, and inspired such ideas of horror as are not to be expressed.

Three miles to the north of Keswick is the majestic Skiddaw, rising more than 3500 feet above the level of Bassenthwaite.

About three miles east of Skiddaw is Saddleback, so called from its resemblance to a saddle in shape. "Its base," says a modern writer, "is broke into a little world of mountains, green with cultivation; its north-western skirts unite with the declivities of Skiddaw; but its southern face is furrowed by several hideous chasms; and its summit is, in many parts, frightful and desolate. It appears to have been a volcano, and Threkeld Tarn on its summit, may have been the crater. This cavity is of several acres in extent. The waters at its base appear black, but smooth as glass. The views immediately under the eye, on the mountain itself, are so tremendous and appalling, that few persons have sufficient resolution to experience those emotions which these awful

scenes inspire, and they are therefore but seldom visited. One of the points of the summit juts out between two gulfs, that seem to be more than 800 feet deep, having their sides craggy and barren, and their bottoms paved with broken rocks, of various hideous forms and dimensions."

Near the south side of this mountain is the vale of Wanthwaite, which has been frequently described by tourists by the name of the vale of St. John.—Mr. Hutchinson has given the following description of a singular piece of scenery in this place :—"An ancient ruined castle seems (he says) to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets, and ragged battlements: we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert that it is an antediluvian structure.

"The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that if he advances, certain genii, who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural arts, and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by enchantment transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like the haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth: for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of *The Castle Rocks of St. John.*"

To the east of the last-mentioned mountain is

Souter-fell, upwards of 2500 feet in height: the north and west sides of it are barricaded with precipitous rocks, but on the east side it is open, and not difficult of access. Towards the middle of the last century an extraordinary phenomena of visionary appearance, occurred on this mountain, which at the time excited much conversation and alarm: the particulars of which has been collected by a modern writer, who says, that by an "attested relation, it seems, that the first time any of these visionary phenomena were observed, was on a summer's evening in the year 1743. As Daniel Stricket, then servant to John Wren, of Wilton Hall (about half a mile distant from Souter-fell,) was sitting at the door with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along Souter-fell side, a place so steep that a horse can scarcely travel on it. They appeared to run at an amazing pace till they got out of sight at the lower end of the fell. The next morning Stricket and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation that they should find the man lying dead; as they were persuaded that the swiftness with which he ran must have killed him; and imagined likewise, that they should pick up some of the shoes, which they thought the horses must have lost in galloping at such a furious rate. They, however, were disappointed; for there appeared not the least vestiges of either man or horses, not so much as the mark of a horse's hoof upon the turf. Astonishment and a degree of fear, perhaps, for some time, induced them to conceal the circumstances; but they at length disclosed them, and, as might be expected, were only laughed at for their credulity. The following year, on the 23rd of June, as the same Daniel Stricket, who at that time lived with Mr. William Lancaster's father, of Blake hills, was walking a little above the house, about half past seven in the evening, he saw a troop of horsemen riding on Souter-fell side, in pretty close ranks, and at a

brisk pace. Mindful of the ridicule which had been excited against him the preceding year, he continued to observe them in silence for some time; but, being at last convinced that the appearance was real, he went into the house, and informed Mr. Lancaster, that he had something curious to shew him. They went out together; but before Stricket had either spoken or pointed to the place, his master's son had himself discovered the ærial troopers; and when conscious that the same appearances were visible to both, they informed the family, and the phenomena were alike seen by all. These visionary horsemen seemed to come from the lowest part of Souter-fell, and became visible at a place called Knott; they then moved in regular troops along the side of the fell, till they became opposite to Blake-hills, when they went over the mountain: thus they described a kind of curvilinear path; and both their first and last appearances were bounded by the top of the mountain."

'The pace at which these shadowy forms proceeded, was a *regular swift walk*; and the whole time of the continuance of their appearance was upwards of two hours: but further observation was then precluded by the approach of darkness. Many troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last, or last but one in a troop, would quit his position, gallop to the front, and then observe the same pace with the others. The same changes were visible to all the spectators: and the view of the phenomena was not confined to Blake hills only, but was seen by *every* person, at every cottage within the distance of a mile. Such (says our author) are the particulars of this singular relation, as given by Mr. Clarke. The attestation is signed by Lancaster and Stricket, and dated the 21st of July, 1783. The number of persons who witnessed the march of these ærial travellers seems to have been twenty-six."

It is to be observed that the time when these

ærial figures were seen, was the eve of the Rebellion, and that it is not improbable they may have been the shadows of real troops of horsemen, exercising in some distant part of the country; which, by some particular operation of the sun's rays, on the thin vapours hovering about this mountain, might from some unknown refractive combinations, have produced this phenomena. This opinion is somewhat corroborated by the following particulars, related by M. Haue, respecting the Spectre of the Broken, an ærial figure that is sometimes observed among the Hartz mountains in Hanover.

“ Having ascended the Broken (says our author,) for the thirtieth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing this phenomenon. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinrichshöhe. In the south-west, however, towards Achtermannshöhe, a brisk west wind carried before it thin transparent vapours. About a quarter past four I looked round, to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west, when I observed, at a very great distance, toward Achtermannshöhe, a human figure of a monstrous size—a violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same.

“ The pleasure I felt at this discovery can hardly be described; for I had already walked many a weary step in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement, by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting too see, whether it would return, and in a few minutes, it again made its appearance, on the Achtermannshöhe. I

paid my respects to it a second time, and it did the same by me. I then called the landlord of the Broken (the neighbouring inn) and having both taken the same position, which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermannhohe, but saw nothing. We had not however stood long when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated their compliments by bending their bodies as we did, after which they vanished. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made these figures imitated; but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined.

Returning from this long digression, at the distance of about four miles from Keswick, is the village of THRELKELD, two miles and a half beyond which, we pass through PENRUDDOCK, a hamlet belonging to the parish of GREYSTOCK, situated about a mile to the right of our road. The Church, which is a spacious structure, was formerly collegiate, and some of the stalls yet remain.

Adjoining this village is Greystock Castle, situated on an eminence, on the south side of an extensive park. The ancient structure was fortified, and some broken towers, and other remains, are still to be seen in the present mansion, the interior of which is elegantly fitted up, and contains several fine paintings; among which is a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, in the dress she wore at the time of her execution. The present building was principally built by the Hon. Charles Howard, the present Duke of Norfolk's great grandfather, about the middle of the last century. The barony of Greystock is said to have been granted by Ranulph de Meschines, to one Lyolfe, whose son assumed the name of Greystock, in the reign of Henry the First. It continued in this family till the reign of Henry

the Seventh, when the daughter and heiress of the last Earl of Greystock, married Thomas Lord Dacre, of Gilsland, whose descendants retained it till the reign of Elizabeth, when it was conveyed to the Howards, by the marriage of the eldest daughter and co-heiress of S. Lord Dacre, with the Earl of Arundel, eldest son to the Duke of Norfolk, in whose family it still remains.

Near this place is a circle of rude stones, seventeen feet in diameter, within the area of which a large quantity of bones have lately been discovered, and in the vicinity are the vestiges of an encampment, supposed to have been a summer camp of the Romans.

One mile to the north-east of Greystock is the ancient manor-house, called Blencowe hall, the seat of the Blencowes, in whose family it has remained ever since the reign of Edward III.

Distant two miles from Penruddock and on the right of the road, is the village of Dacre and the remains of an ancient castle converted into a farmhouse. The principal parts now standing are four square towers connected by a centre building.

The house of Edward Hassel, Esq. of Dalemmain, is a spacious modern building, of red stone, situated near the foot of a rocky eminence, and ornamented with elevated grounds covered with trees.

About two miles to the north of Blencowe Hall is Hutton Hall, the seat of Sir Frederick Fletcher Vane, Bart. The house is situated on a fine eminence, in a pleasant park, near a branch of the river Petteril. This estate was much improved during the last century, by the late Sir Henry Fletcher, grandfather to the present owner. Near this house, on Hutton Common, are the vestiges of a fortification, called Collinson Castle, of which no tradition either of its erection or demolition, is remembered.

At the village of Salkeld, situated about two miles and a half to the north-west of Longwathy, on the summit of a hill, is a large and perfect Dr-

idical monument, called by the country people Long Meg and her Daughters. A circle of about 80 yards in diameter is formed by massy stones, most of which remain standing upright. These are 67 in number, of various qualities, unhewn or touched with any tool, and seem by their form to have been gathered from the surface of the earth. Some are of blue and grey lime-stone, some of granite, and some of flints. Many of such of them as are standing, measure from 12 to 15 feet in girt, and 10 feet in height; others of an inferior size. At the southern side of this circle, at the distance of 85 feet from its nearest member, is placed an upright stone, naturally of a square form, being a red free-stone, with which the country about Penrith abounds. This stone, placed with one of its angles towards the circle, is near 15 feet in girt, and 18 feet high, each angle of its square answering to a cardinal point. In that part of the circle most contiguous to the column, four large stones are placed in a square form, as if they had constructed or supported the altar; and towards the east, west, and north, two large stones are placed, at greater distances from each other than any of the rest, as if they had formed the entrances into this mystic round. What creates great astonishment to the spectator is, that no such stones, or any quarry or bed of stones, are to be found within a great distance of this place; and how such massy bodies could be moved, in an age when we may suppose the mechanical powers were little known, is not easily to be determined.

The church at Great Salkeld is dedicated to St. Cuthbert; the construction of the tower is singular, and it appears to have been intended for a place of defence: the entrance is from the church; and the door is plated with iron; the lower apartment is vaulted, where, on a large table, stands an ancient iron helmet, and the remains of coats of mail, of which several superstitious tales are told by the villagers. This parish, which is situated 290 miles

from London, contains 58 houses, and 205 inhabitants.

In the vicinity of this village are several vestiges of Roman encampments.

About two miles and a half to the north-east of Salkeld is KIRKOSWALD, an ancient market-town, pleasantly situated on the east side of the river Eden. The town derives its name from the church, which is dedicated to St. Oswald, the celebrated king and martyr of Northumberland. The church is an irregular old building, in which is an elegant monument to the memory of Sir Timothy Featherstonehaugh, an active supporter of Charles I. At the west end of the church issues an excellent spring of water, supposed to have been the motive for its being founded in this place, as several instances of the same kind are observable in this county. The belfry is placed, distant from the church, on the top of a hill, that the sound of the bells may be more easily heard by the circumjacent villages. Previous to the Dissolution, a college was established here for 12 secular priests, but it is at present a noble mansion-house, in the possession of—Featherstonehaugh, Esq. Here is a Dissenting meeting-house, and a Charity-school. The market is on Thursday. The town is situated 290 miles from London. About a quarter of a mile east from the town, on an elevated spot, are the ruins of a castle, the only remains of which are a small tower and some dreary vaults. It is a very ancient structure, being repaired by Sir Hugh Morvil, in the reign of King John; it now, together with the demesne lands, belongs to Sir J. C. Musgrave, of Eden Hall.

Returning to the turn-pike road, we proceed over a bleak and desolate country, and at the distance of about fourteen miles reach ALDSTON MOOR, the most eastern town in the county; it is seated on a hill, at the bottom of which runs the river Tyne, with a stone bridge over it. The town consists of a number of small houses, built chiefly of stone, and covered with

slate. The environs of the town abound in lead-mines, which render it very populous, several hundreds of miners being employed. The market is on Saturday; and according to the returns of 1821, it contains 203 inhabited houses, and 1069 inhabitants.

The manor of Aldston Moor is now held under the commissioners and governors of Greenwich Hospital, being forfeited, in the year 1715, by the attainder of James Earl of Derwent-water, who was lord of the manor.

The town of Aldston Moor contains 889 houses, and 5699 inhabitants. The surrounding country is bleak and desolate, and the vegetable productions very scanty, compared with those of other parts. The interior of the earth, however, is richly impregnated with lead ore; the numerous mines of which give employment to most of the inhabitants. The parish of Aldston Moor is very extensive. The cultivated grounds are chiefly appropriated to hay and pasturing cows. On Gildersdale Fell, is a cavity called Tutman's Hole, which some adventurous persons have penetrated to the length of almost a mile without reaching the end.

A few miles to the south-east of Aldston Moor is a range of mountains, of which Cross-fell is the highest part, which being encompassed with desolate and barren heights, retains the snow upon its summit nearly three quarters of a year. This hill frequently gives birth to that singular phenomenon called the Helm wind, which rushes from an immense cloud, which gathers round the summit of this mountain, covering it like a helmet. The following description of this phenomenon is given by Mr. Ritson, in his history of Cumberland: he observes, that "these heights are supposed to effect the weather in a manner similar to what the inhabitants of the Malabar and Coromandel coasts experience; and what are called in this country *shedding winds*, generally blow on the contrary winds of Cross-fell from oppo-

site quarters to the Helm winds; and the storms which rake the country on one side of the mountain seldom affects the other. Upon the summits of this lofty ridge of mountains there frequently hangs a vast volume of clouds, in a sullen and drowsy state, having little movement. This heavy collection of vapours often extends the length of several miles, and reaches half way down to the base of the fells; the neighbouring mountains are generally at the same time clear of mist, and show no signs of rain. This *Helm* or cloud exhibits an awful and solemn appearance; the upper parts being tinged with a gleaming white by the sun's rays, while the lower parts spread a gloom over the mountains, like the shadows of night.

“When this mighty assemblage of vapour first begins to gather upon the hills, there is to be observed, hanging about it, a black strip of a cloud, which is continually flying off, and is apparently fed from the white part, or real helm. This strip is called the *Helm-bar*, as during its appearance the winds are thought to be resisted by it; for on its dispersion, they rage vehemently upon the valleys beneath. The direction of the helm-bar is parallel to that of the main cloud, or collection of vapour, which is tinged with white by the sun's rays: it appears in continual agitation, as if struggling with contrary blasts; while the *helm* at the same time is perfectly motionless. When the *bar* is dispersed, the winds that issue from the *helm* are sometimes extremely violent, but their degree of force seems generally to be in proportion to the real current of the winds which blow at a distance from the mountains, and which are frequently in a contrary direction.—At the base of the mountain the blasts are much less violent than in the middle region; and yet the hurricane is sometimes impetuous even there, bearing every thing before it; though at the distance of a few miles there is a dead calm, and a sunny sky.”

[*Journey from Holme Abbey to Wythburne Chapel; through Wigton, Uldale, and Keswick.*

HOLM ABBEY, or Holm Cultrum, is a small town, situated on a branch of the Solway Firth, containing 148 inhabited houses, and 758 inhabitants. This town was anciently of great repute, on account of a stately abbey, said to have been founded in the reign of King Stephen, by David I. king of Scotland, for Cistercian monks: very little of the monastic buildings now remain; the parochial chapel is formed out of the ruins, and part of the church, in its original form, is still standing. The importance of this abbey was formerly so great, that its abbots, though not mitred, were frequently, during the reign of Edward I. and II. summoned to sit in parliament. Its revenues, at the dissolution of religious houses, was estimated at 55*l* 3*s*. 7*d*.

Wulstey Castle is situated about five miles to the west of Holm Abbey, on the sea-coast, and is said to have been built by the abbots of Holm Cultrum, for securing their books and charters against the incursions of the Scots. "In this castle (says Camden) tradition reports, that the magic works of *Michael Scott* (or Scotus) were preserved till they were mouldering into dust. He professed a religious life here, about the year 1290, and became so deeply versed in mathematics, and other abstruse sciences, that he obtained the character of a magician, and was believed in that credulous age to have performed many miracles." Mr. Gough, observes, that "Michael Scott was a Durham man, who applied himself to the abstruse Aristotelian philosophy, which he pretended to translate from Avicenna, and dedicated to Frederic II. Emperor of Germany, whose astrologer he was. Some of his philosophical and astrological works have been printed; and Dempster says, some remained in his time in Scotland, which his countrymen dare not open, for fear of the devilish pranks that might be played by them."

On leaving Holm Abbey we proceed in a southeasterly direction, and at the distance of about six miles, after crossing the river Waver, at Ware-bridge, pass through the town of Wigton, about five miles beyond which is IREBY, an ancient but inconsiderable market-town, situated near the source of the river Ellen; it contains 97 inhabited houses, and 457 inhabitants. It has a market on Thursday. This place is supposed, by Mr. Camden, to have been the *Arbeia* of the Romans, where the *Barcarii Digrienses* were stationed: other writers, however, differ in opinion from Mr. Camden, placing the *Arbeia* at Moresby, where several remains have been dug up, and the site of a station is very evident.

About two miles beyond Ireby, we pass through the village of Uldale, seven miles beyond which is the town of Keswick, which we have already described; from whence, proceeding in a southerly direction, at the distance of two miles, we cross the Greta river, at Smalthwaite bridge; one mile beyond which is the village of THIRLSPOT, situated 286 miles from London.

About half a mile to the west of Thirlspot, is Thirlmere, or Leathes water.

Returning from this digression, about three miles from Thirlspot is Wythburne chapel, a small village; and about one mile and a half to the north-east of this village is Helvellyn. This mountain is situated about one mile to the east of Thirlmere.

EXCURSION TO THE ISLE OF MAN.

As the Isle of Man has for many centuries been looked upon as an appendage to the county of Cumberland, we shall pass over its ancient history, and observe that the extent of this Island, from the south-east to the north-west, is about thirty miles; its breadth is about ten in the widest part; and its circumference between seventy and eighty. A high

ridge of mountains runs nearly through its whole length, and occupies a considerable portion of the centre. This mountainous tract gives rise to many springs and rivulets, near which the houses are built; and likewise affords pasturage for sheep, and supplies the inhabitants with heath and peat for fuel. The two extremities of the Isle consist of good arable and pasture land. The soil on the north side is chiefly a sandy loam, with a bottom of clay, or marl. In this district is a large tract of land called the *Curragh*, which extends across the Isle from Ballaugh to Ramsey, and was formerly a bog, but is now drained, and produces excellent grass crops. In some parts of this tract is a remarkable layer of peat, which extends several miles under a stratum of gravel, clay, or earth: the thickness of the layer of peat is from two to three feet; that of the gravel, &c. from two to four feet. In other parts the peat has been removed to a depth varying from six to ten feet, and a surface found beneath that will bear the plough. The peat is fine: immense trunks of oak and fir-trees have been discovered in it; some lying deep, and from thirty to forty feet long, and two feet and a half in diameter. All the trees lie in a particular direction, as if they had been overwhelmed by a torrent. The soil at the south end is various; the greater part is loam; stiff clays prevail in other parts; and in some places a light sand.

The climate of this Isle is somewhat milder than in the neighbouring parts of Great Britain and Ireland, particularly in winter, the frost and snow being slight, and of short continuance; but the harvests are late, and the grain is sometimes checked in its growth, from the want of sufficient warmth in summer to bring it to maturity. Rain, and gales of wind, are frequent; yet, as the latter dispel the noxious vapours that would otherwise hang about the mountains, they contribute to longevity; and epidemical diseases are seldom heard of. In exposed situations, the air is sharp; and the cold easterly

winds in spring considerably retard the progress of vegetation.

The whole landed property of Man is divided into six manors: of these, two belong to the Duke of Athol. Other divisions of land prevailed here, termed *quarter-lands*, which seem analogous with hides, both in point of size, and variety of dimensions; but extend generally to about 100 acres. Quarter-lands are considered as property of the highest nature; and, though subject to a small rent, paid to the Lord of the Island, are absolute estates of inheritance; nor can they be disposed of by will, nor made liable to the payment of debts. Many estates are tithe-free, paying an annual modus in compensation; the amount of which can never be altered. Leases are now granted for a certain period; but, prior to the year 1777, dropped at the death either of the inheritor or lessor. The value of land varies from ten shillings to forty per acre; and, on the uplands, from five shillings to twelve. The right of pasture on the commons belongs to the people. The inclosures are from four to ten acres in size: the fences are mostly insecure banks of earth; but in some places, where the materials can be had cheap, dry stone walls are adopted. The roads are wide, and kept in good order by parochial labour, (including three days' labour annually, from every house in the town, generally compounded for at about 750*l.*) by a proportion of the revenue from vintner's licences, about 180*l.* and by a dog tax, which produces 70*l.* yearly. These are almost the only taxes in the Island.

Barley is chiefly sown in this Isle, the soil and climate being thought to agree better with its growth, than with that of other corn: of the two kinds cultivated, one is used for malt, the other for bread. Wheat is subject to smut: potatoes are grown in large quantities: and latterly, the cultivation of turnips has been attended with much success. The growth and manufacture of flax is very general, al-

most every farmer and cottager growing a small quantity, both for home use and for exportation. Hemp is sown in gardens, and on rich inclosures, but very rarely in the open fields. The native sheep are small and hardy; when fatted, they weigh from five to eight pounds a quarter; the meat is delicious. This is still the mountain breed; but in the lower grounds a larger kind prevails. A peculiar species is bred, called the *Laughton*, of a dark buff colour; the wool is fine, and much used by the inhabitants for making stockings. Many hundred head of cattle are fattened annually for exportation, and several fairs are held for selling them. From the dairy farms, about 1000 crocks of butter, each weighing thirty pounds, are annually sent to England. Pigs are bred in abundance; and in the mountains a small breed of wild swine, called *Purrs*, is met with, the flesh of which is exceedingly good. Poultry is very plenty; ducks and turkeys are very cheap, and are sent in quantities to England. But little wood is found on any part of the Isle; though, from the number and size of the trunks of trees discovered in the peat moss, it seems evident that formerly there was great plenty.

Some manufactories of coarse hats, cotton goods, and linen cloth, are carried on in different parts of the Isle; the latter is well made, from one to two shillings per yard, and is sent to England to the amount of 5000l. worth, annually. But the principal trade of Man arises from the herring-fishery, which generally commences about the middle of July, and for a month or six weeks continues off Peel, Port-Iron, and Castle-Town. Towards the end of August, the herrings collect round the north point of Douglas Bay, where, with increasing success, the fishery continues till the middle of September, when the fishermen are usually intimidated, and the fish dispersed, by the equinoctial gales.

When the season arrives, the appearance of the fish is indicated by the quantity of gulls that hover

around them: at this period the gull is esteemed sacred, and a fine of five pounds incurred by the wilful destruction of a single bird. 'The Manks' fleet is composed of nearly 500 boats; and is conducted to the herring-ground by an admiral and vice-admiral, who are elected for the season, and have a small allowance from Government. The boats seldom exceed eight tons, and cost, including the nets, &c. about eighty guineas. The boats sail with the evening, and return with the morning tide. The produce of each night is divided into nine shares; two belong to the proprietors of the boats, one to the owners of the nets, and the residue to the six fishermen. Two of these are generally seamen; but the others come from the interior parts of the country, at the commencement of the fishery. On leaving the harbour, the fishermen, with uncovered heads, invoke the assistance of Providence; and so careful are they to deserve its blessings, that the fleet never sails either on Saturday or Sunday evenings, lest the Sabbath should be violated. This conduct, more the offspring of fear than of gratitude, arises from a tradition, that on a Sunday evening of the seventeenth century, a tremendous gale, accompanied by thunder and lightning, arose when the boats were fishing, and destroyed great part of the fleet.

During the fishery, the price of the herrings varies from three shillings to one per hundred. The process of curing them is chiefly consigned to women, as in the pilchard trade of Cornwall. The herrings are carried by girls from nine to thirteen years of age, in baskets, from the boats to the curing houses, where women thoroughly rub them with salt, and they are left to purify till the next morning, when they are barrelled with a layer of salt between each layer of fish. These are termed *white herrings*; each barrel contains 600; and costs the curer, on the average, nearly twelve shillings; but when sold in England generally produces twenty-

five. Those fish designed for *red herrings*, are at first regularly piled up, with a layer of salt between each row of fish: in this state they remain several days to purify, and are afterwards washed; when drained sufficiently, they are strung by the mouth on small rods, and hung up in lofty houses, erected for the purpose, about sixty feet in length and forty broad. The length is divided into several spaces; and here the herring-rods are hung as close as possible, reaching from the roof to within eight feet of the floor. The appearance of the herrings, from their regularity and lustre, when newly hung up, is very pleasing. Beneath them are kindled several fires of the dried roots of oak, which are kept continually smoking for four or five weeks, when the herrings, being sufficiently reddened, are packed in barrels, and generally transported to the different ports of the Mediterranean. A salmon-fishery is likewise carried on in the Isle, which, previous to the late war, exported from 2000 to 3000 barrels annually to Italy, of the average weight of 150 pounds. The salmon before exportation are split, and wet salted; and after the barrels are packed, a sufficient quantity of pickle is poured in, to keep them moist.

The cottages of the lower classes of the Manks are built with the *sods of earth*, and the roofs are thatched with straw, which is bound down with straw ropes, drawn over like a net, and fastened to pegs in the wall: the thatch soon becomes of a murky hue, and must be frequently renewed. The food of the common people is fish and potatoes, with a small portion of fresh meat occasionally; their bread is made of barley and oatmeal, formed into very thin round cakes, like pancakes. During the summer months, as the men are chiefly engaged in the fisheries, the women are obliged to attend to the getting in of the harvest, &c. Most of the women are expert reapers, and the threshing in many upland farms, is wholly performed by them. Indo-

lence is a predominant feature of the Manks' character; but the females are generally active and lively: they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except on particular occasions: the men wear shoes or sandals, made of untanned leather, and called *kerranes*. Like the Swiss and Highlanders, the Manks are warmly attached to their vales and native mountains; but the liberal arts they have hitherto but little cultivated. A taste for literature is, however, spreading; and as the English language becomes better known, it will undoubtedly give birth to sentiments still more congenial to the cultivation of science.

The Manks' language is the *Erse*, or a dialect of that used in the Highlands of Scotland, intermixed with many Welsh, Saxon, and Danish words: most of the radices are Welsh. The New Testament, and several scriptural publications, have been translated into the Manks' tongue; copies of them, to the amount of some thousands, have been distributed among the inhabitants, by the Society associated for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The solitude of the country is exceedingly favourable to melancholy; and it is probably from this cause that superstitious opinions are so extremely prevalent among the inhabitants. Collins, in his exquisite poetry, describes Mona as the Isle where "*a thousand elfin shapes are seen;*" and many a romantic hill is still, in the ideas of the credulous natives, the theatre of the nocturnal revels of imaginary beings:

"What time, all in the Moon's pale beam,
Dancing by mountain, wood, or stream,
To magic melody, the Fays
In green and gold, and diamonds blaze."

These "*airy nothings,*" to whom the morbid fancy has given a "*local habitation and a name,*" are divided by such of the inhabitants as are "*skilled in visionary lore,*" into the playful and benignant spirits;

and those who are sullen and vindictive. 'The former haunt the margin of the brooks and water-falls, half concealed among the bushes; or dance on the tops of the neighbouring mountains: they are described as gay and beautiful; in appearance like women, but more shy, and never admitting more than a transient glance at their charms. 'The latter live apart from the others, and are neither beautiful in their persons, nor gorgeous in their array. 'Their habitations are the hideous precipices and caverns on the sea-shore; and when they "*visit the glimses of the moon,*" they are enveloped in clouds or mountain-fogs. 'To these the Manks-man imputes his sufferings, when, in a dark stormy night, his vessel is dashed to pieces on the neighbouring rocks; and the vengeful spirits of the tempest have, at those times, been often heard to yell, as in barbarous triumph.

"Besides the fairy superstition, many of the Manks, like the natives of the "*Hebrid Isles,*" believe in the second sight, and in warnings and fore-knowledge of their own deaths. Sometimes, amid the awful silence of midnight, many have heard themselves repeatedly summoned, by name, to depart; and several, in their lonely rambles, have met with a visionary funeral, which, unseen by any other person, followed the man destined to die, wherever he turned, till the apparition of the nearest relation then present seemed to touch him, when the whole instantly vanished; and the devoted wretch immediately felt a cold tremor over all his frame, and his heart afflicted with the sickness of death."

The vulgar are not the only persons who have believed in supernatural appearances. Even the celebrated Joseph Addison, notwithstanding the philosophy of his illumined mind, paid some deference to the probability of popular superstitions; and, in a letter sent to him by governor Sacheverell, who published an "*Account of the Isle of Man*" in the year 1702, is the following passage: "As to the light

being generally seen at people's deaths, I have some assurances so probable, that I know not how to disbelieve them; particularly an ancient man, who has been clerk of a parish, has affirmed to me, that he almost constantly sees them upon the death of any of his own parish. And one Captain Leathes, who was chief Magistrate of Belfast, assured me, that he was once shipwrecked on this island, and lost great part of his crew, that when he came on shore, the natives told him he had lost thirteen of his men, for they saw so many of the lights going towards the church; which was just the number lost. Whether these fancies," continues the governor, "proceed from ignorance, superstition, or from any traditionary or hereditary magic, or whether Nature has adapted the organs of some persons for discerning of spirits, *I cannot possibly determine.*"

The population of Man has greatly increased during the course of the last century, and is still rapidly augmenting. The increase has been partly occasioned by the numbers who, attracted by the comparative cheapness of provision, and the freedom from heavy taxes enjoyed by the inhabitants, have deserted the contiguous kingdoms, and fixed their residence in this Isle. When the people were numbered in the year 1726, they scarcely amounted to 14,000: within 30 years afterwards they were computed at 20,000: in 1792, they had increased to 27,913: and at the present period they are estimated at upwards of 40,000. The whole Isle is divided into seventeen parishes: the towns all are situated on the sea-coast. The value of coin in Man and England differs considerably, twenty shillings English, being equal to 1l. 3s. 4d. Manks' currency.

In almost every parish of this Isle is a parochial library, and a small school, which have been found of much service in softening the manners of the people. These excellent institutions were originally began by Bishop Wilson, and Dr. Bray; since their deaths, they have been continued by subscriptions

and bequests. The charges for supporting the poor, and various expenses attending church service, are defrayed by moneys collected from the congregations who assemble in the different parishes. Handsome copper-pans are provided in each church for receiving the collections, which are generally made once or twice a month. In remote parishes, service is mostly performed in the Manks' language; in some it is read in English every four weeks; in others the languages are used alternately. The form of the churches is somewhat peculiar; they are in general very long and extremely narrow.

CASTLE-TOWN,

Though considerably inferior to Douglas, in wealth and mercantile importance, demands priority in description, from being the residence of the principal officers of the government of Man, and the seat of the Manks' Parliament. The houses are situated on the opposite sides of a small creek, that opens into a rocky and dangerous bay; the difficulty of entering which injures, in a certain degree, the commerce of the town. The streets are spacious and regular, and the houses mostly neat and uniform. In the centre of the town is CASTLE-RUSHEN, a solid and magnificent structure of freestone, erected on a rock, and considered as the chief fortress in the Island. According to the Manks' traditions, it was built in the year 960, by the Danish Prince, Guttred, who lies obscurely buried within its walls. The figure of the castle is irregular, and by some writers said to bear a great resemblance to Elsinour, in Denmark. The stone glacis which surrounds it is supposed to have been built by Cardinal Wolsey. The stonework of the keep, and several interior portions of the building, are nearly as entire as when first erected; but the other parts have been repaired, as the castle has been several times besieged. In the keep is a deep dungeon for prisoners, who must have been lowered into it by ropes, as there are no steps to de-

scend by, nor the least opening for the admittance of light, excepting through the chinks of its grated covering. Round the whole fortress is a moat, which is crossed by a draw-bridge. This fabric was the ancient mansion of the Kings of Man, who resided in it, in all the warlike pomp of feudal magnificence and barbarism. Its gloomy brow, crested with towers and battlements, rears itself above the adjacent country, in all the majesty of sullen grandeur.

Various traditionary and superstitious tales are related of this Castle, and as firmly believed by a portion of the natives, as the most well-authenticated facts of history. One tale, interesting from its singularity, we shall repeat from Waldron, who subjoins, that, "ridiculous as the narration may appear, whoever seems to disbelieve it, is looked on as a person of weak faith." Since his time, however, the sentiments of many of the Manks have become more liberal; and a man may now smile at the absurd relation, without being accused of unsound principles.

"The Castle (says the natives) was at first inhabited by fairies, and afterwards by giants, who continued in possession of it till the days of Merlin, who, by the force of magic, dislodged the greatest part of them, and bound the rest in spells, which, they believe, will be indissoluble to the end of the world. In proof of this, they tell you a very odd story: they say there are a great number of fine apartments under ground, exceeding in magnificence any of the upper rooms. Several men, of more than ordinary courage, have, in former times, ventured down to explore the secrets of this subterranean dwelling-place, but none of them ever returned to give an account of what they saw: it was, therefore, judged convenient that all the passages to it should be carefully shut, that no more might suffer by their temerity. But about fifty or fifty-five years since, a person, who had an uncommon boldness and resolu-

tion, never left soliciting permission of those who had the power to grant it, to visit those dark abodes: in fine, he obtained his request, went down, and returned by the help of a clue of packthread which he took with him, and brought this amazing discovery:—

“That, after having passed through a great number of vaults he came into a long, narrow place, which, the further he penetrated, he perceived he went more and more on a descent: till having travelled, as near as he could guess, for the space of a mile, he began to see a little gleam of light, which, though it seemed to come from a vast distance, yet was the most delightful sight he had ever beheld in his life. Having at length come to the end of that lane of darkness, he perceived a very large and magnificent house, illuminated with a great many candles, whence proceeded the light just now mentioned. Having, before he began this expedition, well fortified himself with brandy, he had courage enough to knock at the door, which a servant, at the third knock, opened, and asked him what he wanted? “I would go so far as I can,” replied our adventurer; “be so kind, therefore, as to direct me how to accomplish my design, for I see no passage but that dark cavern through which I came.” The servant told him he must go through that house, and accordingly led him through a long entry, and out at the back door. He then walked a considerable way, and at last beheld another house, more magnificent than the first; and the windows being all open, discovered innumerable lamps burning in every room. Here he designed also to knock; but he had the curiosity to step on a little bank, which commanded a low parlour, and looking in, he beheld a vast table in the middle of the room, of black marble, and on it extended, at full length, a man, or rather monster; for, by his account, he could not be less than fourteen feet long, and ten or eleven round the body. This prodigious fabric lay as if sleeping, with his head on

a book, and a sword by him, of a size answerable to the hand which it is supposed made use of it. This sight was more terrifying to our traveller than all the dark and dreary mansions he had passed through; he resolved, therefore, not to attempt entrance into a place inhabited by persons of that unequal stature, and made the best of his way back to the other house; where the same servant re-conducted, and informed him, that if he had knocked at the second door, he would have seen company enough, but never could have returned: on which he desired to know what place it was, and by whom possessed; but the other replied, that these things were not to be revealed. He then took his leave, and by the same dark passage got into the vaults, and soon after once more ascended to the light of the sun."

In Castle-town is a neat and elegant chapel, which was erected between the years 1698 and 1701, and paid for out of the ecclesiastical revenues. The first stone was laid, and the chapel consecrated, by the good Bishop Wilson. Here is also a free-school, instituted by Bishop Barrow, to supply the church, about 1666, 'The school-house was formerly a chapel, dedicated to St. Mary, as early as the year 1230. The Courts of Chancery and common Law are held in this town.

Longness Point is the extremity of a peninsula which forms the south-eastern boundary of Derby Haven. To this the little Isle of St. Michael is joined by a high breast-work, of about 100 yards in length. The Isle contains the ruins of a circular fort, erected by one of the Earls of Derby, with a view of defending the entrance to the harbour. Near the tower are the vestiges of a ruined chapel.

BALA-SALA is a neat and considerable village, about two miles from Castle-Town, on the road to Douglas. The village itself contains nothing remarkable; but at a little distance are the venerable ruins of RUSHEN-ABBAY, which was founded in the year 1098, by the Prince Mac-marus, whose wisdom and virtue

occasioned him to be raised to the throne by the general consent of the people. This establishment consisted of an Abbot and twelve Monks of the Cistercian order. Their primitive hospitality procured them the honourable appellation of "Almoners of the Poor;" though the charities they bestowed, as well as their own necessities, were then procured by manual labour. At length, on the increase of their revenues by the gifts of the pious, their original industry was exchanged for monastic idolence, and the simplicity of their mode of living fled before the demon of luxury. Their apartments were rendered more sumptuous, their habit more commodious, and their table more expensive. The authority of the Abbot was also increased; he became a Baron of the Isle, and was invested with power to hold temporal Courts in his own name. In the year 1316, the Monastery was plundered by Richard de Mandeville, who, with a numerous train of Irish, landed at Rannesway on Ascension-day, defeated the Manks, and ravaged their country; but, after a month's stay, re-embarked with his adherents for Ireland. Many of the Kings of the Isle were interred in this Abbey: part of the site is occupied by a handsome house belonging to the Deemster Moore, who owns the estate, and has converted the offices of the Monastery into out-houses. The Bridge at Bala-sala situated in a romantic spot, and considered by the inhabitants as of great antiquity. It is usually called the Abbey Bridge; one of the arches is nearly semicircular, the other is somewhat pointed; but both are irregular. The passage over the bridge is extremely narrow.

Near Douglas is the residence of Major Taubman, an elegant modern building, called THE NUNNERY, from its vicinity to the venerable remains of an ancient Priory, which is reported to have been founded in the sixth century, by Saint Bridget, when she came to receive the veil from the hands of St. Maughold. This institution, from the pious celebrity

of its foundress, was soon tenanted by female votaries; some of whom were compelled to assume the sacred garb by parental severity; and others allured to sacrifice their beauty and youth at the shrine of superstition, from mistaken ideas of religious duty. The Prioress was anciently a Baroness of the Isle, and held Courts in her own name. Nunnery is elegantly fitted up; the gardens are spacious, and disposed with great taste. The views of the adjacent country from this mansion are extremely beautiful.

DOUGLAS,

Or, according to its ancient orthography, *Dufglass*, is now the most extensive and populous town in the Isle, and enjoys a greater portion of its commerce than any other; though hardly a century ago, it was little more than a group of clay-built cottages. This town is situated near the southern part of the Bay, from which it rises in a triangular form, and commands a fine view of the neighbouring country, as well as a most extensive prospect of the sea, and many parts of Cumberland and Lancashire. The streets are extremely irregular, many of the best houses being environed with miserable cottages. This, by a late writer, is ascribed to the affluence which certain individuals acquired by the clandestine commerce that was formerly carried on in the Island; and which induced the fortunate adventurer to demolish his paternal hut, that a mansion more suitable to his greatness might be erected on its site; while his less favoured neighbour was obliged to content himself with a residence barely adequate to exclude the severities of the weather. The spirit of architectual elegance, however, seems to have visited Douglas; for the houses which skirt the fine river that forms the harbour, have an air of superior beauty, and, with the shipping, and adjacent scenery, compose, at high water, a pleasing landscape. The residence of the Duke of Athol, near the town, is a spacious and stately building. It was erected at a

considerable expense, by a merchant, a short time previous to the sale of the Island; but, soon after that transaction, was sold to the Duke for 300*l.* the general consternation that prevailed having occasioned a belief that all property was insecure.

The advance of Douglas to importance may be estimated by its convivial societies, assemblies, race-course, and theatre: the latter was erected a few years ago by Captain Tenison, with the benevolent design of contributing to the relief of the poor; but, from the penury of dramatic genius in this Island, the admirers of Melpomene were found to be too few to second effectually his charitable intentions. Card-parties are very frequent; and Douglas has been said to contain some "awful monuments of excessive gaming." During the herring fishery, Douglas is a scene of general festivity: "this season is a jubilee to the fishermen, and their wives and daughters come in groups from the interior parts of the country to heighten it. The Manksman shakes off his wonted sloth and melancholy, and assumes an air of gaiety and mirth. The day is passed in banqueting, and flowing cups go round: gladness smiles in every eye; the song echoes from every corner; and, not unfrequently, dances conclude the festivity of the night."

In Douglas is a Free-school, and a small Chapel, dedicated to St. Matthew; and on an eminence, west of the town, is St. George's Chapel, a spacious and elegant modern building, with galleries, and an handsome organ. This was proposed to be erected by subscription, and the funds were lodged in the hands of the Rev. George Mason, Bishop of the Diocese; but the prelate dying insolvent, the persons employed in its construction have never been paid. The population is computed at nearly 3000: the labouring classes derive part of their subsistence from an extensive linen manufactory, some tanneries, snuff and tobacco factories, breweries, &c. The number of houses is about 900. Douglas is in

the parish of Kirk-Bradden: the parochial church is beautifully situated amidst a group of aged trees, two miles from the town.

The Bay of Douglas is in the form of a crescent, about three miles in extent, from Clay-head to Douglas-promontory. The neighbouring high-lands render it an asylum from the tempests of the north-west and south; but to the storms of the east it is much exposed: both points present a dangerous and rocky shore. The Bay is visited by abundance of fish, particularly cod and salmon: the latter are small, but their delicacy and flavour are extremely fine. *Gobbock*, or dog-fish, are also very plenty, and are frequently eaten by the lower classes. At low water, the Bay is entirely dry, and is considered as the best dry harbour in St. George's Channel: its depth is sufficient for vessels of 500 tons. A very handsome new pier, and light-house, have been lately erected, at an expense of upwards of 20,000*l.* granted by Government: the first stone was laid by the Duke of Athol, in the year 1793. The walks round the pier and bay are exceedingly pleasant. Near the mouth of the harbour are the ruins of an old round tower, now used as a temporary prison for criminals.

LAXEY is a group of cottages, seated in the bosom of a deep glen, near the bottom of a retired creek, formed by the river Laxey, which flows from the foot of Snaffield, the highest mountain in the Isle, and is crossed by a bridge of four arches, at the extremity of the village. The creek opens into an extensive bay, which abounds with every kind of flat-fish; and might, at a small expense, be made a very commodious harbour for vessels of considerable burthen; but at present it is not sufficiently sheltered from the east winds. An oyster bank, in eighteen feet water, about one mile and a half from the shore, and two miles broad, extends from Laxey Bay to within two or three miles of Maughold Head. Considerable quantities of coarse linen are bleached

in this parish. On an elevated site by the road side, near the village, is a small circular range of stones, some few standing erect, and others leaning towards the centre, which apparently has formed a *Kist-vaen*, but is now mutilated: this monument bears the name of the *Gloven Stones*. Some lead-mines near Laxey are reported to yield ore richly impregnated with silver. The mountain *Snaffield* is about three miles north-west of this village: its height, as taken by the barometer, is 380 yards. From the towering summit of this stupendous pyramid the prospect is extensive and sublime. Immediately beneath are the lesser mountains of Mona, with all its romantic hills and vales, beautifully interspersed with rivers, villages, and towns: more distant is the *multitudinous ocean*, covered with many a white sail, and, when glowing with the tints of the evening sun, presenting a picture of enchanting beauty. The view is terminated only by the majestic heights of the neighbouring kingdoms; the mountains of Cumberland, Galloway, Caenarvonshire, and Arklow, being all within reach of the eye.

KIRK-MAUGHOLD is now a lonely and inconsiderable village, but anciently possessed an extended portion of celebrity: its name was derived from the following legend. "About the close of the fifth century, St. Maughold, who had formerly been a captain of Irish banditti, was cast upon this Isle, in a little leathern boat, his hands manacled, and his feet loaded with fetters. Such an object naturally awoke the attention of the Bishop of the Isle, who received him with admiration and pity; particularly, when the Saint informed him, that this severity and danger he voluntarily suffered as a penance for his former wickedness. He retired to a solitary but in this mountainous district, where his penitence, austerities, and piety, caused him to be so greatly venerated, that, on the Bishop's death, he was appointed to the vacant See by the unanimous voice of the Manks' nation; and afterwards became highly distinguished

by his devout and holy conduct." The parochial church is dedicated to this Saint. It stands on a very lofty promontory, in the centre of a spacious church-yard, which is enclosed with a strong bank of earth, faced on the outward side with stones. Many ancient grave-stones are scattered over this extensive inclosure, as well as several crosses, apparently Danish. Near the church-gate is a beautiful quadrangular column, or pillar, ornamented with neat sculpture, and several figures: some of them are supposed to refer to the history of St. Maughold. Under the rocks forming the bold promontory called St. Maughold's Head, is a fine spring, also named after this Saint, the waters of which were anciently reputed to have the property of preventing barrenness. The religious community of St. Bees, in Cumberland, was possessed of some valuable property in this parish; and a small sum is now paid annually to St. Bees' school, for which the parishioners of Maughold claim the right of sending two children thither to be instructed, gratis.

RAMSEA

Is a neat town, containing about 300 houses, built on the shore of an extensive bay, which might be rendered capable of affording anchorage and security to very large vessels; but is now partially choaked with sand. The harbour is protected by a fort, guarded with several cannon: the lower part of the light-house is used as a temporary prison. The chief article of export is grain. The Deemster of the northern district resides and holds his courts in this town. The land in this vicinity is well cultivated, and lets at a high rate. Several boats, with good accommodations for passengers, sail weekly from this port to Liverpool and Whitehaven.

In the parish of KIRK ANDRES, north of Ramsey, are several curiosities, particularly an ancient entrenchment at Ballachuray, situated on a small natural eminence, in a very level district. It is of

a square form, with a noble bastion at each angle : the whole surrounded with a wet-foss, of very ample dimensions. The area is a fine piece of ground, sunk so much below the level of the bastion and ramparts, as effectually to secure the troops within from the effects of fire arms: all the works are in complete preservation. Many barrows are also to be met with in this parish ; some of them environed with large stones placed endways in the earth. In a barrow that was opened here by Mr. Chaloner, fourteen rotten earthen pots, or urns, were discovered, with their mouths downward ; with one neater than the others, in a bed of white sand, containing a few bones, which, from their brittleness, were thought to have been burnt. In the church-yard is a square stone pillar, with a Runic inscription, which has been thus translated by Mr. Beauford, of Athy, in Ireland. "*The son of Ulf of the Swedri (or Swedes) erected this cross to the warrior Afterarin, the son of Cunnu.*"

" There is, perhaps, no country in which more Runic inscriptions are to be met with, particularly on funeral monuments. They are generally cut upon long flat rag-stones, and are read from the bottom upwards. The inscriptions are generally upon one edge of the stones ; and upon both sides are crosses, and little embellishments of men on horseback, or in arms ; stags, dogs, birds, and other devices. In several of the barrows have been found urns full of burnt bones, white and fresh as when interred ; and in the last century was dug up several brass daggers, and other military instruments ; with some nails of pure gold, having on the small end rivets of the same metal, which, from their make, appear to have been the nails of a royal target."

BISHOP'S COURT, the general residence of the Bishops of this see, is about one mile from the village of Kirk-Michael. The palace has been nearly rebuilt by the present Metropolitan, who has expended considerable sums in improving the estate.

The gardens and walks are pleasant; and the offices are convenient: Annexed to the house is a small chapel.

KIRK-MICHAEL is an extensive village, pleasantly situated near the sea. Near the entrance to the church-yard is a lofty square pillar of blue stone, with an inscription in Runic characters, which both Mr. Beauford and Sir John Prestwich, Bart. have attempted to decypher; but their respective explanations furnish a singular specimen of the uncertainty which attends the translation of ancient inscriptions. Mr. Beauford reads it as follows:

FOR THE SINS OF IVALFIR, THE SON OF DURAL, THIS
CROSS WAS ERECTED BY HIS MOTHER AFTRIDE.

By Sir John Prestwich, Bart. it was translated
thus differently:

WALTAR, SON OF THURULF, A KNIGHT RIGHT VALIANT,
LORD OF FRITHU, THE FATHER, JESUS CHRIST.—

Within the church-yard is another Runic inscription, on a square stone pillar; and also a plain tomb, to the memory of Bishop Wilson, who, after a life passed in acts of exemplary benevolence and piety, was buried in this cemetery in March, 1775. Several tumuli, and other vestiges of ancient manners, are remaining in this parish: the *Cairn-Viael* is composed of small stones heaped together.

PEEL,

ANCIENTLY called HOLM, is a small, but pleasant, town, situated on the western side of the Isle, near the margin of a spacious bay, abounding with variety of fish, and particularly the red, or vermilion cod, the flesh of which is extremely delicate. The harbour was formerly much frequented by smugglers; but, since the decline of their illicit traffic, it has been neglected, and is now so greatly injured, that only vessels of light burthen can enter it. The number of houses in Peel is nearly 350: the inhabitants are computed at about 1909. A free grammar-

school, a mathematical school, and an English charity school, have been established here. Among the rocks, that form the north boundary of the bay, is a range of romantic and grotesque caverns, supposed, by the more credulous natives, to be the subterraneous palaces of the malignant spirits, that haunt the Isle. The southern extremity of the bay is formed by Peel Isle, which, with its Castle, Cathedral Church of the Diocese, &c. has been thus described in the sixth volume of Grose's Antiquities.

"PEEL CASTLE stands on a small rocky Island, about 100 yards north of the town. The channel, which divides it from the main land, at high water, is very deep; but when the tide is out, is scarcely mid-leg deep, being only separated by a little rivulet, which flows from Kirk-Jarmyn mountains. The entrance into this Island is on the south side, where a flight of stone steps, now nearly demolished, though strongly cramped with iron, come over the rocks to the water's edge; and turning to the left, others lead through a gateway in the side of a square tower, to the castle. Adjoining to this tower is a strong vaulted guard-room.

"The walls inclose an irregular polygon, whose area contains about two acres. They are flanked with towers, and are remarkably rough, being built with a coarse greystone, but coigned and faced in many parts with a red grit found in the neighbourhood. It is highly probable that this Island has been fortified in some manner ever since the churches were built; but the present works are said, by Bishop Wilson, to have been constructed by Thomas, Earl of Derby, who first encompassed it with a wall, probably about the year 1500.

"Here are the remains of two churches; one dedicated to St. Patrick, the era of its erection unknown; the other, called St. German's, or the Cathedral, constructed about the year 1245.

"It is built in the form of a cross, with a coarse grey stone; but the angles, window-cases and

arches, are coigned and formed with a stone found in the neighbourhood, almost as red as brick. This mixture of colours has a pleasing effect, and gives a richness and variety to the building. The cathedral is now extremely ruinous, much of it is unroofed, and the remainder so considerably out of repair, that it would not be over safe for a congregation to assemble in it. The eastern part of it was the episcopal cemetery; and the inhabitants still bury within and about its walls. Beneath the easternmost part is the ecclesiastical prison: the descent into this vault is by eighteen steps; and the roof is vaulted by thirteen ribs, forming pointed arches, and supported by as many short semi-hexagonal pillars, only twenty-one inches above ground. The bottom of this place is extremely rough; and in the north-west corner is a well, or spring, which must have added greatly to the natural dampness of the place, to which there is no other air or light, but what is admitted through a small window at the east end.

“ About the middle of the area, a little to the northward of the churches, is a square pyramidal mound of earth, terminating obtusely. Each of its sides faces one of the cardinal points of the compass, and measures about seventy yards. Time and weather have rounded off its angles; but, on a careful observation, it will be found to have been originally of the figure here described. Tumuli of this kind are not uncommon in the Island.”

The castle was for many years the residence of the Princes of Mona; and has likewise been the place where various illustrious persons have been confined. Eleanor, wife to Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, was imprisoned here till her death, on a charge of witchcraft; and her unquiet spirit is still said to haunt the place at midnight. In the vicinity of Peel, a peculiar white marl is dug; and in the quarries, the horns and other bones of *elks*, or stags, have frequently been discovered: some of the former measure nine feet; and from the dimensions of the

bones, the animals to which they belonged are supposed to have been seventeen feet high.

The *TYNWALD*, or *Tynwald Mount*, as it is generally, but improperly called, stands about three miles from Peel, near the side of the high road to Douglas. Its name is compounded of the British words *Tyng*, and *wal*; signifying, the *Juridical Hill*. It is an artificial mount of earth, covered with turf, having a flight of steps cut on the south side for ascending to the summit. Its form is that of an obtruncated cone, divided into three stages, or circles, regularly advanced three feet above each other; but proportionably diminished, both in circuit and width, to the top, which does not exceed two yards in diameter. Here, when the laws are promulgated, the Governor is seated under a canopy of state; while the other estates and people respectively occupy the lower circles, and the contiguous area. The whole was originally surrounded by a ditch, and a rampart of earth, (now nearly destroyed,) inclosing a space in the shape of a right-angled parallelogram, within which, and facing the steps, is a small chapel, dedicated to St. John, where, previous to the promulgation of any new law, the chief magistrates attend divine worship: this chapel has been lately rebuilt. The entrance to the enclosure is reported to have been under some transverse imposts, resting on upright stone jambs; but these are now removed. Neither history nor tradition record the era of the erection of the *Tynwald*; but, judging from its name and appropriation, it would seem to have been constructed by the Aborigines of the district.

The constitutional officers, in whom the administration of the Laws of Man is now vested, are the Governor, his two Councils, the Deemsters, and the House of Keys. These four estates, when assembled, are called the *Tynwald Court*. Previous to the purchase of the Isle by the British Government, they possessed the entire legislative authority; and have still the power of making *ordinances*, which

have the effect of laws, without waiting for the Royal assent. These ordinances, however, must agree in their general tenor with the ancient customs which constitute what may be termed the Manks' common law. Once a year a Grand Court is held at the Tynwald Mount, where all new acts are publicly read, and thenceforth become binding on the people. It is doubtful whether they have the authority of laws till thus promulgated. The concurrence of the four estates is requisite in the formation of new laws. The twenty-four Keys were anciently styled *Taxiare*, from *taisce*, a pledge, or hostage; and *aisee*, a trespass. They are chosen from the principal Commoners of the Isle, but their election is no longer dependent on the people; and both their natural and legislative existence is now coeval, unless they resign, are expelled by the voice of their brethren, or accept an office that includes the right of sitting in the council. Since the year 1450, they have assumed the privilege of electing themselves; and on the occurrence of a vacancy, the house presents two names to the Governor, who makes his choice; when the favoured candidate takes the oaths and seat. The possession of freehold property is a necessary qualification.

The two Deemsters are judges both in common and criminal causes; and as the Isle, in a civil relation, is divided into the districts *northern* and *southern*, they have each a distinct court answering to those divisions, where they preside and give judgment, without the intervention of a jury, according to the traditional and unwritten laws of the land, here termed *breast laws*. These courts are held once a week, or oftener, if necessary. The oath taken by the Deemsters, on entering into office, is conceived in the following singular terms: "By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above, and in the earth beneath, in *six days and seven nights*, I *A. B.* do swear, that I will,

without respect of favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly, betwixt our Sovereign Lord the King, and his Subjects within this Isle, and betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the *herring's back-bone doth lie in the midst of the fish.*" The Deemsters were always officers of great dignity; and their influence over the people resembled, in some degree, the civil authority of the ancient Druids; whose institutions, in all probability, were the original foundations on which the authority of the Deemsters was grounded.

The process of ensuring appearance in any of the courts, was formerly by a summons sent from the Magistrate with "*the initials of his name inscribed on a bit of slate, or stone.*" This was shown to the party, with the time of appearance, &c. and if not obeyed, the defaulter was fined, or imprisoned, till he gave bond to appear, or pay costs. The summons is now written on paper. In the Criminal Courts, the usage observed by the Saxons before the Conquest is still retained, of the Bishop, or his deputy, sitting with the governor, till sentence is to be pronounced; when, instead of the usual enquiry of Guilty, or not Guilty, the Deemsters ask, "*Vod fir-charre soie?*" which signifies, "May the man of the chancel, or he that ministers at the altar, continue to sit?" If the question is answered in the affirmative, the Bishop, or his substitute, continues sitting; but if sentence of death is to be pronounced, he rises, and leaves the Court.

Among the laws and customs peculiar to the Isle are the following, which merit attention, from their singularity;—

"If any man take a woman by constraint, or force her against her will—if she be a *wife*, he must suffer the law for her; if she be a maid, or single woman, the Deemster shall give her a rope, a sword, and a ring, and she shall have her choice, either to hang with the rope, cut off his head with the sword, or

marry him with the ring." In any prosecution under this law, the criminal is first tried by a jury impannelled by the ecclesiastical judges, and if found guilty, is then delivered to the temporal courts, where he again undergoes a trial.

"Any person beating another violently, beside punishment, and charges of cure, shall be fined ten shillings; but if the person so beat, used upbraiding or provoking language, so as to cause such beating, he shall be fined thirteen shillings and four-pence, and be imprisoned.

"If a young man get a young woman or maid with child, and, within two years after the birth of such child, marry her, that child, though born before marriage, shall possess his father's estate, according to the custom of the Island, as amply as if that child had been born in wedlock. If a woman bring forth a dead child, the child shall not be buried in the church-yard, except the mother swears that she has received the sacrament since the quickening of the child."

Wives have the power of disposing by will of half of all the effects, moveable or immoveable, during the life-time of the husband, and independent of his pleasure; except in the six northern parishes, where the wife, if she has had any children, can only bequeath one-third part of the live stock. This privilege the southern females are said to have obtained from assisting their husbands in a battle, and enabling them to gain the victory.

"If any man die, the widow to have one half of all his goods, and half the tenement in which she lives during her widowhood, if his first wife; and one quarter, if his second or third wife; but if she marry, or miscarry, she loses her widow-right. The eldest daughter inherits if there be no son, though there be other children."

Provincial Terms used in Cumberland and its Vicinity.

Adlings, earnings.

Amel, between.

Arden, fallow quarter.

Arles, or *Earles*, earnest money.

Arnut, earth-nut.

Arr, scar or mark.

Bain, ready, near.

Batts, islands in rivers, or flat grounds adjoining them.

Beck, a brook or rivulet.

Berrier, a thresher.

Bink, a seat against the front of a house.

Bigg, four-rowed barley.

Blash, to paint.

Bleb, a drop.

Braugham, a collar for a horse.

Brake, a large barrow.

Brent, steep.

Brissel, to scorch or dry very hard by the fire.

Bumble Kites, bramble berries.

Buse, a stall, or cow-house, hay buse.

Buste, a mark made by tar upon sheep.

Byer, a cow-house.

Cam, or *Comb*, remains of an earthen mound.

Carr, flat marshy ground.

Chisel, bran.

Choups, heps, the fruit of briars.

Cope, to barter, or exchange.

Coul, to scrape earth together.

Cow wa, come away.

Crine, to shrink, or pine.

Daft, foolish or stupid.

Darking, listening obscurely or unseen.

Deail head, a narrow plat of ground in a field.

Dene, a dell, or deep valley.

Dowp, a carrion crow.

Draf, brewers grains.

- Dub*, a pool.
An ear, or *a niere*, a kidney.
Elsin, an awl.
*Ennanter*s, in case of, otherwise.
Fash'd, troubled.
Fell, a moor or common.
Fettle, to make ready.
Flaid, frightened.
Flacher, to flutter or quiver.
Fog, aftermath.
Fond, silly, foolish.
Forse, a cascade.
Froating, anxious, unremitting industry.
Fusin, nourishment.
Gaiting, a sheaf of corn set up on end to dry.
Gait, pasturage for cattle, during summer.
Gait, or *Gate*, a path, a way, or street.
Gar, to oblige to do any thing.
Garsil, hedging wood.
Gavelock, an iron lever.
Gear, stock, property, wealth.
Gears, horse trappings.
Gill, a small valley, or dell.
Gimmer, an ewe sheep from the first to the second shearing.
Glaire, miry puddle.
Gliff, a transient view, a glance.
Glin'd looked askance.
Glop, or *Glore*, to stare.
Gob, the mouth.
Gouk, a cuckoo.
Goping, as much as both hands can hold.
Grain, of a tree, a branch.
Grosers, gooseberries.
Grape, a three-pronged fork for filling rough dung.
Groats, shelled oats.
Greeting, weeping.
Hard corn, wheat and maslin.
Howk, to make a hole, or cut earth with a spade.
Haver, oats.

Hell, or *Hail*, to pour.

Haver meal, oatmeal.

Haughs, flat grounds by the sides of rivers.

Hemmel, a shed or covering for cattle.

Hindberries, raspberries.

Hipe, to rip or gore with the horns of cattle.

Hogg, a young sheep before it be shorn.

Hopple, to tie the legs together.

Howl, hollow,

Huse, a short cough.

Humbling barley, breaking off the awns with a flail.

Ings, low wet grounds.

Kave, to separate the short straw from the corn.

Kemping, to strive against each other in reaping corn.

Kenspeckled, to be marked so as to be easily known.

Keslop, a calf's stomach salted and dried for rennet.

Kettle, to tickle.

Kemps, hairs amongst wool.

Kevel, a large hammer for quarrying stones.

Kite, the belly.

Lake, to play.

Late, or *Lait*, to seek.

Leave Lave, or all the rest.

Letch, a swang or marshy gutter.

Lemurs, ripe nuts that come easily from the stalk.

Leam, a flame.

Lib, to castrate.

Lig, to lie.

Ligney, active, strong, able to bear great fatigue.

Ling, heath, inks, commons or heaths.

Linn, a cascade.

Lop, a flee.

Lop-loach, the leech used by surgeons to draw blood.

Lowe, a flame.

Looking Corn, weeding corn

Lyery, abounding with lean flesh, especially on the buttocks.

Mang, barley or oats ground with the husks for dogs

Maugh, a brother-in-law.

Maummy, mellow and juiceless.

Meade, made.

Meal of Milk, as much as a cow gives at one milking.

Mel Supper, a supper and dance at harvest home.

Mell, a beetle.

Mistech, bad habits.

Mondy Warp, a mole.

Neive, the fist.

Neivel, to strike or beat with the fist.

Nolt, or *Nout*, neat cattle.

Peer, poor.

Piggin, a small wooden porringer, like a pail.

Plenishing, household furniture.

Prod, a prick.

Pubble, plump full, said of corn or grain.

Quickens, or *Quicken grass*, a general name for all creeping grasses or plants.

Rated, approaching to rottenness.

Reins, balks of grass-land in arable fields.

Rice, hedging wood.

Rife, ready, quick to learn.

Rift, to belch, also to plow out grass-land.

Rowting, bellowing of an ox.

Rung, a round of a ladder.

Runch, a name for wild mustard and wild radish.

Sackless, innocent

Samcast, two ridges ploughed together

Sare, much, very, greatly

Sheer, to reap or cut

Snell, sharp, keen, as snell air.

Smash, to crush.

Skelp, to slap, strike with the open hand.

Skcel, a cylindrical milking pail.

Soss, to lap like a dog.

Spait of Rain, a good fall of rain.

Spaned, weaned.

Spurling, a rut made by a cart wheel.

Stark, stiff, tight, thoroughly.

Steer, a three years old ox.

Stot, a two years old ox.

Stirk, a yearling ox or heifer.

Steg, a gander.

Stell, a large open drain.

Stee, a ladder.

Stent, usual measure.

Storkin, grow stiff as melted fat cooled again.

Strippings, the last of a cow's meal or milking.

Swameish, shy, bashful.

Syde, hanging low down.

Syles, principal rafters of a house.

Scaling, spreading mole hills or dung.

Seives, or *Sparts*, articulated rush.

Shive, a slice of bread.

Sills, strata of minerals.

Slape, slippery.

Slocken, to quench thirst.

Tawn, a fishing line made of hair.

Thud, a heavy stroke.

Tewing, disordering, harassing, teasing.

Trod, a foot path.

Ware, corn, barley, or oats.

Whang, a leather thong.

Whig, soured wey with aromatic herbs in it.

Wizened, dried, shrivelled, shrunk.

Wyc, or *Quey*, a heifer.

Yal, or *yell*, ale.

Yammer, to cry like a dog in pain.

Yan, aye, one.

Yance, (ance) once.

Yaits, (aits) oats.

Yaintings, single sheaves of oats.

Yaude, a horse.

Yedders, slender rods that go along the top of a fence to bind the stakes together.

Yerd, a fox earth.

Yerning, rennet.

Yuke, to itch.

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PREFACE.

THE scenery of the Lakes of Cumberland, &c. &c. being among the principal attractions commanding the attention of tourists and travellers, we have preferred a connected description of the whole to any detached and occasional mention of them, as they occur in the course of the journeys marked out in our Topographical Description.

The grandeur of the scenery, unique in its kind, would, undoubtedly, lose much of its effect intermingled with other subjects, as they occur in the several tours described here. We have therefore preferred treating this as a separate subject; but at the same time, complete in itself.

Various methods have been proposed as the most eligible for viewing these Lakes, but after all that has been said, the tourist is most likely to be determined by his own previous ideas on the subject, or led by local circumstances to adopt a plan of his own. In arranging, therefore, our excursions, we have given, as accurately as possible, the distances from place to place, and by breaking our tour into short excursions from the principal places, have, we trust, so disposed the whole, that whatever order of visiting the Lakes may be adopted, we may still be a useful guide or companion; connecting the observations and remarks of the latest travellers and tourists upon this romantic part of the Island, particularly those of that ingenious artist, Mr. William Green, the indefatigable Author of *THE TOURIST'S NEW GUIDE, &c.*

This Guide to the Lakes, in two volumes, has been justly styled by Mr. Wordsworth, A Complete Magazine of minute and accurate information of this kind, giving the names of Mountains, Streams, &c.

THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION.

OPINIONS vary as to the most eligible point from which strangers should set out, to view the Lakes to the best advantage. On this particular, a respectable writer, who has been much followed, has observed, “ The course of visiting the Lakes from Penrith is by Bampton to Haweswater, and from thence to Uls-water and return to Penrith. Next set out for Keswick, seventeen miles, good road. Having visited Keswick and the environs, set out for Ambleside, sixteen miles of excellent mountain Road. From Ambleside, proceed along the side of Windermere-water, six miles to Bowness, and, having explored this Lake, either return to Ambleside and from thence to Hawkshead, five miles, or cross Windermere-water at the Horse-Ferry, to Hawkshead, four miles. The road part of the way, is along the beautiful banks of Esthwaite-water. From Hawkshead, the road is along the skirts of the Furness Appennines to the head of Coniston-water, three miles good road. This Lake stretches from the feet of Coniston Fells, to the south, six miles. The road on the eastern side along its banks to Lowick Bridge; from thence to Penny Bridge, or by Lowick Hall, eight miles. From Ulverston, by Dalton, to the ruins of Furness Abbey, six miles. Return to Ulverston, from thence to Kendal, twenty-one miles, or to Lancaster, over the sands, twenty miles.

This order for making the tour of the Lakes, is the most convenient for company coming from the north, or over Stainmoor;—but for those who come by Lancaster, it will be every way more convenient to commence their visit to the Lakes with Coniston-water.—By this course the Lakes present themselves in an order more agreeable to the eye and grateful to the imagination. The change of scenery is then from the pleasing to the surprising; from the delicate touches of *Claude*, verified on the Coniston Lake, to the

noble scenes of *Poussin* exhibited in Windermere; and from these to the stupendous romantic ideas of *Salvator Rosa*, realized on the Lake of Derwent-water.

We would therefore take up the tourist at Lancaster, and attend him to all the Lakes, pointing out the permanent features of each scene, the vales, the dells, the groves, the hanging woods, the scattered cots, the deep mountains, the impending cliff, the broken ridge, the tarns, the streams, &c.

Such as visit the Lakes from the south, and are limited to time, generally make to Ambleside, as a primary station; others, not preferring the beauties of this place, post on to Keswick, under the idea that all the charms of the county are concentrated in Borrowdale and Derwent-water. A short time, in dry weather, will do much. Mr. Green honestly declares in favour of Ambleside, but not to the total exclusion of Keswick and Derwent-water, where one or two days might produce an agreeable variety.—On the contrary, visitors from the north or east, might spend four days about Derwent-water, and the neighbourhood, and two in a tour by Matterdale to Uls-water, returning by way of Ambleside to Keswick.

To form a proper idea of the local scenery of the Lakes, Mr. Wordsworth says, “ I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of these more readily, than by requesting him to place himself with me in imagination upon some given point; let it be the top of Great Gavel, or Scaw-fell; or rather let us suppose our station to be a cloud, hanging midway between these two mountains, at not more than half a mile’s distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation; we shall then see stretched at our feet, a number of valleys, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First we note, lying to the south east, the vale of Langdale, which will conduct the eye to the long Lake of Windermere, stretched nearly to the sands of the vast Bay of Morcomb, serving here for this imaginary wheel—let us trace it in a direction from the south-east, towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Conistoun, running up likewise from the sea, but not as the other valleys do, to the nave of the

wheel, and therefore it may not be unaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking again, with an inclination towards the west, immediately at our feet lies the vale of Duddon, in which is no Lake, but a winding stream among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth vale, that of the Esk, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully discriminate from it by peculiar features. Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penningtons, and after forming a short and narrow estuary, enters the sea below the little Town of Ravenglass. Next, almost due west, we should look down into, and along the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and a few neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn ground, intersected with stone walls, almost imperceptible. Beyond this fertile little plain, within its bed of steep mountains, lies the long, narrow, stern, and desolate Lake of Wastdale, and beyond this, a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish sea. The stream, issuing from West-water, is called the Irt, and falls into the estuary of the river Esk. Ennerdale comes next in view, with its Lake of bold and somewhat savage shores. Its stream, the Ehen or Enna, flowing through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of Egremont, and the ruins of the Castle; then seeming to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on this tempestuous coast, enters the Irish sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the lake and village of Crummock-water beyond, next present themselves. We will now follow the main stream, the Cocker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cocker-mouth Castle. Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the vale of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Windermere, with which we began. From this it will appear that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one half complete; but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Uls-water, Haws-water, Grasmere, and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, if we take a flight, not more than

three or four miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, we shall look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, a branch of the vale of Keswick. Upon Uls-water, stretching due east, and not far beyond to the south east, (though from this point not visible) lie the vale and Lake of Haws-water, and lastly the vales of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, bring you back to Windermere; thus completing, though on the eastern side, in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel."

Mr. Wordsworth has remarked, "that from amenity and beauty, the transition to sublimity is easy and favourable; but the reverse is not so; for after the faculties have been elevated, they are indisposed to humbler incitement. The only instances to which these observations do not apply, are Derwent-water, and Lowes-water. Derwent is distinguished from all other Lakes, by being *surrounded* by sublimity: the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale to the south; the solitary majesty of Skiddaw to the north; the bold steepes of Wallow-Crag and Lowdore to the east, and to the west, the clustering mountains of Newlands. Lowes-water is tame at the head, but towards its outlet has a magnificent assemblage of mountains. Yet neither Derwent nor Lowes-water derive any supplies from the streams of those mountains that dignify the landscape towards the outlets."

Mr. Cumberland observed, "in truth a more pleasing tour than these Lakes hold out to men of leisure and curiosity, cannot be devised. We penetrate the Glaciers, traverse the Rhone and the Rhine, whilst our domestic Lakes of Uls-water, Keswick, and Windermere, exhibit scenes in so sublime a style, with such beautiful colourings of rock, wood, and water, backed with so tremendous a disposition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views of Europe, yet they are indisputably such, as no English traveller should leave behind him.

Such as spend their lives in cities, and their time in crowds, will here meet with objects that will enlarge their mind by contemplation, and raise it from nature to nature's first cause.

When exercise and change of air are recommended for health, the convalescent will find the latter here in the purest state, and the former will be the concomitant of the tour. The many hills

and mountains of various heights, separated by narrow vales, through which the air is agitated and hurried on by a multiplicity of brooks and mountain torrents, keep it in constant circulation, which is known to add much to its purity. The water is also as pure as the air, and on that account recommends itself to the valitudinarian.

The waters of the English Lakes are infinitely more pellucid and less subject to agitation than those of the Alps, in Switzerland, and, not like them, subject to any storms.

It is very common for tourist's to make this comparison between these mountains and those of the Alps. A gentleman who had passed much time abroad, and was well acquainted with the scenery of the Continent, recommends those persons who intend to make a tour on the Continent, to begin with a visit to our Lakes. He says it will afford them a miniature picture of what they are to meet with there; in traversing the Alps and Appennines, to which our northern mountains are not inferior in beauty of line, or variety of summit, number of lakes, transparency of water, colouring of rock, or softness of turf; but in height and extent only.

As *Tarns* are frequently mentioned in the course of these excursions, it is to be observed that "Tarns are bodies of still water found in some valleys, and are numerous among the mountains. A *Tarn* in a vale, generally implies that the bed of a vale is not happily formed; and in such situations they are often surrounded by an unsightly tract of boggy ground. The *Tarn* differs only from the Lake in being smaller or found in a circular recess.

As the best time of the year, the month of September has been recommended for visiting this select situation; its autumnal appearance is thus preferred either to that of spring or summer. In the valleys there is then an admirable compass and proportion of natural harmony in colour through the whole scale of objects; as the tender green of the after-grass upon the meadows, interspersed with islands of grey or mossy rock, crowned by shrubs and trees, in the irregular enclosures of standing corn, or stubble fields; in the mountain sides, glowing with fern of divers colours; in the calm blue lakes, and river pools; and in the foliage of the trees, through all the tints of autumn. To persons confined to time, the space

between the middle or last week in May, and the middle or last week of June, as affording the best combination of long days, fine weather, and the consequent variety of impressions, has been recommended. Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but whatever may be wanting in depth of shade will be made up in the diversity of foliage, in the blossoms of the fruit, and the berry-bearing trees, which abound in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the broom and other shrubs. Still, on those mountain sides that have a northern aspect, many of the spring flowers are backward, whilst the open and sunny places are stocked with those of summer. Here the linnet and thrush chant their love-songs, safe from the birds of prey that build in the inaccessible crags, and are frequently heard or seen wheeling about in the air. In the narrow valleys here, it is remarked, there are no sky-larks, as their destroyers would be able to dart upon them from the nearest heights. The nightingale seldom resorts here, but almost all the other tribes of the English warblers are numerous. Several other circumstances render the close of spring particularly interesting, as the bringing down the ewes from the mountains to yearn in the valleys and enclosed grounds. At this time, too, the traveller, will be sure of room, and comfortable accommodation, even in the small Inns. As to the order in which objects are best seen, it is observed, a lake will appear to most advantage when approached from its outlet, especially if it be in a mountainous country. By this way of approach the spectator faces the grander features of the scene, and is gradually conducted into its most sublime recesses. As to the precipitous sides of the mountains, and the neighbouring summits, they may be seen with effect under any atmosphere which allows of their being seen at all. The visitant to the mountains should reach the summit by sun-rise, or remain there till the time of sun-set. A stranger to a mountainous country should take his early morning walk on the eastern side of the vale, otherwise he will lose the morning light, first touching the tops, and thence creeping down the sides of the opposite hills, as the sun ascends. If the line of the horizon in the east be low, the western side may be taken for the sake of the reflections upon the water: in the evening, for like reasons, the contrary course should be adopted.

A provincial poet has also indulged his muse upon this fruitful subject.

When summer suns lick up the dew,
And all the heavens are painted blue,
'Tis then with smiling cheeks we view
The Stranger at the Lakes.

When morning tips with gold the boughs,
And tinges Skiddaw's cloud-kiss'd brows,
Then round the Lake the boatman rows
The Stranger at the Lakes.

When grey-rob'd evening steps serene,
Across the sweetly varied green,
Beside some cascade may be seen,
The Stranger at the Lakes.

He whose ideas never stray
Beyond the parson's gig and gray,
Stares at the carriage and relay
Of Strangers at the Lakes.

As by his cot the phaeton flies,
The peasant gapes with mouth and eyes,
And to his wond'ring family cries,
"*A Stranger at the Lakes!*"

Sometimes, when brewers' clerks appear,
And Boniface is short of gear,
He says, "Kind Sir, we've had this year
Few Strangers at the Lakes."

At Christmas, when the bar-maid shews
Her lustre gown, and new kid shoes,
She says, "I tipp'd the cash for those
From Strangers at the Lakes."

But could the post-horse, neighing, say
What he has suffered night and day,
'Tis much, I think, if he would pray
For Strangers at the Lakes.

EXCURSION I.

From Lancaster to Ulverston over the sands.

	Miles.	Miles
Hest Bank		3
Cartmel Guide's-house over the first sand	10	13
Road through Flookborough, connecting the sands	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$16\frac{1}{2}$
Ulverston	$4\frac{1}{2}$	21

Avoiding the sands, the road from Lancaster to Ulverston is,

to Carnforth		$5\frac{1}{2}$
Warton	$1\frac{1}{2}$	7
Yealand Conyers	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$8\frac{1}{2}$
———Redman	1	$9\frac{1}{2}$
———Storrs	1	$10\frac{1}{2}$
Leighton Furnace	$1\frac{1}{2}$	12
Beetham	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$13\frac{1}{2}$
Millthorpe	2	$15\frac{1}{2}$
Heversham	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$16\frac{3}{4}$
Levens	$1\frac{1}{4}$	18
Lindale	5	23
Newton	2	25
Newby Bridge	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$28\frac{1}{2}$
Bouth	$3\frac{1}{2}$	32
Penny Bridge	2	34
Ulverston	4	38

The new road from Lancaster to Ulverston is scarcely less pleasant in its prospects, and runs over much more even ground; it is several miles shorter than the old one. From Carnforth, on the way to Millthorpe, it passes between the Burton and Warton roads, and joins the one from Lancaster through Warton to Millthorpe at Beetham, and even in that distance, reduces the length nearly two miles.

Burton in Kendal, though not lying in our rout, may here be noticed, as some approach the lakes by that road proceeding thence to Millthorpe. Burton

in Kendal is twenty-two miles from Lancaster, just beyond which, on our right, we may observe Farlton knot, a beautiful naked limestone mountain, said to bear a striking resemblance to the rock of Gibraltar.

From Lancaster to Ulverston.

A new road from Lancaster to Ulverston is completed, and forms a safer and more convenient communication between the two towns, than the former road over the sands. It likewise affords a more level road to Kendal from Ulverston, some parts of Cartmel and Witherslack; and as this road passes Levens, it is within three miles of joining the main road from Leeds, and all the western part of Yorkshire.

Those who set out from Lancaster may enjoy one of the finest afternoon rural views in England. The best station for this purpose, is on the south side of the great or Queen's road, a little higher than where Mr. Grey stood; for the vale of the river Lune is in full display. What is called the wheel of Lune is a high crowded isthmus, fringed with tall trees, some of which still conceal the nakedness of Caton moor on the right.

The vale of Lune, all the way from Lancaster to Hornby (nine miles), is singularly beautiful. Hornby castle, though of various dates and architecture, is a fine object from many points. Persons limited to time may leave the vale of Lune and pass direct from Lancaster by way of Kendal and Bowness to Ambleside, or through Ulverston and by Coniston water to Ambleside.

From Lancaster to Hest bank the distance is three miles. The Lancaster sands, which commence here, are nine miles over. On the right is a bold shore, deeply indented in some places, and opening into bays in others; valleys that stretch far into the country, bounded on each side by hanging grounds, cut into inclosures, interspersed with groves and woods, adorned with sequestered cots, farms, villages, churches, and castles; mountains behind mountains,

and others again just seen over them, close the first scene. Entering on the sands to the left, Heysham point rises abruptly, and the village is seen upon its side. Over the vast extent of sand, Peel Castle, the ancient bulwark of the bay, rears its venerable head above the tide. A fine sweep of country appears sloping to the south. Warton Cragg presents itself to the right with the ruins of a beacon on its summit. Grounds, variegated to the eye by every pleasing form for many a mile, are terminated by the cloud-topped Ingleborough. A little further, on the same hand, another vale opens to the sands, and shows a broken ridge of rocks. Castle Steads, a pyramidal hill, rising above the station at Kendal, is now seen. At the bottom of the bay stands Arnside Tower, once a mansion of the Stanleys.

Cartmel is placed in a luxuriantly wooded valley; the church rises grandly, and is an interesting object from many points. The streets are narrow, the houses irregularly built, and the chief support of the inhabitants is derived from the expenditure of the numerous persons who visit this place in the summer months, on account of the medicinal properties of its medicinal spring, or well, situated at the base of a projecting rock, about three miles to the south of the town.

The Cartmel Coast now becomes more pleasing. Betwixt that and Silver-dale-nab, a mountain of naked rock, there is a great break in the coast, through which runs the river Kent. In the mouth of the estuary are two beautiful conical isles, which often seem to vary their appearance as we approach them. Here a grand view of the Westmorland mountains opens; and at the head of the estuary just mentioned, Heversham village and church appear under a beautiful green hill. On the north is Whitbarrow Scar, a huge arched and bended cliff. At the side of the Eau, or river of the sands, a guide on horseback, called the *Carter*, waits to conduct passengers over the Ford. It is three miles across from

Cork-lane, where we quit the sands, to Sand-gate: we then pass through Flookburgh once a market-town. The Ford over the river Leven, between Flookburgh and Ulverston, is subject to many changes; but when higher up the river, the way to the sands is by Holker Hall, or Warf-flat.

Holker Hall is embosomed in wood. On the left, Ulverston bay opens into the great bay and is three miles over: on the right, a fine slope of enclosed grounds, mixed with wood, leads the eye to Ulverston; the port and mart of Furness-Conishead then shews its pyramidal summit completely clothed in woods; at its feet is the priory. Bardsea stands in a delightful point of view under its rocks and hanging woods. A white house on the sea bank, under the cover of a deep wood, has a picturesque appearance. The road from Backbarrow to Bigland Hall to Cartmel, placed in a luxuriant valley, has fine scenery attached to it. Wraysholm Tower, an old farm-house, is half a mile to the left of the traveller as he passes between sand and sand; and near it is Humphrey Head, a promontory rising boldly from the sea, and at the foot of this hill is the famous Spa called Holy Well, said to be serviceable in cutaneous disorders. Cork Hall is an ancient farm-house; Grange, situated on a steep bank, above the sea, three miles east of Cartmel, is esteemed the most picturesque village in that neighbourhood. On crossing the Leven sands to Ulverston, on the right, we have a grand view of alpine scenery.

Whilst a traveller is passing Lancaster Sands, his notice is not so much attracted by the objects of the surrounding country, as by the *sands themselves*. For when he has got a few miles from the shore, the nature of the plain on which he treads cannot but suggest a series of ideas of a different kind from those of rural elegance, and which naturally force themselves upon his attention. The plain is then seemingly immense in extent, continued on in a dead level, and uniform in appearance. As he pursues his

often *trackless* way, he will recollect, that probably, but a few hours before, the whole expanse was covered with some fathoms of water, and that in a few more, it will as certainly be covered again. At the same time he may also perceive on his left hand, the retreated Ocean ready to obey the mysterious laws of its irresistible movement, without any visible barrier to stay it a moment where it is. These considerations, though they may not be sufficient to alarm, must yet be able to rouse the mind to a style of more than ordinary attention. But when the traveller reaches the side of the *Eau*, these affections will be greatly increased: he there drops down a gentle descent to the edge of a broad and seemingly impassable river, where the only remains he can perceive of the surrounding lands, are the tops of distant mountains. But having crossed the river, the stranger traveller, at length freed from every petty anxiety, will feel more inclination to survey the objects around him, especially those peculiar to an arm of the sea; as fishermen, ships, sea-fowl, shells, weeds, &c. But if the sun shine forcibly, he will perhaps be most entertained with observing the little gay promontories of land that seem to hover in the air, or swim on a luminous vapour, that rises from the sand, and fluctuates upon its surface.

EXCURSION II.

Ulverston to Furness Abbey.

	Miles.	Miles.
Ulverston to Dalton		5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Furness Abbey	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	7
Back to Ulverston	7	14

Ulverston, by the western side of the Lake, to the New Inn at Coniston Water Head.

Ulverston to Bowdrey Bridge, near Nibthwaite, either by Lowick, or by Penny Bridge		8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Oxen Houses	3	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Torver	2	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
Coniston Church	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	16
Inn at Water Head	1	17

But the Road usually travelled is by the eastern side of the Lake.

	Miles.	Miles.
To Nibthwaite		8 $\frac{1}{2}$
New Inn	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	16

From Ulverston the road turns to the southward, and we pass Conishead Priory and Bardsea Hall on the left. The village of Pennington lies at a short distance from the road, on the right, nearly opposite to which, on the left, is the little tarn or lake of Urswick; rather more than a mile from which appears Gleaston Castle. Proceeding through the village of Lindal we leave Titup on the right, Adgerly and Stainton on the left, and arrive at Dalton.

The magnificent remains of the Abbey of Furness, situated about a mile south of Dalton, in a valley called Beacon's Gill, are very correctly described by the elegant pen of Mrs. Radcliff.

Beneath the brow on which the Church of Dalton and tower stand, a brook flows through a narrow valley, that winds about a mile and a half to the abbey. In the way thither, we passed the entrance of one of the very rich iron mines, with which the neighbourhood abounds; and the deep red tint of the soil that overspreads almost the whole of the country between Ulverston and the monastery, sufficiently indicates the nature of the treasures beneath.

“In a close glen, branching from the valley, shrouded by winding banks, clumped with old groves of oak and chesnut, we found the magnificent remains of Furness Abbey. The deep retirement of its situation, the venerable grandeur of its gothic arches, and the luxuriant, yet ancient trees, that shadow this forsaken spot, are circumstances of picturesque, and, if the expression may be allowed, of sentimental beauty, which fill the mind with solemn, yet delightful, emotion. This glen is called the Vale of Nightshade, or, more literally from its ancient title, Bekangsgill, ‘the glen of deadly nightshade,’ that plant being abundantly found in the neighbourhood.

"Its romantic gloom, and sequestered privacy, particularly adapted it to the austerities of monastic life; and in the most retired part of it, King Stephen, while Earl of Mortaign and Bulloign, founded, in the year 1127, the magnificent monastery of Furness, and endowed it with princely wealth and almost princely authority, in which it was second only to Fontaine's Abbey, in Yorkshire.

"The windings of the glen conceal these venerable ruins, till they are closely approached; and the by-road that conducted us, is margined with a few ancient oaks, which stretch their broad branches entirely across it, and are fine preparatory objects to the scene beyond. A sudden bend in this road brought us within a view of the northern gate of the abbey, a beautiful gothic arch, one side of which is luxuriantly festooned with nightshade. A thick grove of plane trees, with some oak and beech, overshadow it on the right, and lead the eye onward to the ruins of the abbey, seen through this dark arch in remote perspective, over rough but verdant ground. The principal features are the northern window, and part of the eastern choir, with glimpses of shattered arches and stately walls beyond, caught between the gaping casements. On the left, the bank of the glen is broken into knolls, capped with oaks, which, in some places, spread downwards to a stream that winds round the ruin, and darken it with their rich foliage. Through this gate is the entrance to the immediate precincts of the abbey, an area, said to contain 65 acres, now called the deer-park; it is inclosed by a stone wall, on which the remains of many small buildings, and the faint vestiges of others, still appear; such as the porter's lodge, mills, granaries, ovens, and kilns, that once supplied the monastery; some of which, seen under the shade of fine old trees, that on every side adorn the broken steeps of this glen, have a very interesting effect.

"Just within the gate, a small manor-house of modern date, with its stables and other offices, breaks

discordantly upon the lonely grandeur of the scene. Except this, the character of the deserted ruins is scrupulously preserved in the surrounding area: no spade has dared to level the inequalities which fallen fragments have occasioned in the ground, or shears to clip the wild underwood that overspreads it; but every circumstance conspires to heighten the solitary grace of the principal object, and to prolong the luxurious melancholy which the view of it inspires. We made our way among the pathless fern and grass to the north end of the church, now, like every other part of the abbey, entirely roofless; but shewing the lofty arch of the great window, where, instead of the painted glass that once enriched it, are now tufted plants, and wreaths of nightshade. Below is the principal door of the church, bending into a deep round arch, which, retiring circle within circle, is rich and beautiful; the remains of a winding staircase are visible within the wall on its left side. Near this northern end of the edifice, is seen one side of the eastern choir, with its two slender gothic window frames; and on the west, a remnant of the nave of the abbey, and some lofty arches, which once belonged to the belfry, now detached from the main building.

“To the south, but concealed from this point of view, is the chapter-house, some years ago exhibiting a roof of beautiful gothic fret-work, and which was almost the only part of the abbey thus ornamented; its architecture having been characterized by an air of grand simplicity, rather than by the elegance and richness of decoration, which at an after date, distinguished the gothic style in England. Over the chapter-house were once the library and scriptorium; and beyond it are still the remains of cloisters, of the refectory, the locutorium, or conversation room, and the calefactory. These, with the walls of some chapels, of the vestry, a hall, and of what is believed to have been a school-house, are all the features of this noble edifice that can easily be traced: winding stair-cases within the surprising thickness of

the walls, and door-cases involved in darkness and mystery, the place abounds with.

“The abbey, which was formerly of such magnitude as nearly to fill up the breadth of the glen, is built of a pale red stone, dug from the neighbouring rocks, now changed by time and weather to a tint of dusky brown, which accords well with the hues of plants and shrubs, that every where emboss the mouldering arches.

“The finest view of the ruin is on the east side, where, beyond the vast shattered frame that once contained a rich painted window, is seen a perspective of the choir and of the distant arches; remains of the nave of the abbey, closed by the woods. This perspective of the ruin is said to be 287 feet in length; the choir part of it is in width only 38 feet inside, but the nave is 70: the walls, as they now stand, are 54 feet high, and in thickness five. Southward from the choir, extend the still beautiful, though broken, pillars and arcades of some chapels now laid open to the day; the chapter-house, the cloisters, and, beyond all, and detached from all, is the school-house, a large building, the only part of the monastery that still boasts a roof.

“As soothed by the venerable shades, and the view of a more venerable ruin, we rested opposite to the eastern window of the choir, where once the high altar stood, and with five other altars, assisted the religious pomp of the scene, the images and the manner of times that were past, rose to reflection. The midnight procession of monks, clothed in white, and bearing lighted tapers, appeared to the “mind’s eye” issuing to the choir through the very door-case by which such processions were wont to pass from the cloisters to perform the matin service, when, at the moment of their entering the church, the deep chanting of voices was heard, and the organ swelled a solemn peal. To Fancy, the strain still echoed feebly along the arcades, and died in the breeze among the woods, the rustling leaves mingling with the close.

It was easy to image the abbot and the officiating priests, seated beneath the richly-fretted canopy of the four stalls, that still remain entire in the southern wall, and high over which is now perched a solitary yew-tree, a black funereal memento to the living of those who once sat below.

“Of a quadrangular court on the west side of the church, 334 feet long, and 102 feet wide, little vestige now appears, except the foundation of a range of cloisters, that formed its western boundary, and under the shade of which the monks, on days of high solemnity, passed in their customary procession round the court. What was the belfry is now a huge mass of detached ruin, picturesque from the loftiness of its shattered arches, and the high inequalities of the ground within them, where the tower that once crowned this building, having fallen, lies in vast fragments, now covered with earth and grass, and no longer distinguishable but by the hillock they form.

“The school-house, a heavy structure, attached to the boundary wall on the south, is nearly entire, and the walls, particularly of the portal, are of enormous thickness; but, here and there, a chasm discloses the staircases, that wind within them to the chambers above. The school-room below shews only a stone bench, that extends round the walls, and a low stone pillar in the eastern corner, on which the teacher’s pulpit was formerly fixed. The lofty vaulted roof is scarcely distinguishable, by the dusky light admitted through one or two narrow windows, placed high from the ground, perhaps for the purpose of confining the scholar’s attention to his book.

“This once magnificent abbey was dedicated to St. Mary, and received a colony of monks from the monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, who were called grey monks, from their dress of that colour, till they became Cistercians, and with the severe rules of St. Bernard, adopted a white habit, which they retained till the dissolution of monastic orders in England. The original rules of St. Bernard partook,

in several instances, of the austerities of those of La Trappe, and the society did not very readily relinquish the milder laws of St. Benedict, for the new rigours imposed upon them by the parent monastery of Savigny. They were forbidden to taste flesh, except when ill, and even eggs, butter, cheese, and milk, but on extraordinary occasions; and denied even the use of linen and fur. The monks were divided into two classes, to which separate departments belonged. Those who attended the choir slept upon straw, in their usual habits, from which at midnight they rose and passed into the church, where they continued their hymns during the short remainder of the night. After this first mass, having publicly confessed themselves, they retired to their cells, and the day was employed in spiritual exercises, and in copying or illuminating manuscripts. An unbroken silence was observed, except when after dinner they withdrew into the Locutorium, where for an hour they were permitted the common privileges of social beings. This class was confined to the boundary wall, except that on some particular days the members of it were allowed to walk in parties beyond it, for exercise and amusement; but they were seldom permitted either to receive or pay visits. Like the monks of La Trappe, however, they were distinguished for extensive charities, probably consisting of such meat, offal, &c. which they could not otherwise dispose of; hence poor travellers were so scrupulously entertained at the abbey, that it was not till the dissolution that an inn was thought necessary in this part of Furness, when one was opened for the accommodation of people of business, of which there were few or none before.

“This was the second house in England that received the Bernardine rules, the most rigorous of which, however, were dispensed with in 1485, by Sixtus IV., when, among other indulgences, the whole order was allowed to taste meat on three days of the week. With the rules of St. Benedict the monks had ex-

changed the grey habit for a white cassock, with a white caul and scapulary. But their choir dress was either white or grey, with caul and scapulary of the same, and a girdle of black wool; over that a mozet, or hood, and a rochet. When they went abroad, they wore a caul and full black hood.

“The deep forests that once surrounded the abbey and overspread all Furness, contributed, with its insulated situation, on a neck of land running out into the sea, to secure it from the depredations of the Scots, who were continually committing hostilities on the borders. On a summit over the abbey are the remains of a beacon or watch-tower, raised by the society for their further security. It commands extensive views over Low Furness, and the bay of the sea immediately beneath; looking forward to the town and castle of Lancaster, appearing faintly on the opposite coast; on the south to the isles of Walney, Foudrey, and their numerous islets, on one of which stands Peel Castle; and on the north to the mountains of High Furness and Conistone, rising in a grand amphitheatre round this inlet of the Irish Channel.

“From Hawcoat, a few miles to the west of Furness, the view is still more extensive, whence, in a clear day, the whole length of the Isle of Man may be seen, with a part of Anglesea, and the mountains of Caernarvon, Merionethshire, Derbyshire, and Flintshire, shadowing the opposite sides of the horizon of the channel.

The country to the north west of Dalton is pleasantly diversified, and is crossed by the ancient road into Cumberland, which ascending into the market place at Dalton, traverses the rocky eminence above the town; then winds across a narrow vale to St. Helen's Chapel, and descending into the vale of Goldmire, proceeds to Roanhead, and over Duddon sands. On the side of a pleasant vale, about three miles and a half to the south of Dalton, we come to the ruins of Gleaston Castle, the ancient residence of

the lords of Aldingham. From Dalton to Gleaston is a pleasant ride of four miles. Dendron, the next place, two miles and a half from Dalton, is shaded with trees; on the sea shore, two or three miles from Gleaston, is Aldingham. Here stood Aldingham Hall, the residence of the Fleming family. On the banks of Urswick Tarn stand the church and villages of Great and Little Urswick. Swartmoor Hall, between Urswick and Ulverston, was the residence of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends.

The road from Ulverston by Penny Bridge, to Coniston Water, though it has not the advantage of distant prospects like those on the Lowick road, has, nevertheless, many charms. From Penny Bridge there is, on each side of the river Crake, a pretty road to Coniston Water; that on the western side is the principal. Coniston Water is six miles in length, and its greatest breadth three quarters of a mile. The carriage road that encloses it is often on the margin, and scarcely ever a mile from it. The views on each side of this lake are interesting by their variety and beauty. From West's station the road ascends rather steeply from the margin of the lake, and soon passes Coniston Bank, the seat of Thomas North, Esq. Bank ground, the residence of Mr. Thomas Macreth, is nearer the head of the lake than Coniston Bank. About three quarters of a mile from the inn, the Hawkshead and Coniston road leaves that to Coniston; but Tent Lodge, the seat of George Smith, Esq. soon presents itself on the left. From the back grounds of this house, the slate quarry is seen about a quarter of a mile distant. From Tent Lodge to the inn, Waterhead house, the seat of Michael Knott, Esq. is occasionally seen. The new inn at Waterhead affords good entertainment. *Char*, though only in high season during the winter months, is, nevertheless, kept in coops for the accommodation of strangers. Boats are let by Mr. Whittle for the use of tourists; the house adjoins the road, and this is near the lake; the grandest scene

is about two miles from the head and from the middle. Looking towards the mountains, the lake spreads itself into a noble expanse of transparent water, and bursts into a bay on each side, bordered with verdant meadows and enclosed with a variety of grounds.

The prevailing character of Coniston Lake is the romantic; and this character gives such scope to the imagination, and where it is prominent, the beauty of the landscape must be supreme. The small island covered with shrubs that rises in the centre, adds to its picturesque effect, which is increased by the black peak of Torver and Coniston Hall, a grey ivied mansion. Nothing can be more delightful than the navigation of this lake. Nor is a ride round its shores less attractive. Farther down is a single cottage on the lake's brink, screened by a thick copse that rises up the bank. Behind these are a range of rugged rocks, in a dark semi-circle, enclosed by the Coniston Fells and the rocks of Torver, huge, black, and stupendous; while the unexplored mountains of Cove, Rydal Head, and others without a name, overtop the whole. Persons who visit these romantic regions may be satisfied with learning, that the horses are sure footed and easy, the guides civil, attentive, and sober, and the inns clean, comfortable, and reasonable.

Some years ago, a few lines appeared in the public prints, said to have been presented by Mr. Southey to a guide who conducted him through some passes in Switzerland, and who, on leaving him, requested a character. Since that time, with a small alteration, they have been adapted to a guide belonging to one of our own lakes, as follows:—

By my button, this Hutton

Is an excellent guide;

A horseman, a footman, a boatman beside,

A Geologist, a Metaphysician,

Who searches how causes proceed,

A system inventor, an experimenter,

He'll raise Epemedium for seed.

Each rock and each dell, he knows it full well,

The minerals and fossils therein;

Each mountain and fountain, the lakes and the brakes,

Every town every village and inn.

Take him for your guide, he has often been tried,

And was always found useful, when needed,

In fair or foul weather you may travel together,

And shake hands at parting, as we did.

A neat gothic residence has lately been erected near the head of Coniston Water, by a gentleman from Bristol. The architecture much resembles that of Aldcliffe Hall. At the head of the lake some of the mountains of Coniston, Yewdale, and Tilberthwaite, locally brown, grey, and purple, are softened down into the most harmonious views, and beyond them are Rydal, Grassmere, and Wythburn, which from their great distance frequently mix with the azure of the heavens above them; but, between the high lands and the lake at its head, the eye may discover in little white and grey specks, various habitations sparkling from amongst the trees. Among the distant mountains, Fairfield and Helvellyn are the principal.

At Oxen-houses the road leaves Coniston Lake, after which, for a considerable distance it only appears in retrospect, southward, and towards Nibthwaite. At Torver, the traveller will join the public road from Broughton to Ambleside. From Torver to Coniston, the mountains are occasionally shut out by intervening pastures and meadow grounds, interspersed with farm-houses and cottages, till he arrives at the bridge and church of Coniston, near which there is an excellent public-house. Coniston Hall stands on the margin of the lake, about a mile from the church, on the right hand. This noble ruin has been spoiled by severing the projecting wings from the main body of the building; the chambers of this ancient hall are now used as depositories for corn.

A peep of the lake on the right, carries the eye

nearly to its head, in a succession of pretty bays; and the fells of Yewdale form an interesting background to the whole.

About half way between Coniston church and the inn on the left, we come to Thwaite under the brow of a venerable wood; this was the residence of the late David Kirkby, Esq. But to return to Lowick bridge, in order to conduct the tourist up to the eastern side of Coniston Water; Mr. West says, a little above the village of Nibthwaite, the lake opens in full view. Two promontories, however, project a great way into it. A house may also be seen on the crown of a rock, covered with ancient trees, that presents a most romantic appearance.

The grand cluster of Lancashire mountains, probably covering an horizontal area of thirty square miles, is joined by those of Cumberland and Westmorland, five or six miles west, and north of the upper part of Coniston Lake. From Coniston Waterhead, Coniston Hall is a fine object; the Man Mountain, the Carro, and Enfoot, close this admirable scene, which is made much more interesting after heavy showers of rain, by the variety of sparkling waterfalls that issue from the fissures of the mountains.

EXCURSION III.

From the New Inn to Levers Water.

	Miles.	Miles.
To the Black Bull		1
North side of Levers Water	2½	3½

If with a guide, return by low water.

From Levers Water to Low Water	1	4½
Coniston Church	2	6½
Water Head	1	7½

From the Water Head Inn to Yewdale and Tilberthwaite.

To Yewdale Grove		1
Low Yewdale	1	2
Shepherd's Bridge	½	2½
Tilberthwaite	1½	4
Junction of the Langdale Road from Ambleside	1½	5½

Return to Shepherd's Bridge.

	Miles.	Miles.
From the Inn by Yewdale Grove . . .		2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Yew Tree	1	
The Inn at Water Head	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
If Tilberthwaite be added	3	5
And Langdale	3	8

LEVERSWATER.

A mountain trip rarely equalled is that by the Black Bull in Coniston to Leverswater. The road is steep and angular, bearing in its progress to every point in the compass. Two copper-mines are passed; one near the outlet of the tarn. Leverswater is probably a mile in circumference; it is enclosed by steep and craggy heights, on all sides, but to the south-west of Leverswater, about a mile distant, is the small lake called Goat's Tarn, which, like Leverswater, communicates with Coniston Water, but nearer to its centre and by a more circuitous passage. The best way to this place is to leave the Walna Scar road, where that to the old quarry deviates on the right; from which road the grand rocks, called Dove Crag, rising majestically above Goat's Water, are in full view; and on the left the way winding up the breast of Walna Scar. Goat's Water is scarcely half a mile long; its stony margin on the east is profuse in foregrounds for the towering rocks on the other side. Numerous are the ravens that occasionally visit these craggy summits.

Dark frowns the cliff upon the mountain stream,
That 'gainst its time-strewn fragments breaks below,
And all in unison its waters flow
With the wild scene around.—The wailing scream
Of the lone raven from the stunted yew,
Heard ominous, alone its solitude
Disturbs; and, on the awe-struck mind intrude,
Thoughts, that its inmost energies subdue
To their strong workings.—On the rocky steep
Dimly the grey-haired son of song appears;

While o'er the harp his airy fingers sweep,
And at his bidding forms of other years
Start into being.—Mighty men of yore,
Like the wild dreams that fashion'd them—no more.

The ascent from Goat's Water to Seathwaite Tarn, is over a pass little inferior in height to the top of the Man, or any of its neighbouring summits.

YEWDALE CRAG.

From Leverswater there is a way to Low Water, a little lake just under the top of the Old Man, but this is rugged ground and should not be undertaken without a guide. Yewdale Grove, the seat of T. Woodville, esq. is about a quarter of a mile from Coniston church. The road to Yewdale Grove is chiefly over easy ground. Leaving this, a river, rumbling on the right, displays a succession of pretty little waterfalls. The features of Yewdale Crag are peculiar, being formed of perpendicular rocks, which rise in embattled perspective to a vast height: from the rocks and spaces between the crown of one rock and the base of another, oak, ash, and birch trees, riot in wild abundance. The road is pleasant all the way to Shepherd's bridge,

From this place, having the moor on the right, there is a road through Tilberthwaite to Little Langdale, passing some of the greatest slate quarries in the county. Penny Rigg is the first quarry on the left. The first house in Tilberthwaite has one of those old-fashioned slate galleries, formerly so common in this country. Beyond this place the road ascends, and from its summit the mountains of Seathwaite, Eskdale, Great and Little Langdale, recreate the sight all the way to the old Bell-horse road from Kendal to Whitehaven, over Hardknot and Wrynose, with which it joins near Langdale Tarn. From Shepherd's Bridge there is a road to Ambleside, keeping the river on the left. From Shepherd's Bridge to the yew tree is scarcely a mile: here are also a few houses called by the same name. Leaving these the road crosses a stream issuing from three

little tarns in the bosom of the mountains, and soon joins one from Ambleside, by Skelwith Bridge.

EXCURSION IV.

From the New Inn to Seathwaite.

	Miles.	Miles.
Coniston Church		1
Torver	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Broughton	7	$10\frac{1}{2}$
Duddon Bridge	1	$11\frac{1}{2}$
Ulpha Kirkhouse	$3\frac{1}{2}$	15
Newfield, near Seathwaite Chapel	2	$17\frac{1}{2}$

Or, nearer, passing Broughton Mills,

to Torver		$5\frac{1}{2}$
Broughton Mills	5	$8\frac{1}{2}$
Newfield	4	$12\frac{1}{2}$

Or, still nearer, and more rich in Prospects,

to Coniston Church		1
Runner from Goat's-water	2	3
Top of Walna Sear	1	4
Newfield	2	6

These Roads form two Routes, first by Broughton, returning over Walna Sear, $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles;

Or, by Broughton Mills, returning over Walna Sear, $18\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

About a mile beyond Torver Church, seven miles on this side Broughton, there is the choice of two roads; the old road is over high ground, and commands a view of the river Duddon, with the beautiful shores of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. Broughton Tower seated on the crown of a hill, is an interesting object; at length fertility is gradually lost in the superior heights of Black Comb in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirby and Ulverston. The river Duddon is famous for its cockles and muscles, which are large and well flavoured. This river is navigable for small craft almost to Duddon-Bridge, only one mile from the town of Broughton. The views from the bridge, either on the Lancashire or Cumberland side, are very fine. Ulpha Crag is a

striking feature in these scenes. About a mile above the bridge is the seat of Richard Towers, Esq. surrounded by rich wood and rocky elevations. Haws Bridge, something higher on the river, consists of two arches, which spring from perpendicular rocks at least three yards above the water.

At Ulpha Kirk House, more than four miles from Broughton, where there is a little inn, the road enters Cumberland: the church is not far from the bridge.

Goldrill Crag, on the right of the Duddon, about two miles from Seathwaite Chapel, is in Cumberland; it is a beautiful scene, and different in its character to any other about the lakes. From hence it is about two miles to the top of Wrynose, the extremity of Seathwaite.

DONNERDALE,

Or the Vale of the Duddon, and the adjoining Vale of the Esk, it is said are rarely visited by travellers. Donnerdale is best approached by Coniston over Walna Scar, down to Seathwaite, New-field, and to the rocks where the river issues from a narrow pass into the broad vale. The stream is very interesting a full mile beyond this point, and below, by Ulpha Kirk, till it enters the sands, where it is overlooked by the solitary mountain Black Comb.

“Close by the sea, lone sentinel,
Black Comb his forward station keeps;
He breaks the sea’s tumultuous swell,
And ponders o’er the level deeps;
He listens to the bugle horn,
Where Eskdale’s lovely valley bends;
Eye’s Walney’s early fields of corn,
Sea-birds to Holker’s wood he sends.

An ingenious writer in the Lonsdale Magazine, thus describes a visit to the vale of Duddon, on the evening of the 19th of October, 1820.

Having passed through Spark Bridge, a village on the river Crake, I observed a furnace and a cot-

ton manufactory, appearances more manufacturing than pastoral. From Lowick there is a grand view of the Conistone mountains on my right:—the Old Man is seen rising between two others, but towering far above them. I enquired the name of this mountain from a boy trundling a hoop, and from a woman who had, probably, lived all her life within sight of it, but neither could give me the desired information. This reminded me of a circumstance somewhat similar that occurred to a friend of mine, when travelling in this part of the country. Having inquired of a woman whom he met, the name of a hill within view? She replied, in angry tone, that “she knew nothing about it, she had something else to do than go maundering about enquiring the names of hills.”—The road from Lowick passes over Kirkby fell, on which there are some slate quarries. I went into one close by the road side, in which there were about a dozen men at work. An old man was employed on the almost perpendicular side of the rock, fifteen or twenty yards from the bottom. He had only a very narrow space to stand upon, and what apparently increased his danger, was his having on his feet, what they call in this country clogs, which are shoes with wooden soles, shod with iron. He was working with an iron crow. The least accident might cause him to lose his centre of gravity, and then nothing could save him from instant destruction, but laying hold of a rope which hung near him, suspended from above. He said he had worked in the quarry more than thirty years. When within about three or four miles of Broughton, came within sight of the mountain Black Comb, rising dark and majestic on the other side of the vale of Duddon. The little town of Broughton is situated in a broad rich valley, about a mile east of the bridge over the Duddon. I staid all night at the Old King’s Head, where I had good accommodation at a moderate charge. An intelligent young man, Mr. G—, the son of a respectable inhabitant of the place,

whom I met with at the inn, though I was quite a stranger to him, offered to accompany me next morning to a Druidical antiquity in the neighbourhood. It would seem that Broughton is in a healthy situation, for walking out in the morning before breakfast in the church-yard, the first tomb-stone I met with was in memory of a family remarkable for longevity. It mentioned Mr. Watters, of Broughton, surgeon, who died 1767, aged 78, and of Anne, his wife, in 1791, aged 104 years. Also, Thomas Watters, aged 101, his wife Mary, 94. Another Watters, 80, and his wife, 84. I was told of another of the family, who died lately at upwards of 100—not commemorated.

At half past eight I set out with Mr. G. to visit the Druidical circle on Black Comb, called by the country people, "Sunken Church." The Duddon is here a fine stream, requiring a bridge of three arches, up to which the tide flows. At a forge, or furnace, we inquired of two of the workmen, black as demons, the road up to the mountain. After rather a steep ascent along a rough wooded road, we arrived at the first level of the mountain, and from a hill had a prospect which well rewarded us, though disappointed in seeing "Sunken Church," excepting at a distance. We could perceive it in the middle of a field, about half a mile west of us; but a deep ravine, through which flowed a bridgeless flood, swollen by the late rains, prevented our nearer approach. The summit of the mountain beyond was involved in clouds. But turning to the west, we had a grand view—the town of Broughton below us, lying snugly under a grove of firs—farther south, the estuary of Duddon, filled with the tide, shewed a large lake; with two or three small vessels sailing upon it;—on the other side were seen Kirby fell, and the fertile tract of Low Furness—and beyond a promontory, the Isle of Walney, with Peel Castle on its extreme southern point. I am told that the prospect from the summit of Black Comb, when the weather is favourable, is one of

the finest and most extensive in the north of England. We descended the mountain obliquely to the left. Mr. G. pointed out to me a house, which goes by the name of Thimble Hall. One might wonder from its bleak and elevated situation, what could have induced any mortal to build it. As its name imports, it was erected by a tailor, who having emigrated to London, and thriven in business, retained so much love for his native place, (though so unattractive in all other eyes,) as to come here and spend the evening of his days. He is yet well remembered in Broughton; and many times his boon companions from thence made Thimble Hall resound with their merriment. There is a tale told of him. That when in business he had a good round sum owing to him by a few young collegians, at Oxford. Being somewhat importunate in his demand for money, they were induced to play him a prank. One of his creditors wrote him a polite letter, apologizing for the delay, and stating, that in order to make some reparation, he and other creditors had agreed to give him an entertainment, and that if he would be kind enough to come down to Oxford they would be glad to see him, and the money should at all events be provided. The Knight of the Thimble accordingly posted down. There was no money for him, as may be guessed, but he was so well plied with intoxicating liquors, as to be deprived of all sense and motion—put into a hamper, with a direction, and sent by the coach to his own house in London. When he came to himself he was so ashamed of the circumstance, that he never troubled them afterwards. But it should be mentioned to the honour of one of these wags, that having succeeded to a handsome property, he remitted the tailor the amount of his debt, with the interest till the day it was paid.

We passed Duddon Grove the seat of Richard Towers, Esq, pleasantly situated among woods.

A new road has been made from the Grove up the

Cumberland side of the river. I here parted with Mr. G. and, after thanking him most cordially for his attention, proceeded alone. The road presently ended in a meadow, being finished no farther—and I had to cross a wood through which there was no path: and as it was wet from the showery weather—this was sufficiently disagreeable. I was told it was doubtful whether this new road would ever be completed. The rains here are so sudden and heavy—and the floods descend with such fury from the mountains, that the conduits are not sufficient to receive the water, which then flows over the road, washing away the gravel and stones of which it is composed. Pass Ulpha Mill, a new building, still travelling along the new road, with Rainsbarrow, a wooded mountain on my left. Reach the Kirk of Ulpha, a little low edifice with only three windows on a side, and two small bells hanging side by side in the open air, no tomb-stones—nothing but green mounds of earth point out the graves. It was now twelve o'clock, and the sun broke out after a showery morning, and shone sweetly up the valley:—I stood leaning upon the church wall,—“the river's unseen gentle roar” on the east—two oaks by its side, the one with dark brown leaves, the other just fading from its summer green;—yellow variegated woods on each side of the valley—a little green field on the east, embosomed in wood, with two or three cows quietly feeding, further up and beyond, grey rocky fells, turning to the north, a huge craggy hill appearing to block up the Dale, higher up towards the east, still loftier mountains enveloped in clouds whose summits I have not yet seen.

Called at the little public-house, near the chapel, kept by John Gunson, but who, to my disappointment, was not at home. I had some curiosity to see him, from hearing the following anecdote. But I must first mention that John is said to be learned, having been educated for a clergyman. Two or three smart young fellows from a neighbouring

town, having been out on a Sunday excursion, called upon John, and regaled themselves with his ale, (for he sells no other liquor,) demanded their bill. John came, and in his country dialect said, "Nay, we niver mak any bills here," ye have so much to pay, mentioning the sum. "Oh!" replied one of the bucks, "you cannot write, that's the cause of your excuse." Upon this our honest landlord retired, and, in a short time, brought them a bill written out in the Hebrew language, which it need scarcely be said quite puzzled them.—He then sent them one in Greek, and afterwards in Latin, neither of which they could make out. They now begged that he would tell them what they had to pay, in plain English. John could now laugh heartily at their insolence.

I now pursue my way up the valley, having the Duddon still on my right hand. Turning a little to the right to inquire the road of a man whom I saw standing near a cottage, I was at first surprised that he paid no attention to what I said, but as soon as he perceived me he pointed towards the door. I went in and was told by his mother that he was deaf and dumb, as I suspected: that she had two more children suffering the same privation, but that they were all able to support themselves by their industry, and had even learned to write. The young man to whom I spoke is about thirty years of age, of a decent appearance without any thing singular, and follows the occupation of weaving. There is another, a daughter, who is apprenticed to a mantua-maker. It was not unpleasant to learn that human beings thus so pitiably deprived, should be able to support themselves and become useful members of society under circumstances apparently so afflictive. They had been born, and lived all their lives in this valley, but the brook that for ever murmurs by their door, has had no music for them—in the language of the poet,

“The vale with all its streams
Is silent as a picture.”

After walking about half a mile, I crossed the river by a bridge of one arch, which seems a short time ago too have been too small for the floods that sometimes rise so suddenly among those mountains. The water had run over on one side, washed the stones and gravel from the road, and overflowed the neighbouring meadows. The vale still continues charming from its primitive simplicity.—No flaring gentleman’s house, no shrubberies, no trim gravel walks,—still only shelters the “shepherd and his cot”—amid its few green fields, and native woods, planted only by the birds and the winds of heaven.”

I could not but stop for sometime as I came to that part of the vale opposite the tremendous chasm of which Wallow Barrow Cragg forms one side.—The scenery is here so beautiful.—A new white cottage on the left.—Birch trees fading into yellow thinly interspersed amid fern and grey rocks in the mountain side:—Birch and a kind of elm, with a few oaks and alders rising from the river side—their foliage exhibiting such beautiful variety of hues, so graceful and wild as to appear like enchantment. The mountain heads up the dale still shrouded in mist.

I at length reached a small public house, near Seathwaite Chapel, and as it was past three o’clock, and no other higher up the dale, I determined here to stay all night.

While I was dining I found that although a stranger my fame had travelled before me. My landlady inquired if I had seen an old woman as I came up the dale. I replied I had; I recollected that one passed me on the road. “Yes,” said she, “she called here, and said she had met with a queer sort of a man; he sometimes walked quick and passed her,—then he’d come up with her again, and ask her so many strange questions about the

fells and crags, that she really could not tell what to make of him, but some how she thought he wasn't quite right!" I was not a little amused when I found the good woman thought me qualified for Bedlam. It was a proof also how little this retired valley is visited by the hunters of the picturesque. No doubt the natives thought all my brother lakemen as mad as myself at one period:—but use reconciles every thing:—and now, perhaps, no one here thinks the strangers shew any want of intellect—unless it be the innkeepers at their continuing to submit to their extravagant charges.

My worthy hostess, however, gave me a singular proof of her simplicity and ignorance of the world—rare qualities in a person of her profession.—When my bill came to be settled—she was not for charging for tea, because, she said, I ate next to nothing.

THE VALE OF ESK.

In the Vale of Esk is the interesting water-fall called Birker Force, that lies apart; and from the chasm presents a fine mountain view of Scawfell. At the head of the vale are visible remains of a Roman fortress. Birker-force, in Eskdale, is seen on the left out of the road from Ambleside to Wast Water pouring down the side of the hill. In a rainy season the torrent is immense. On the same side of the hill, but lower down the valley, is Stanley Gill. About sixteen miles from Ambleside, on the road to Wastdale, the ancient building, called Dale Garth Hall, may be seen. The water-fall, part of Stanley Gill, is more than half a mile on the left. The chasm here is awfully sublime; the rocks rise almost perpendicularly over their bases, from the rough sides of which trees impend in their richest wildness.

The traveller may now descend into Langdale. From the New Inn at Conistone Water head, to Ambleside, by Borwick ground, the distance is eight miles. The road to both places, not half a mile from the inn, passes Water-head House, the seat of Mi-

chael Knott, Esq. This house, much enlarged, is a splendid addition to the mountain.

A late visitor of Langdale observes, "I know not how I can better describe this beautiful valley, than by my father's simile. "It puts me in mind," said he, as we ascended the road by Tail End, "of a wash-hand basin, with a little drop of water in the bottom." "Yes," said my uncle, "and to complete the comparison, the island may look like a piece of soap, which some careless person has left in the water." To me, Tom, it seemed like a little vale where nature has poured all her sweets. The valley is small. A still lake sleeps in the bottom—at least it slept when we were there—a circle of majestic hills environ it on every side; yet all finely varied in their shapes. A tract of level ground, under the shelter of a towering hill, is brightened by a lovely village, with its neat white church. And you will agree with me that there is nothing so delightful as a neat village church.

On ascending the hill above Tail-end, I turned round to take perhaps a last farewell of one of the sweetest vales under heaven. "Happy tenants of this happy vale," exclaimed my sister, "you little know the blessings you enjoy. Nature has heaped her richest beauties around you. Every returning day presents you a picture which all the pencils in the world cannot imitate. Surely a scene like this must impress the heart with feelings of devotion, and prompt the ready song of praise to Him who thus bounteously prepares for the highest gratification of his creatures." "I agree with you there," said my uncle; "I have long held it as a favourite opinion, that the Deity has designed us for much of what is called the pleasures of sense. Had it not been so, why have we all this diversity of colours in nature? One would have done for use—the rest are given for pleasure. One sound might have served all the business of life; but we are presented with an almost infinite variety of

sounds all agreeable in their different tones—these are intended for pleasure. The beautiful variety in the herbs and flowers is for our amusement. Every species of tree has a different hue, because these hues are agreeable. The earth is green, the rocks are grey, and the sky is blue for our pleasure. Even these are again varied to please us—the morning is spangled with a thousand dyes, the mid-day sky is speckled with clouds, the evening tinged with gold and crimson, and the silent night gemmed with living lustre to please us. The charming sensation of heat, the softness of the grass we tread, and the sweetness of the air we breathe, are all intended to give us pleasure.” And turning to my sister with a smile, “nor is ‘the human face divine’ less an object of pleasure. The unequalled lustre of the sparkling eye, the soft vermilion of the cheek and lip, the snowy whiteness of the teeth, the shadowy brown of those waving ringlets which adorn the face on either side, are all designed for the pleasure of man.” —“But,” replied my sister, with a blush, “there are persons who imagine they are pleasing our bounteous Creator, by stripping the female face of those waving ringlets you so much admire—and call it religion!” “And there are some persons,” says my father, “who imagine they please themselves,” looking at my sister’s bonnet, “by concealing their faces altogether under a stack of straw—and call it fashion!”

This conversation was interrupted by our arriving at High Close, where we had so delightful a view of Loughrigg Tarn, with the soft meadow and woodland surrounding it; over which we caught a glimpse of Windermere, and the high grounds about Troutbeck and Orrest Head. Had the horse been as fond of rural scenery as I was, we should have gone no farther. But the cart kept moving on, and we presently found ourselves descending towards Langdale. Elterwater, with its morass, lay at our feet, and

Langdale pikes, so often an object of beauty, now stood in all their majesty close to us.

We passed a few straggling farm-houses, at Elterwater head, and began to ascend, by the slate quarries, to Little Langdale. We now found ourselves in a country of comparative barrenness. Huge misshapen hills presented themselves on every side. The roads narrow and extremely rugged, steep and difficult of ascent.

Little Langdale is constructed like a deep dish, with a small dirty tarn in the middle. This vale is situated in close contiguity to some of the highest hills in the kingdom, in consequence of which it is remarkably subject to rain. My uncle asked an old man who was looking after some sheep on the hill, "If the rain in these parts was not very detrimental to the crops?" "Wya," replied he, "it rather plagues us sometimes; but we talk of gitting a lid mead, an' then wee's be better off." "I think, indeed," said my father, "you almost might get a lid for it."

Under a lofty hill to the east side of Little Langdale, we called at a farm house belonging to an old "statesman," as they term them here, called William Tyson. The good old hospitable farmer set before us new milk, home-brewed beer, butter, bread and cheese, and kindly invited us to "help ourselfs." My uncle entered into conversation with him respecting the Lake Mountains. He appeared to have read nothing but the book of nature. He was well acquainted with the arrangement of the hills, and gave us a better idea of the country, my uncle observed, than could be obtained from the best written work extant. The following is the substance of the old man's remarks.

"I cannot compare the lake mountains," said William Tyson, "to nothing so natural as a cart wheel with nine spokes; only they are some of them crooked. I call the hills Bowfell, Scawfell, and the Pikes, the nave of the wheel, and the long ridges which run from them, I call the spokes. I will be-

gin on the east side; and I will mark them on this flag with this piece of burnt wood. Those three dots altogether are Bowfell, Scawfell, and the Pikes; now, that spoke is Langdale pikes, and the range of hills which run behind Grasmere, Rydale, Ambleside, Bowness, and down to Cartmelfell.—The next spoke, look you, is yon which you see across the valley; it runs down by Coniston Old Man, and divides Torver from Seathwaite.—The third takes in Hard Knot and Wrynose, and divides Seathwaite from Eskdale.—The fourth, shoots away to Raven-glass, and divides Eskdale from Miterdale.—The fifth takes in the Screes, and divides Miterdale from Wasdale.—The sixth is a very thick knotty spoke, and takes in Yewbarrow, Seatallan, and the Pillar, and divides Wasdale from Ennerdale.—The seventh takes in High Stile and Red Pike, and divides Ennerdale from Buttermere.—The eighth takes in Cawsey Pike, Grasmoor, Whiteside, and Grisdale Pike, and divides Buttermere from Borrowdale and Keswick vale.—The ninth, is a smaller spoke, and divides Borrowdale from Leaths-water.—These spokes or branches of hills, are many of them again divided into less branches, with valleys between them.”

“This,” observed my uncle, “is very like the account given by Mr. Wordsworth, in his late publication. Have you ever seen that book?” “No,” replied the old man, “I see no books. But if we were on Bowfell, I could let you see down all these valleys in a two hours’ walk; though I am so plagued with the rheumatism now, I don’t think I could get up so high.” “Are we to suppose,” said my uncle, “that Mr. Wordsworth has borrowed this idea from the old dalelander, and then published it as his own?” “Oh, no,” said my father, “Mr. Wordsworth will call it a coincidence of ideas!”

After our refreshment in Little Langdale, we proceeded to Langdale Head, along a road of nature’s own making, and a rough job she had made of it. Though the jolting of the road was almost insup-

portable, the view of Blea Tarn, with Langdale Pikes beyond it, was exquisite. We rested awhile to feast on the sublime scene, before we descended the steep and rugged road into Langdale Head. This head of the vale was the wildest spot I had yet seen. Surrounded on every side but one by hills, whose summits appeared to hold communion with the skies, we saw no possible egress. A few lonely farm houses invited us to seek refreshment, which was now become necessary. The mistress of the house where we alighted, was one of those interesting females whose countenances are indexes to every thing generous. She presented us with bread and butter, and new milk. While we feasted on this delicious mountain fare, she informed us that there was no road into Borrowdale, excepting over a place called the Stake, which was so steep that we could only pass it on foot, and even that with difficulty, as it was nearly two thousand feet high. Besides, she said, the day was far advanced, and there was not another house within ten miles. And in conclusion pressed us very hard to stay all night in her cottage; where, though the fare and accommodations might be homely, the meat was wholesome, and the beds clean. My uncle felt himself so fatigued with riding over the hill from Langdale, that his own limbs and the good woman's persuasion soon induced him to accept her hospitable offer.

When we had a little recovered our fatigue, we rambled down the vale to admire the beauty and sublimity of this astonishing place. As we wandered along the margin of the river we fell in with a rather intelligent rustic, who was fishing with considerable success. My sister was exceedingly delighted with the sport, and solicited the favour of the rod to try her hand; and either by skill or chance drew a trout to the shore. She was so much elated with her success, that she would not quickly have restored the rod to its owner, had not a shower compelled us to seek shelter in the peasant's cottage, which luckily happened to be near. He kindly invited us to take

a little refreshment, as he said, "in a free way;" and we would not hurt the poor man's pride by a refusal. We must be fatigued with walking, he observed, "For these quality sort of folk can bide naught."

When we regained the farm house at Langdale Head, the farmer and his servants were coming in from the mowing field. This may appear strange when you recollect it is now the middle of August. It seemed curious to me. When we left Preston, they had nearly finished their corn harvest; and here at a distance of only sixty miles, they are commencing their hay harvest.

The farmer gave us a hearty welcome to his "humble cot and hamely fare;" he entered warmly into conversation respecting sheep farms.

While my father, my uncle, and the farmer were thus employed, I and my sister, the farmer's daughter, (a very pretty girl by the bye,) the farmer's son, and a young person or two beside, amused ourselves by telling stories behind the long table. The farmer's son, was an excellent hand; and told them with quite a dramatic effect. This manner of spending the evening appeared rather novel to me, but from what I can learn it is the usual plan in this country. When the labour of the day is over they retire to the fire, in winter; and behind the long table, or else to the stone at the door, in summer.

SEATHWAITE

Is a village consisting of a few houses in a secluded valley, not generally known, but greatly admired by those who do know it: it may be approached by Broughton, or by passing the high mountain called Walna Scar; or by Shepherd's Bridge to Little Langdale, and over Wrynose to Cockley Beck, which is the highest house in Seathwaite. Seathwaite is also nearly ten miles from Keswick, and so deeply sunk between the mountains, that during the depth of winter the inhabitants here never see the sun; and which even in summer seems to shine upon them with reluctance. From an opening on the left

is a view of Eagle Crag. Seathwaite stands at the foot of the mountain which contains the wad, or black-lead mines. In Seathwaite untutored nature seems to have held her dominion with a more absolute sway than in any other dale in the country; exotics have been sparingly introduced, and though there is rather a want than a redundancy of wood, an artist may think the valley is better without it. About a mile and a half to the northward is Rossthwaite, a lonely village shadowed by impending mountains, and almost secluded from the surrounding country, especially during the winter months. Here the road divides; one branch leading to the Wad-mines and Ravenglass, the other on the left to Hawkshead.

The Pikes are the highest part of that vast mass of mountain, reaching from Seathwaite in Borrowdale, to Wast-water; by some, the whole of this extended mass, with all its various summits, is called Scawfell; this, however, is the name given to the part south of Mickle door, by the Wastdale shepherds; and the highest part on the north east, they call the Pikes. But the Borrowdale shepherds call this elevated point, the High Man, or Scawfell, to distinguish it from other heaps of stones nearer Borrowdale. Westward from the High Man, lies Scawfell, which, Janus-like, being double-faced, here presents his roughly-marked front. Eskdale and Wastdale enjoy his smooth and shining side. Scawfell obscures part of the Screes and Wast-water. This aspiring station commands a more sublime, and perhaps not less elegantly varied range of mountains, dales, and sea-views, than either Skiddaw or Helvellyn. The summit of Scawfell in a straight line, is estimated at about twelve hundred yards distant from the Higher Pike; but the line of travel from one summit to the other, is over a painfully rugged road, in length not less than two miles.

Mr. Hutchinson observed growing on Scawfell that species of moss which is the food of red deer,

and during the last century one of these was chased into Wast-water, and there drowned.

EXCURSION V.

From Coniston Water-head to Hawk's-head, thence by the Grove round Esthwaite Water

	Miles.	Miles.
To Hawk's-head		3
Esthwaite Water	$\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
The Grove	$\frac{1}{2}$	4
Nearer Sawrey, by the foot of the Lake	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$
Hawk's-head	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$

Esthwaite Water is about two miles in length and half a mile across; it is encompassed by an excellent carriage road, on the right of which we pass by Grove, the seat of Thomas Beck, Esq.; on the left is Esthwaite Hall, a farm-house; a little beyond which a branch from the Ulverston road leads either to the ferry-house, or round Esthwaite water. The road from Elverston to Penny Bridge is pleasant.

Esthwaite-Water is intersected by a peninsula projecting into it from each side. These are fringed with trees and cultivated. Along the margin of the lake rise gentle hills, with plantations and pastures alternately spreading beneath white farms, distributed upon the slopes above. This charming sheet of water is surrounded by a good carriage road, and over the outlet, by which it discharges itself is a good stone bridge. A little islet, near the head of this water, is said to have floated about formerly according as the wind blew. It has certainly been stationary many years, and is at present covered with shrubs. No char is found here, though this water is connected with Windermere, but perch, pike, trout, &c. abound. Belham tarn is a little lake two miles north east of Hawkshead, going by Colt house: this tarn is connected with Windermere by a stream, passing by Low Wray. From Hawkshead the scenery improves, and is beautifully variegated all the way to Ambleside; but from Penny Bridge the country is somewhat dreary. From Sawrey to

Hawkshead the irregular figure of the lake, its pretty inclosures, woods, and buildings, with the pikes of Langdale in the distance, display many delicious Sylvan pictures.

Hawkshead is a small town situated in the vale near the lake of Esthwaite, and is protected from bleak winds by the overhanging fells of Coniston. Being the principal town of Furness, it is the centre where all business is transacted. Here is no staple manufactory, but a very considerable market on Mondays. The church here was formerly under Dalton; but made parochial by Edward Sandys, Archbishop of York, about 1580. At a short distance from Hawkshead, are the remains of a house where the representative of the Abbot of Furness resided. The Court room over the gateway, is that in which the bailiff managed the Abbot's temporal concerns.

From Hawkshead, to the ferry-house on Windermere, the road passes over hilly grounds through the village of Sawrey; the sight of Windermere from this road is very fine all the way down the hill to the flat. Bellemont was built by the Rev. Reginald Braithwaite, whose son, the Rev. Gawen Braithwaite sold it to — Ward, Esq. of Liverpool. Field-head is the residence of James Lockhart, Esq. Keen Ground is the seat of John Rigby, Esq.

EXCURSION VI.

From Ambleside to Keswick,

	Miles.	Miles.
Rydal		1
White Moss Slate Quarry	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$
Town End	1	$3\frac{3}{4}$
Hollin Grove	$\frac{3}{4}$	4
Swan Inn	$\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Turnpike Gate	$\frac{3}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$
Dunmail Raise	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Horses Head	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$7\frac{1}{4}$
St. John's Vale	$2\frac{1}{4}$	10
Smeathwaite Bridge	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$11\frac{3}{4}$
Causey Foot	$2\frac{1}{4}$	14
Summit of Castlerigg	$\frac{3}{4}$	$14\frac{3}{4}$
Keswick	$1\frac{1}{4}$	10

Nothing can exceed the interest of the ride from Ambleside to Keswick. From the bridge of Grasmere the eye ranges with rapture over its secluded valley. At the foot of Helm-crag an immense broken pile, which, like the ruin of some great citadel, guards the north-east side of the valley; the road winds through the romantic vales of Legberthwaite and St. John.

Ambleside is a small town, occupying a singularly beautiful and romantic situation at the head of Windermere: it contains a handsome church, erected in the modern Gothic style, a few years ago. It is much resorted to in the summer season by those who visit the lakes. This romantic village is thirty-seven or thirty-nine miles from Lancaster, if the Bowness road is taken. Ambleside and Keswick are the places principally from which the English lakes, the mountains and valleys around them are visited. The inns and lodging-houses, at both places, are proportionably numerous; though the population at Keswick doubles that of Ambleside. The Salutation Inn at Ambleside is spacious and airy; several post chaises and horses are kept, besides saddle horses and carts. The White Lion is the second inn, and there are several public houses where lodgings may be had; but a want of more accommodation during the travelling season, has been complained of at both places. At Low Wood, a mile and a half from Ambleside, on the Kendal road, there is a pleasant and commodious inn, chaise and horses.

Stock Gill rises on the side of Scawdale Fell, but the finest part of it is between the woollen mill and Stock Gill force, a distance of about three quarters of a mile. The margin of this Gill is sometimes low, sometimes swelling; but oftener in steep and grassy banks, or bold projecting rocks, rising to a vast height. The pike of Wansfell is occasionally seen through the vista, on looking up the river, and the Langdale pikes in looking down it. The rivulet

of Stock Gill passes through Ambleside, and forms the boundary or line of separation between the parishes of Bowness and Grasmere.

Woundale Raise, is a remarkable heap of stones in this vicinity. From Ambleside is a charming excursion by Skelwith fold and Colwith force up little Langdale, Blea Tarn, and down Great Langdale. There are delightful walks in that part of Grasmere, called Easedale; and the vale is advantageously seen from Butterlip How. At the mile-stone, the sixth short of Keswick, there is a fine view of Legberthwaite with Blencathara, commonly called Saddleback. Helvellyn may be ascended from Dunmail Raise, by a foot traveller or from the inn at Wythurn. The traveller, who may thus have deviated, may rejoin the main road upon Shoulthwaite Moss, about four miles from Keswick. Soon after leaving Ambleside we pass Rydal Hall on our right, and immediately after on our left, ascending the rugged side of a rocky mountain, Rydalwater presents itself to our view. This lake is about a mile in length, and is spotted with two small islands. The water is apparently shallow, and the lake is inferior to that of Grasmere in point of beauty. A few ancient trees decorate its banks on one side, and, on the other some hoary rocks, with woods vegetating from their fissures, have a picturesque effect. This lake, as well as that of Grasmere, empties itself into the river Rothay, which, after a course of two miles loses its waters in Windermere.

Rydal Hall is situated on a gentle eminence, at the junction of two valleys, and is the seat of Sir Daniel Le Fleming, Bart. Behind this large ancient building, sheltered by tall oaks, rises the rocky mountain of Rydal Head, computed to be upwards of 3000 feet in height. At Rydal Hall are two grand cascades, one in a glen, a little above the house, to which a good road has been opened. The water is said to rush down about twenty-four feet in perpendicular height, and to occasion a considerable concussion in its fall.

The other, the celebrated waterfall at Rydal, is peculiarly beautiful, and is approached by a narrow glen till we come to a little thatched summer-house, on the banks of the river. On one of its window shutters is the date 1617. On entering the room here the view of the cascade bursts at once upon the eye, and the effect for the moment is electrical. The noise of the torrent, and the dark shade of the overhanging and surrounding trees, form a scene which excites a variety of sensations.

The first mention of this beautiful spot was made by the elegant biographer of Mr. Gray. "Nature," he observes, "has here performed every thing in little, that she usually executed upon a larger scale; and, on that account, like a miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner. Not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, and the little central current dashing down a cleft of the darkest coloured stone, but produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original on a canvas not bigger than those usually dropped in the Opera House."

Another writer describing the scene says, "the water of a small bason, hollowed in a bed of stone, and darkened by the impending foliage, is thrown into a tremulous agitation by two little streams falling six or eight feet from the clefts of a small shelf of rock. One of them is a broad ribband torrent, fretting itself into a white foam; the other a little rippling stream, whose current disperses as it falls. The fine marble slabs that form the sides of the bason are carpeted by a thick brown moss; and the light, which is denied admittance through the trees, is ushered in at the arch of a small wooden bridge above the falls, and reflected from the face of the water." From Rydal we may return by a delightful

way through coppices and verdant meadows to Ambleside.

From Low Pike, in Rydal Park, the tourist who loves mountainous prospects, may be highly gratified. Besides Rydal water he may view Grasmere, Windermere, Blencow Tarn, Elterwater, Esthwaite, and Coniston Water, the Isle of Walney, Pile of Foudrey, Duddon, Ulverston, Lancaster, and Millthorp Sands; and, at an opening between two hills, the hideous rocks in Borrowdale. A further walk of about an hour will procure a view of Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Ulswater, the Vale of St. John, and other parts of Cumberland. After such views the following lines may be aptly introduced,

Descending now from ether's pure domain,
By fancy borne to range the nether plain;
Behold all winning novelty display'd
Along the vale, the mountain, and the shade,
The scenes but late diminutive resume
Their native grandeur and their wonted bloom;
The woods expand their umbrage o'er the deep,
And with ambitious aim ascend the steep;
Stage above stage their vigorous arms invade,
The tallest cliffs, and wrap them in the shade:
Each in its own pre-eminence regains
The high dominion of the subject plains,
Smiling beneath; such smiles the people wear,
Happy in some paternal monarch's care.

Rydal Mount is the seat of William Wordsworth, Esq. the admired author of "The Excursion, a description of the scenery of the lakes in the north of England," &c. &c. Rydal water is connected with Grasmere water, which is scarcely half a mile distant from it.

The best view of Grasmere lake is from between West's station and the water, as taken by Mr. Green; this presents the island, the church, and the village. Helm Crag and Seat Sandal are the principal mountains in the distance. "The grand features of nature," says the same artist, "when happily con-

gregated, are grateful to the sentimental mind ; but in serene seasons, when not a breath of air disturbs the waters of the lakes, how beautiful the reflections on its glossy bosom, particularly when the almost motionless clouds hang upon the mountains, or the receding objects are swimming in celestial azure. Such is the scene which may frequently be enjoyed from the new room at the south end of Grasmere.

“ The deep hush of the vale, the town
Chiming through mournful silence, and the lake
Reflecting all the heavens.”

The church-yard shaded by pines and sycamores is congenial with those who love silence and solitude. Some charitable stranger has lately added the mournful yew tree, sacred to such institutions.

Loughrigg Tarn, near Grasmere, is one of the most beautiful miniatures of its kind. It has a margin of green meadows, rocks, and rocky woods ; reeds here, a few water lilies there. A little stream issues from it ; but its feeding rills are so small as scarcely to be visible. Five or six cottages are reflected from its bosom ; rocky and barren steeps rise up above the hanging enclosures, and the solemn pikes of Langdale overlook the ridge of land that forms the northern boundary of this fertile domain. Water fowl flock among the mountain tarns ; and the lonely angler may often times be seen here.

There sometimes does a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere :
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud.

Leaving Grasmere on our left we proceed along the road till we arrive at Dunmail Raise ; where the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland divide is scarcely seven miles from Ambleside. Here lie the historic stones that perpetuate the name and fall of the last king of Cumberland, defeated there by

the Saxon monarch Edmund, who put out the eyes of the two sons of his adversary, and for his confederating with Leolin, king of Wales, first wasted his kingdom, and then gave it to Malcolm, king of Scots, who held it in fee of Edmund, about the years 944, or 945. The stones are a heap that have the appearance of a cairn or barrow. The wall that divides the counties is built over them, which proves their priority of time in that form.

Dr. Burn calls the river, from Dunmail Raise to Grasmere Lake, Raisbeck; but from that lake to Windermere he names it Rothay, from Dunmail Raise on our right South-eastward.

HELVELLYN.

Eastward of the chasm of Borrowdale and partly in Westmoreland, is the "mighty Helvellyn." Its height is three thousand and fifty five feet above the level of the sea. Huge and innumerable fragments of rock hang pendant from its sides, as if ready to fall upon, and overwhelm, the curious traveller. Its summit is extremely difficult of access, and its descent difficult, in consequence of loose stones, hard dry ground, and small rocks. The prospect from its summit is extremely extensive—Cross Fell, and Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, are distinctly visible. The Author of "A Fortnight's Ramble," visited Helvellyn from Ambleside. "We, said he," began our course by Rydal Hall, guided by Robin Partridge; and, as we surmounted the first hills, we took advantage of the morning to exert ourselves. We passed the long chain till we came to Fairfield, which composes that grand crescent, which every one looks up to with such respect, upon Windermere. In the rear is Flinty Grove, in Deepdale Head, where we look down into the entrance of Patterdale, and over the champaign part of Westmoreland. Angle Tarn, famous for fish, cuts the centre of the mountain before us. At one time we saw seven pieces of water; and, as the tide was coming in upon the Lancaster

sands, we had many salt-water lakes which were terminated by the western sea, an expanse of blue, far as the eye could reach. At a quarter past seven, after a tight tug, we reached a mountain that would make a fine race course, and then steeply descended to a Tarn, half a mile below, and had a bird's-eye view of Grasmere and Helm Crag, which has a ferruginous appearance. The water of the Tarn, just mentioned, is hid in three mountains, at the head of which is Seat Sandal.

"We then clambered upon the heap of stones called *Dolly Waggon Pike*. At half-past nine we reached Helvellyn Man, the highest point of this famous mountain. Still mountains seemed towering above hills, as if they were parents of numerous families, and Helvellyn in the centre of them. Old Man is just in sight. Place Fell cuts off a branch of Ulverston. Just under the ground called OLD CHURCH, is RED TARN, shaped like a Bury pear. After partaking of a luxurious banquet, at a spring about two hundred yards below Helvellyn Man, the party came to a rise which is only seen from the high road, and often supposed to be the top of the mountain. Here they opened upon the peaceful view of Wythburn, beautiful though unadorned with trees."

The writer of the "Fortnight's Ramble" here observes, he took an opportunity of resting upon a snug sheep-birth, almost an asylum, as they were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, the ground was so hard and steep, and although he was master of his resolution, as he had only one arm to depend on, he would not whilst descending, have looked at any thing but his feet for all the prospects in the universe.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, trusting too much to his own knowledge, lost his way, and perished beneath "the dark brow of themighty Helvellyn," endeavouring to cross over from Grasmere, and his remains were not discovered till

three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful female terrier, his constant attendant, during his rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland. This affecting incident gave birth to an exquisite poem by Mr. Walter Scott, in which, apostrophizing the guardian dog, he asks,

“How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?

When the wind wav'd his garment how oft didst thou start?

How many long days and long nights didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?”

Mr. Wordsworth, in his poem on “*Fidelity*,” thus relates a part of this story:—

“But hear a wonder, for whose sake

This lamentable tale I tell,

A lasting monument of words,

This wonder merits well.

The dog, which still was hovering nigh,

Repeating the same timid cry,

‘This dog had been through three months’ space,

A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since that day

On which the traveller thus had died,

The dog had watch’d about the spot,

Or by his master’s side.

How nourished here, through such long time,

He knows who gave that love sublime,

And gave that strength of feeling great,

Above all human estimate.”

The impressive grandeur of the echoes amongst the rocks and caverns here have often been remarked: but this effect is almost equalled by the reverberations of any loud sound, suddenly emitted in the wilds of these romantic eminences. “It is

utterly impossible for a lively imagination, unused to the delusion, to experience it without a momentary belief that he is surrounded by the unseen spirits of the mountains, reproving his intrusion into their *sacred recesses*." The universal uproar which a sudden burst of laughter produces in the bosom of these precipices, has been beautifully expressed by Mr. Wordsworth, in his *Lyrical Ballads*:—

"'Twas that delightful season when the broom,
Full flower'd and visible on every steep
Along the copses runs in veins of gold:
Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks,
And when we came in front of that tall rock,
Which looks towards the east, I then stopp'd short,
And trac'd the lofty barrier with my eye,
From base to summit. Such delight I found
To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,
The intermixture of delicious hues
Along so vast a surface all at once,
In one impression, by connecting force
Of their own beauty, imag'd in the heart.
—— When I had gaz'd perhaps two minutes space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laugh'd aloud:
The *rock*, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laugh'd again.
That 'ancient woman,' seated on Helm Crag,
Was ready with her cavern, *Hammar Scar*,
And the tall steep of Silver-how sent forth
A noise of laughter; Southern Loughrigg heard,
And *Fawfield* answer'd, with a mountain tone:
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice; Old Skiddaw blew
Her speaking trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of *Glamara*, southward, came the voice;
And *Kirkstone* toss'd it from his misty head.
Now whether (said I to my cordial friend,
Who, in the hey-day of astonishment,
Smil'd in my face), this were, in simple truth,

A work accomplish'd by the brotherhood
Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touch'd
With dreams, and visionary impulses,
Is not for me to tell; but sure I am
That there was a loud uproar in the hills,
And while we both were listening, to my side
'The fair Joanna drew, as if she wish'd
'To shelter from some object of her fear.'

That '*ancient woman*' on Helm Crag, refers to the striking resemblance seen on that mountain of an old woman cowering down from Grasmere.

Leaving the majestic Helvellyn on our right, we pass Wythburn to Leathes Water.

LEATHES WATER.

This lake, which is sometimes called Thirlmere, is a narrow irregular sheet, about four miles in length, but in no part more than a mile broad. Numerous little bays enter into it; the eastern side of which is skirted by the immense base of Helvellyn, and fed by numerous torrents, that precipitate themselves down the sides of that mountain, and others that surround and cast a deep brown shade over the surface of Leathes Water. This is distinguished from all the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland by a projection in its centre from each side, where the shores nearly unite, and render the passage extremely narrow and rapid, but not very deep. Over this part is an Alpine bridge, of three arches, formed of a few strong oaken planks, with a hand-rail on each side, for further security. The approach to this bridge is over a rude causeway of rough stones, upon which the arches are fixed. At the west end of the lake there is a little promontory, upon which stands a neat manor-house, shrouded with trees. On the back-ground, the broad gloomy ridges of Saddleback and Threlkeld Fells appear. The beauties of this lake are seen to most advantage from a road passable to horsemen, or persons on foot, which runs along the shore for nearly three

miles, though it is sometimes excluded by intervening rocks; yet almost its whole length is completely overhung by part of the stupendous Fells of Borrowdale. The left side of the road is strewn with huge fragments of rock, loosened and brought down from the mountains by repeated storms.

CLARK'S LEAP is a rock, so called from a person of that name who drowned himself, being instigated so to do by his wife advising him to it, and of whom he was jealous. From an eminence on the left of the road, at the sixth mile-stone, Leatheswater is seen to great advantage, and also from another behind Dale Head House. From Leathes Water, pursuing the road to Keswick, we pass St. John's Vale, on our right, and arriving at Castlerigg, observe the hill called Druid's Temple on our right, and enter the *Vale of Keswick*.

THE VALE OF KESWICK.

This has been aptly called "the head quarters of Tourists." The best views of Keswick Lake are from Crow Park; Friars Crag; the Stable Field close by; the Vicarage; and by taking the circuit of the lake, more distant views, and perhaps full as interesting, are from the side of Latrigg; from Ormath Water and Applethwaite; and thence along the road at the foot of Skiddaw, towards Bassenthwaite, for about a quarter of a mile. From the Castle Hill there are five bird's-eye views; and from Ashness, on the road to Wattenlath, and following the stream there downwards to the Cataract of Lowdore. There are good views along the western side of Bassenthwaite Lake, and from Armathwaite at its foot, though the eastern side, on the high road, is not the most inviting. Those persons who come from Carlisle, and approach by way of Ireby, may have from the top of Bassenthwaite Hawsemach, the most striking view of the Plain of, and Lake of, Bassenthwaite, flanked by Skiddaw and terminated by Wallowcrag, on the south-east of Derwent Lake,

with an extensive view of Solway Frith, and the Scotch Mountains. Those who take the circuit of Derwent Lake, may also include Borrowdale, going as far as the Bowder Stone or Rossthwaite; Borrowdale is also conveniently seen on the way to Wastdale; or to Buttermere, by Seatoller and Honiston Crag, or over the stile to Langdale and Ambleside. Buttermere may be approached a shorter way, through Newlands, but the best way is from Scale Hill. The mountains of this vale are nowhere so impressive, as from the bosom of Crummock Lake; Scale Force is a fine water-fall.

EXCURSION VII.

From Keswick to Saddleback.

	Miles.	Miles.
Greta Bank Bridge		$\frac{1}{2}$
Greta Bank	$\frac{1}{2}$	1
Brundholm	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$
Over the wooden bridge by Derwent fold to the common at High Row end	1	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Circuitous Walk on High Row Fell to Low Fell; thence by Priestman to Linthwaite Pike	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{3}{4}$
Foot of Scales Tarn	$\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{1}{4}$
Atkinson's Man by Sharpe Edge	$\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{3}{4}$
Linthwaite Pike	$\frac{1}{4}$	7
Back to Keswick	5	12

SADDLEBACK AND SCALES TARN.

The courtesy of Messrs. Calvert and Banks, in allowing strangers a passage over Greta-Bank Bridge, has furnished a new and highly-interesting foot-way. This road goes to the brink of a precipice on the left, rising above the Glenderaterra, a short distance from the bridge. Here are two steep descents to the river,—the first so rugged and narrow, as to be somewhat dangerous: the best way is by Brundholm, an ancient farm-house on the right, and to cross the river by a wooden bridge to Derwent Fold, and through the fields to High End, west of a line of farms leading to Threlkeld. The horse-road from

Keswick to Saddleback, is on that of Penrith to Threlkeld Town head; an acute turn to the left, at this place, leads to High Row, to a foot road. Hence the way on the left is on the side of a wall: then on the right by a delightful road cut by the shepherds on the mountain, here called High Row Fell. Towards Scales Tarn, Mr. Green, and a companion, descended steeply from Linthwaite Pike, and then in an easterly direction to the Tarn, a beautiful circular piece of transparent water. Here they found themselves engulfed in a basin of steeps, having, Tarn Crag on the north, the rocks falling from Sharp Edge on the east, and on the west, the soft turf on which they had made their downward progress. Wishing to vary their line in returning, they crossed the stream and commenced a steep ascent at the foot of Sharp Edge; but the passage gradually grew narrower, and the declivity on each hand awfully precipitous. From walking erect, they were reduced to the necessity of bestriding the ridge, or of moving on one of its sides with their hands, lying over the top as a security against tumbling into the Tarn on the left, or into a frightful gulley on the right, both of immense depth. At length gaining better ground, they had a retrospective view of Sharp Edge, the narrowest ridge on Saddleback; in places, its top is composed of loose stones and earth; and this expedition to Sharp Edge had more singularity than safety to recommend it.

Mr. Hutchinson speaks of a party who visited this Tarn on Saddleback some years before. "They began their ascent on Scales Fell: having proceeded about a mile, one of the party on looking round, was so astonished at the different appearance of objects in the valley so far beneath them, that he declined proceeding. We had not gone much further when another was taken ill and wished to lose blood and return. I was almost ready to give up my project, which I should have done with great reluctance; but, after labouring another half hour, we

gained the margin of an immense cavity, the bottom of which formed a wide basin, and was filled with water, that looked black, though smooth as glass, and covered the space of many acres."

SCALES TARN is generally sunless, and when illuminated ever so little, it is in the morning, and chiefly through the aperture formed by the running waters in the direction of Penrith. "Winding round, and keeping the cavity on our right, we attained the ridge, or summit of a rock, where we found a passage three or four yards broad; on the right, the descent to the lake looked truly awful; whilst the steep rocks on the other side were lofty, and not to be clambered by human steps." On this grassy bridge, Ottley and Green commenced their "awful descent" to the lake. Strangers should never explore difficult places without a guide, particularly in unsettled weather. "We walked back (said they) by the side next to the lake; but to look down from thence was so terrible, I could not indure it a moment. We perceived from here that our companion, whom we had left, was laid upon the ground; I pressed the guide to hasten to him, but he refused, alleging that a fog was rising and would make it very hazardous for me to explore my way alone down the mountain. In a short time we were enveloped in a very dense vapour, so that we were obliged to keep close to each other; the sudden change was almost incredible. It was with difficulty we regained the passage or dry bridge, which we missed several times, and one false step would have precipitated us into the horrid abyss. The fog soon after dispersed as suddenly as it came on, and left us under a serene sky.

EXCURSION VIII.

From Keswick round Derwent Water.

				Miles.	Miles.
Castlehead, left	.	.	-	$\left \frac{1}{2} \right $	$\frac{1}{2}$
Stable hills, right	.	.	-	$\left \frac{1}{2} \right $	1

	Miles.	Miles.
First Barrow gate	$\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Second Barrow gate	$\frac{1}{4}$	2
Barrow hall	$\frac{1}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$
Lowdore	$\frac{3}{4}$	3
Grange Bridge	1	4
Village of Grange	$\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{4}$
Manesty	$\frac{3}{4}$	5
How's End	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$6\frac{3}{4}$
Portinscale	2	$8\frac{3}{4}$
Keswick	$1\frac{1}{4}$	10

If the Bowder stone be visited the same will be twelve miles.

The general Aquatic excursion on Derwent Water.

	Miles.	Miles.
Walk from Keswick to the little hills to the Strand where the boats are moored		$\frac{1}{2}$
Friar Crag	$\frac{1}{2}$	1
Lord's Island	$\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Stable Hills	$\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Broom hill	$\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Barrow landing place	$\frac{3}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Floating Island	$\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Mouth of the river	$\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
St. Herbert's Island	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$
Water-end Bay and a little walking	$\frac{3}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Derwent Isle	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$6\frac{3}{4}$
Strands Piers	$\frac{1}{4}$	7
Keswick	$\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$

Derwent water, or Keswick Lake, as it is frequently called, from its vicinity to Keswick, is on an irregular figure, somewhat approaching the oval, about three miles in length and one and a half in breadth. By several writers this has been supposed the finest lake in the north of England; but the preference has lately been almost universally awarded to Ulswater. Derwent water has peculiar charms both from beauty and wildness. It seems to be nearly of a round form, and the whole is seen at one glance, expanding within an amphitheatre of mountains, rocky but not vast: broken into many

fantastic shapes, peaked, splintered, impending, and sometimes pyramidal, opening by narrow valleys to the view of rocks, that rise immediately beyond and are again overlooked by others. The precipices seldom overhang the water: but are arranged at some distance, and the shores swell with woody eminences or sink into green pastoral margins. Masses of wood also frequently appear among the cliffs, feathering them to their summits; and a white cottage sometimes peeps out from their skirts. The lake in return faithfully reflects the whole picture, and so even and brilliantly pellucid is its surface, that it rather heightens than obscures the colouring. Its mild bosom is spotted by four or five small islands, of which those called Lord's and St. Herbert's, have been well wooded; but another was "deformed by buildings, stuck over it like figures upon a twelfth-cake."

DERWENT WATER affords abundant matter for admiration, though not of so high a character as attends Ulswater. The soft undulations of its shores, the mingled wood and pasture that paint them, the brilliant purity of the water; the fantastic wildness of the rocks, and the magnificence of the theatre they form, are circumstances, the view of which excites emotions of sweet and tranquil pleasure, softening the mind to tenderness rather than elevating it to sublimity. The wildness, seclusion, and magical beauty of this vale, seem indeed to render it the very abode for Milton's '*Comus*.' "Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;" and we are almost tempted to suppose that he has hurled his

———"dazzling spells into the air,
Of power to cheat the eye with bare illusion,
And give it false presentments."

Mr. Wordsworth thinks the form of the lake is most perfect when like Derwent-water, and some of the smaller lakes, it least resembles that of a river; and when it is contemplated with that placid and quiet feeling, which peculiarly belongs to still water,

under the influence of no current, and of course reflecting the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky, and surrounding hills, expressing also, and making visible the changes of the atmosphere; and subject to agitation only from the winds.

Mr. Hutchinson surveyed the shores and islands of Derwent-water in a boat. "We landed (says he) at St. Herbert's Island, which contains about five acres of land, now covered with young trees, and famous for being the residence of St. Herbert, a priest and confessor, who, to avoid the intercourse of man, and that nothing might withdraw his attention from unceasing mortification and prayer, chose this island for his abode. The scene around him was adapted to his gloomy ideas of religion; he was surrounded by the lake, which afforded him fish for his diet; on every hand the voice of waterfalls excited the solemnest strains of meditation; rocks and mountains were his daily prospect, where barrenness and solitude seemed to take up their eternal abode; from the situation of this place, nature hath given three parts of the year to impetuous hurricanes and storms, the fourth alone provides for the rest. Here this recluse erected an hermitage, the remains of which are visible to this day, being a building of stone, formed into two apartments; the outward one about twenty feet long and fifteen broad, the other of narrower dimensions. He was contemporary with St. Cuthbert, and, as the legends of that time say, by the prayers of that saint, obtained a joint or equotemporary death with him, in the year of our Lord 608. There is no history of his life and actions to be met with, or any tradition of his works of piety or miracles preserved by the inhabitants of the country.

"We now pursued our voyage by a noble woody scene, where Brandelow Park, arising from the edge of the lake, with stately young oaks, extends its groves over two round hoes or eminences, and behind them (after covering a little intervening val-

ley) rises on the side of a mountain to a considerable height, and forms a woody amphitheatre, fringed with some small strips of corn, which grow under its skirts; whilst all above are stupendous hills and rocks. The straight boles of the trees, together with the verdure of the ground under their shadow, which was perceived at a great depth in the grove, by reason of the distance at which the trees stood from each other, formed an uncommon and solemn scene, which, being again reflected by the water, seemed like enchanted haunts, where the dryads met their naiad-nymphs in the happy regions of the genius of the lake.

“We arrived at the borders of Manisty Meadow, a flat of a few acres at the foot of the mountains, where our boat anchored, that we might enjoy the pleasures of the situation: to the left, the nearest object was a wooded island, edged with rocks, behind which, Brandelow Park, and oaken groves, dressed in the deepest green, covered the hills which arose immediate from the margin of the lake, and from thence stretched up the foot of Cathell's mountain, which laid so near us, that it required the eye which reviewed its summit to be returned directly upwards. On our right, at the distance of about one hundred yards, lay another small island, on whose rocky margin brush-wood and willow hung fantastically; above whose thickets the distant shores were seen, where the mighty cliffs of Falcon and Wallow Crag, projecting, shew their grotesque and tremendous brows, in a lofty line of rocks; beneath the feet of which a strip of cultivated lands and woods shot forth a verdant promontory, which sunk gradually into the lake. In the centre of this view (after stretching the eye to the distance of three miles over a basin of the clearest and smoothest water, spreading its bosom to the noontide sun) is a large mount, called Castlehead Rocks, rising in a cone, and covered with oak-wood; behind which a lofty mountain raised its brown

brow, drest in heath and sun-burnt herbage, exceeded only by Skiddaw, covered with blue vapour, and capped with clouds, which terminate the prospect.

“ After passing Bank Park, a rocky and barren promontory, on which a few scattered trees looked deplorably aged and torn, we entered a fine bay, where the mountains rise immediately out of the lake; here standing perpendicular, there falling back in ruinous and rude confusion, as being piled heap on heap from the convulsions of chaos; and in other parts shelving and hanging over the lake, as if they threatened an immediate fall; the whole forming a stupendous circus. To describe this view is difficult, as no expression can convey an idea of the subject, where the wild variety consists only of various features of the same objects; rocks and mountains forming and constituting the parts of this massive theatre. In the front of this romantic scene, a small mount presents itself, covered with herbage: small from the mighty stature and gigantic members of the other parts of the prospect. Overlooking this mount stands a round rock, pushing his mountainous brow into the clouds, once crowned with a castle. On the summit of the mount, sweetly contrasted by the grey rocks behind, there grows, with peculiar picturesque beauties, a single ancient oak. The lake beneath was a perfect mirror. On each hand the cliffs and mountains are strewed with bushes and shrubs, down whose sides small streams of water trill, like so many threads of silver, giving a delicate mixture to the greyness of the rocks over which they pass, in many places perpendicular, and rent into a thousand rude columns, as if they had been torn by thunderbolts; in other places they are of a tamer aspect, and, compacted in one solid mass, stand firm as the pillows of the antediluvian world. Where the hills are separated, little vales filled with wood, or narrow winding dells of grass-ground, twist around their feet, and give a

happy variegation to the view. In some places, clefts in the rocks afford a prospect into a valley behind; in others, the over-hanging cliffs form rude arches and apertures, through which distant mountains are discovered. Behind all are mountains piled on mountains, where the clouds roll in heavy volumes, giving a gloominess to those regions of confusion and barrenness, which rendered the lustre of the shining lake, and the streams of light which fell upon the rocks, waterfalls, and shrubs, brighter and more pleasing. In the cliffs in this part of the lake eagles build their nests, far removed from gunshot, and seldom disturbed by man; for it is no easy matter to assail their lofty habitation. In the sight of the cottage, hither they bring the spoils of the fold or the field, to feed their young, superior to the wrath of the injured. 'I was fortunate enough,' says Mr. Topham, 'to see the storming of an eagle's nest, which was built in the cleft of a rock, that has been constantly employed for that purpose for many ages, notwithstanding it is destroyed every year. The man who took it was let down in a basket by a rope from the summit of a rock, and combated with a sword the parent eagle, who fought valiantly in defence of her progeny.'

"On these shores a salt spring of very salubrious quality is found, but it is neglected.

"We next visited a very extraordinary phenomenon, an island about 40 yards in length, and 30 in breadth, grown over with rushes, reeds, grass, and some willows. We would have landed upon it, but as the water was said to be 40 fathom deep in that place, and the attempt rather hazardous, we desisted, and had not the means of enquiring particularly into its nature. This island arose about four perpendicular feet above the surface of the water, on which we were told it floated; from its magnitude we were not able, with one boat, to try whether it would move from the perpendicular line of its then

station, or whether it was bound to, and connected with, the bottom of the lake by the roots of any aquatic plants which appeared upon its surface.

“On my second visit the lake was greatly increased in magnitude, insomuch, that the Lord’s Island, as it is called, which before was a mere peninsula, was now so perfectly insulated, that we sailed between it and the main land in several feet water, the arm of the lake which formed this division not being less than three hundred yards in width; the floating island was no more to be seen; and I am induced to assert, that it never descends below the surface but when the lake is full of water, and the sedges and willows, which cover the point of some rock, are flooded and disappear.

“We now pushed up the river which feeds the lake; the water-lily spreads its broad leaves over the surface, and here and there shewed its meek white bells, being at this season in full perfection. We anchored near a little but pleasant habitation, called Lochdoor, or Lodore—a place perfectly adapted for the abode of a recluse, and much preferable to St. Herbert’s Island, lying open to the southern sun, sheltered from the north by mighty mountains, which almost overhang it; and, fronting to the widest part of the bason, it commands a view of the several islands, Manisty meadows, and Brandelow parks, with their oaken groves hanging from the ascent of the mountains, shade above shade; Cathell’s and the adjoining crags surmounting the whole scene.

“We were landed on a plain of meadow-ground, which descended to the edge of the water, over which we passed to an adjoining wood at the foot of the rocks, behind Lodore-house. After winding through several passes in these groves and thickets, we gained a situation where we were delighted with the noble objects which presented themselves to our view.

“ Around us was spread a grove, formed of tall young oaks, ash, and birch trees, which gave an agreeable coolness and shade; above the trees, with uplifted looks, to the right, we viewed a mountain of rock, called Shepherd’s Crag, forming a rude circular mass, shelving from the foot towards its crown in a spiral form; on every plane of which, and every step that hung upon its sides, herbage and shrubs grew fantastically, whilst the very summit wore a verdant cap of grass. To the left there arose a perpendicular grey cliff, said to be a thousand feet in height from the lake, rent into innumerable fissures, and standing, like massive columns, in rude arrangement, to support the seeming ruins of a shattered tower, grown white with storms, and overlooking Shepherd’s Crag some hundred feet. In the opening between these stupendous rocks, the river pours its whole stream, forming a grand cascade, near two hundred perpendicular feet high. As the channel is rugged, the water makes a sheet of foam, and roars amongst the caverns and cliffs, so that you are deprived of hearing any thing but its tumult. Reaching the wood, where the descent is less precipitate, it winds among the trees, sometimes shewing itself, and at others totally concealed, whilst it serpentine towards the lake. The spray, which is dashed around the rocks, and carried upon the breeze, wherever it meets the ray of the sun, through the openings of the cliffs, takes the colours of the rainbow. On turning from this grand spectacle, the greatest beauties of this lake are thrown into one prospect. The ground whereon we stood was rugged and rocky, shadowed with trees, looking over a rich bosom of wood. Below us lay the Lodore meadows, where groups of cattle were dispersed, and by the shore some carpenters were repairing their boats—a circumstance which enlivened the scene; the shining lake lay in one smooth plain, reflecting the azure sky chequered with clouds; over which the Vicar’s Island, yellow with

cord, and the woody islands, were arranged ; the mountains, whose feet were trimmed with wood, lay in long perspective to the left. Castle-head, with its embowered cone, and Lord's Island arising from the opposite shore, intervened between us and the vale of Keswick ; over which the awful Skiddaw, with his inferior race of mountains, frowned in azure majesty, and closed the scene.

“ Claude, in his happiest hour, never struck out a finer landscape ; it has every requisite which the pencil can demand, and is perhaps the only view in England which can vie with the sublime scenes from which that painter formed his taste.

“ We now returned to our boat, and, sailing within some little distance of the shore, had a view of the waterfall, where the beauties of the lake to the south-east lay in pleasing perspective. We looked over a small part of the bason, from whence to the left a stupendous mountain of rock arose, on whose skirts, and in the rents and clefts of its sides, trees and shrubs climbed to the very summit. Before us lay the wood from which we had lately passed, under whose shade Lodore-house and enclosures were seen inclining towards the lake ; above which, the lofty precipice, the waterfall, and Shepherd's Crag, were seen in their variety of beauties ; whilst all beyond the mountains formed a crescent, encircling a sheet of water of two miles circuit. Mountain behind mountain, and rock behind rock, fell here in fine perspective, and brought to our minds those astonishing scenes which characterize the pencil of Salvator. We passed from hence, in our return to Keswick, by the coast, where we were shewn a cliff that projected over the lake, called Eve's Crag, from its bearing some similitude to a female Colossian statue. We next passed Wallow Crag, in which a large opening is formed by the parting of the rocks, bearing the name Ladys Lake from the escape Lady Derwenwater made there, by climbing the horrid and stupend

heights with such jewels and valuables as she could secure, when her unfortunate lord was apprehended. We now reached Lord's Island, containing some acres covered with wood, where are the remains of a mansion of the Derwentwater family. Formerly this was only a peninsula ; but when the place was made the residence of the Radcliffs and Derwentwaters, it was severed from the main land by a ditch, over which was thrown a draw-bridge. Travellers cannot behold the ruins of this place without yielding a sigh for the follies of the world, and bewailing the dire effects which attend ambition and the crimes of princes.

"The fish of this lake are trouts, pike, eels, and perch. The romantic scenes upon the lake induced us to take a boat at night, under favour of the moon, which was near the full. We began our voyage soon after the moon was risen, and had illuminated the top of Skiddaw, but from the intercepting mountains had not (within the ascent of an hour) reached the lake. We were surrounded with a solemn gloom. The stillness of the evening rendered the voice of the waterfalls tremendous, as they, in all their variety of sounds, were re-echoed from every cavern. The summits of the rocks began to receive the rising rays, and appeared as if crowned with turrets of silver, from which the stars departed for their nightly round. As the night advanced, objects arose to view as if surging on the first morning from chaos ; the water was a plain of sable, sprinkled over with gems, reflected from the starry firmament ; the groves which hung upon the feet of the mountains were hid in darkness, and all was one grave and majestic circle of shadow :

—————"till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

When the long-protracted shade the mountains

cast on the bosom of the lake, shewed the vastness of those masses from whence they proceeded; and still as the moon arose higher in the horizon, the distant objects began to be more illumined, and the whole presented us with a noble moon-light piece, delicately touched by the hand of nature, and far surpassing those humble scenes which we had often viewed in the works of the Flemish painters. Mist began to arise on the lake, and by reason of the air which bore them aloft being confined and eddying within this deep circle, they were whirled round, and carried upwards like a column, which, so soon as it approached the rays of the moon, had a most wonderful appearance, and resembled a pillar of light. The moon's mild beams now glistened on the waters, and touched the groves, the cliffs, and the islands, with a meekness of colouring which added to the solemnity of the night. Every bay and promontory assumed an appearance different from what it had by day-light; the little dells which wind round the feet of the mountains, as they were shadowed by interposing objects, or silvered by the moon, afforded most enchanting scenes, where we might have wandered with delight till morn.

“Where the lake narrows, and runs up in a creek towards Borrowdale, the rocks looked tremendous, almost shutting us from the face of heaven; the cliffs were struck with scanty gleams of light, which gained their passage through the interstices of the hills, or chasms in the rocks, and served only to discover their horrible overhanging fronts; their mighty caverns, where the water struck by our oars made a hollow sound; their deformed and frowning brows, the hanging shrubs with which they were bearded, their sparkling waterfalls that trilled from shelf to shelf, the whole half seen and half concealed, leaving imagination at large to magnify the images of their grandeur and horrible magnificence.”

Beyond the lake is a tract of mountainous country

called Watenlath, surrounded by mountains still higher, and connecting with Borrowdale Fells; at the bottom of this mountainous tract is a valley, which, for the space of three miles, appears like a chasm of rifted rocks, the hills on each side being so perpendicular, that their summits are scarcely more apart than their bases; and the valley is so contracted that it affords room for little more than a path and a small river, which falling into Derwent Water forms the cataracts of Lowdore.

WATENLATH.

The vale of this name, Mr. Gilpin observes, is that tract of mountainous country (itself surrounded by mountains still higher) which breaks down abruptly from the south upon the Vale of Keswick. "Which way to Watenlath?" said one of a company with Mr. Gilpin, to a peasant, as they left the vale of Borrowdale. "That *way*" said he pointing up to a lofty mountain steeper than the tiling of a house. The question asked was an improper one. "We should," says Mr. G. "have asked in what *direction* we were to seek it." For *way* there was none, except here and there a blind path, which being itself often bewildered, served only to bewilder us. The inhabitants pay little attention to path; they steer along these wilds by *landmarks*, which to us were unknown. "At length, however, after a painful perpendicular march of near two miles, and many a breathing pause, which our horses required, we gained the top. But instead of an amusing prospect over the country, we found ourselves in the midst of a bog, with still higher grounds around us."

After some consideration, the party luckily discovered a short descent on the other side of the mountain, which brought them quickly to Watenlath. Here their labours were amply rewarded; they fell into a piece of scenery which, for beauty and grandeur, was equal, if not superior, to any thing they

had yet beheld. "This was the *sparkling river*, a pure crystalline stream winding with serpentine coils in its progress towards the lake of Watenlath. On the left this lake is seen contracting itself into a river, closed on each side by steep towering rocks, and bending to the fall which may be observed on entering into Borrowdale, and gives life and spirit to the whole."

Watenlath is a tract of mountainous country, itself surrounded by mountains much higher, which connecting with Borrowdale fells advances south west from Saddleback and breaks abruptly on the vale of Keswick. In its bosom is a valley so contracted that it affords room for little more than a path at the bottom, and for the little river that, falling into Derwentwater, forms the cataract of Lowdore. For nearly the space of three miles the Vale of Watenlath appears only like a chasm of rifted rocks, the mountains on each side being so perpendicular that their summits are almost as close together as their bases. The valley terminates in a rocky amphitheatre of considerable grandeur above the lake of Keswick.

BORROWDALE.

Beyond Watenlath to the west is the rocky chasm of Borrowdale, a tremendous pass opening from the centre of the amphitheatre at the head of Derwentwater. "Dark caverns yawn at its entrance terrific as the wildness of a maniac, and disclose a narrow strait running up between the mountains of granite that are shook into almost every possible form of horror, resembling the accumulations of an earthquake, "splintered, shivered, piled, amassed." Through this region of desolation, which supplies a succession of such romantic and picturesque scenes, the river Derwent pursues its rapid course, leaping from rock to rock, and giving animation to its rude, horrid, or fantastic boundaries. Near the entrance of the gorge is a detached mountain, called Castle

Crag, from a fortress that once frowned upon its summit, and guarded this important pass. At its foot is the romantic village of Grange, situated among woods and meadows. The views from Castle Crag are peculiar; on one side are the lake and vale of Keswick, on the other the straits of Borrowdale, where immense rocky mountains are huddled together in the most singular arrangement, as if emerging from, or returning to the wildest chaos, "rock rises over rock, and mountain triumphs over mountain."

The great outline of this astonishing prospect is formed by Eagle Crag, Gramarara, Bull Crag, and Serjeant Crag. The first is a tremendous rock at the head of Borrowdale to the east, where the eagles have commonly made their habitation and their nests. The young eagles are occasionally caught by the adventurous inhabitants of the vale, who let down some of the most hardy of their companions by ropes from the summit of some cliff, to secure the nest whilst the old eagles are abroad.

The rocky scenes in Borrowdale, Mr. West observed, are most fantastic, and the entrance rugged, the whole forming a semicircular sweep. Extensive woods deck their steep sides; trees grow from pointed rocks, and rocks appear like trees. Here the Derwent, rapid as the Rhone, rolls his crystal streams through all the labyrinth of embattled obstacles. In fact, the scenes here are sublimely terrible, the assemblage of magnificent objects so stupendously great, and the arrangement so uncommonly curious, that they must excite the most sensible feelings of wonder and surprise, and at once impress the mind with reverential awe, if not with astonishment.

"We hired" says a recent tourist, "ponies and a guide to explore the chaotic mysteries of Borrowdale. Formerly the only human vestige that presented itself in this dreary chasm, was the solitary track of the dalesman. The road is now sufficiently perspicuous; though from the savage asperities of

the scenery, it could still be no matter of surprise, if a susceptible stranger should feel somewhat awed, or even intimidated, in his progress. A second beautifully wooded eminence rises behind Castle Crag; and the Derwent rolls its rapid channel at the foot of it. The water of this beautiful river has no tinge of the mountain impurities: the vari-coloured stones and granite, of which its bed is composed, glitter in the pellucid stream like the phases of a prism. From many of these tremendous cliffs the fragments have been flung in awful profusion, and from the danger of an instant succession no part of the dale appears secure. Large and ponderous masses of rock are seen arrested in the various stages of their fall; some of them have become fixed, and given birth to moss and trees; and others remain in a state yet menacing the safety of the traveller. As we advanced, sometimes crossing and at others shoring the river, we noticed on our left the famous Eagle Crag. The devastation formerly committed by these predatory invaders is said to have amounted to the sum of one lamb a day; but the hazard of the enterprize bears no present proportion to the value of the reward. A gill in the Eagle Cliff communicates on the postern side, by a precipitous pass of five miles, with the Vale of Langdale, the character of which is not yielding to that of Borrowdale, in its assemblage of the sublime and terrific. This, however, was insufficient to daunt the intrepidity of the notorious Hatfield, who escaped his pursuers by this route, after the detection of his impostures by Judge Hardinge at Keswick. On the right we saw a mine of blacklead in full work; and here and there a knoll, crowned with a sparing tuft of lively verdure; a contrast powerfully impressive in scenes where barbarism and desolation only are in consistency, and indeed where civilization seems to have made so little progress, that a person long used to the security and comforts of social life, is led involuntarily to form associations of the most painful

kind. Reached Si Torr, a little miserable village, whence we clambered a rugged steep bounded by a gulf, in which a cataract is dashed from rock to rock, with a wildness and impetuosity well suited to the horrors of the surrounding scene. From the summit we commanded a noble retrospect of mountain overtopping mountain, as if aspiring to lift its rugged brow beyond that of its towering neighbours. Hence we descended by a treacherous causeway towards the village of Gatesgarth; and at this point of our pilgrimage were most impressed with the savage sublimity of the spectacle. We were not seated in the fosse or bold ravine of a wooded country, tempered and enlivened by all the soft varieties of vegetative ornament, but engulfed in a desert chasm, encompassed by perpendicular walls, of a magnitude so formidable, as in the terrors of an untravelled region would well nigh extinguish the hope of progress. At the head of Honister, an enormous crag, forming part of the left boundary, is a slate quarry; and the traveller's hallo, vibrating through a long and varied cadence, is no sooner heard by the miners, than the cheering response is conveyed him by the shrill but faint echoes of a horn they keep for the purpose; nor is this any contemptible gratification to the weary victim of solitude and despondence, where no sound but the reverberation of the torrent's roar "visits his sad ear."

Nearly opposite to Castle Crag, in one of the recesses of this romantic chasm, is that gigantic mass of rock, called the BOWDER STONE. Its veins are exactly similar to those of the adjoining precipice, from which, it seems to have been detached, by some violent convulsion of nature; but its immense size, and singular position, render it nearly impossible to account for the mode by which it reached the place it now occupies. It rests on some fragments of rock, and lies almost hollow. Its shape bears some resemblance to that of a large ship inclined upon its keel; its length is above thirty-one yards, and its weight

has been estimated at nearly 1800 tons. A little earth on the top affords nourishment to one or two small trees. The Bowder Stone, Mr. Gilpin remarks, lies in a diagonal position, overshadowing a space sufficient to shelter a troop of horse.

Mr. Pocklington, whose erections on the island in Derwent Water have called forth so many and such severe censures from the admirers of nature, has applied his *improvements* to this spot, by building a little mock hermitage or chapel, and by setting up a druidical stone. He has also erected a little cottage for an old woman to live in, who is to shew the rock for fear travellers should pass under it without seeing it, and cleared away all the fragments round it; and, as it rests upon a narrow base, he has dug a hole underneath, through which the curious may gratify themselves by shaking hands with the old woman. To add to these deformities, a crazy ladder has been erected against the Bowder-stone to enable persons to see imperfectly from its top what they can behold to much better advantage from the summit of Castle Crag, nearly opposite, and only divided by the river Derwent. The Bowder-stone lies at the southern extremity of Derwent Water, not far distant from Grange, if it is visited, as it sometimes is, in an excursion round Derwent Water, it lengthens the ride two miles; it is not above a mile distant from Castle Crag. The road continues good to Rossthwaite, the first village in this secluded region, where it is divided in two: one leads to the Wad-mines and to Ravenglass, the other to Hawkshead. A circumstance of peculiar consolation to the traveller here distinguishes this from other mountainous tracts, where the hills are divided by bogs and mosses, and often difficult to pass, which is, that the mosses are on the tops of the mountains, and a way over, or around them, is never difficult to find. The inhabitants of the dale are served with turf fuel from these mosses, and the manner of procuring it is very singular. A man carries on his back, a sledge to the

top of the mountain, and conducts it down the most awful descents, by placing himself before it to prevent its running aside. For this purpose, a narrow furrow is cut in the mountain's side, which serves for a road to direct the sledge, and to pitch the conductors heel in. A sledge of this kind holds about half a horse-load drawn on the road.

From Derwent Water the excursion may be continued round Bassenthwaite Water, proceeding towards Bassenthwaite from Keswick. Ormathwaite is passed on the right, and Crossthwaite on the left. As we pursue our route, Skiddaw appears a commanding object on the right.

Bassenthwaite, or Broadwater, for by both names is this lake distinguished, is nearly four miles north of Derwent Water, having in the east the beautiful and extensive vale of Bassenthwaite, with the mighty Skiddaw rearing its lofty head beyond it; and on the west, a range of humble mountains, which fall abruptly to the water's edge, and only admit of small patches of cultivation. These declivities are called Withopbrows, and are partly rocky and partly covered with thick woods, which consist mostly of young oaks, growing out of old stems. The contiguous scenery affords some very fine views, and the prospect from Ousebridge at the northern end of the lake, is extremely beautiful. From this point Skiddaw, with all the mountains round Borrowdale, appear in a magnificent amphitheatrical perspective, and the valleys both of this and Keswick lake, are seen at one view, which is only terminated by the sublime, but dark fells of Borrowdale. Three noble bays spread their pellucid bosoms in different parts of the lake, and greatly increase the beauty of the neighbouring prospects. Broadwater is nearly a mile over at the northern end, but lower down it decreases to little more than a quarter of that breadth; its length is about four miles and a half. Proceeding along the eastern margin of this lake to Bradness, a round verdant hill, by a road to the left, the summit will afford

a good prospect. Going on towards Ousebridge by way of Bassenthwaite Hall, you reach Armathwaite, a small but finely situated seat at the head of a gentle slope, looking towards the lake. A good inn at Ousebridge also fronts this water, which here runs under a stone bridge of three arches, and once more resumes the name of the river Derwent, after a winding course through several verdant valleys, and falls into the sea at Workington. The vale of Bassenthwaite extends from the foot of Skiddaw to Ousebridge, variegated by many beautiful objects, both of art and nature. The lake that adds so much to its ornaments, is nearly as clear as the Derwent, and abounds with fish and water-fowl.

LOWDORE WATERFALL

Is one of the finest appearances in this romantic part of the country. To arrive at this from Keswick, and proceeding up the road on the eastern shore of Derwent Water, we come to Barrow House, the seat of Joseph Pocklington, Esq. Beyond this we ascend a steep winding Alpine path to four different stations, from whence the water-fall of Barrow Cascade may be seen. Three miles from Keswick we arrive at the water-fall of Lowdore, called the Niagara of Derwent Water, situated near the head of the lake. The stupendous crags that enclose the torrent are covered with birch, ash, and other trees, spreading out in the most fantastic shapes from the fissures of the rocks. Like other water-falls, Lowdore is seen to the most advantage in rainy weather; the water then rushes down an enormous pile of protruding rocks, the roar of which it is said can be heard at several miles distance. Its descent is not less than 150 feet. Thomson's description has been properly applied to Lowdore.

“Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd on a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose,
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts:
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope
With wild infractured course and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale."

Mr. Gilpin observed, though his party had seen the fall of Lowdore from the bottom, "we had a curiosity to see how it appeared from the top, and dismounting we contrived, by winding round the thickets and clinging to the projections of the rocks, to get a dangerous peep down the abyss. There was nothing picturesque in the view, but something immensely grand. We now stood above those two cheeks of the chasm through which the water forced its way; and which, in the morning, when seen from the bottom, appeared towering to a great height, and were the most interesting parts of the view. But now, amidst the greatness of the objects which surrounded them, they were totally lost, appearing less than warts to those vast limbs of nature, to which they adhered.

The cannon at Lowdore inn is discharged at the cost of four shillings, when any person wishes to have an echo procured. A small cannon used to be fired for two and sixpence. As these echoes are thus expensive, it is necessary to see that the full charge of powder is put in, otherwise much of the effect, produced by the mimic thunder, will be lost.

EXCURSION IX.

*From Keswick by Ulswater to the Inn at Patterdale,
(a horse road.)*

	Miles.	Miles
On the Penrith road to a deviation a little beyond Naddle Bridge		2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Wanthwaite Mill	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
Enter the road from Threlkeld to Ambleside; turn on the right to that, having on the left Hill Top	$\frac{1}{4}$	4
Over the Common, by High Row to Dockray Inn at Pattersdale	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$

Or the Carriage Road by Ulswater to the Inn at Patterdale.

From the Turnpike Road to Penrith, turn off on the right		10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brownrigg	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	13
Dockray	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
Junction of the Keswick and Penrith Roads on the side of Ulswater	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	17
Inn at Patterdale	4	21

The Foot Road from Keswick to the Inn at Patterdale is far the shortest, and is as follows,

Pursue the Ambleside Road		4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Stainah	$\frac{1}{4}$	5
Highest part of the Footway	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Greenside's Lead Mines	$\frac{1}{2}$	7
Through Glenriddan to the Penrith Road	3	10
Inn at Patterdale	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$

ULSWATER.

About two miles to the south of Dacre, is Ulswater, situated partly in Cumberland, and partly in Westmoreland. This lake, which is in the form of an S, is nine miles in extent, and above a mile in breadth, though in one part, from a projection of a vast rock it is not more than a quarter of a mile. "But the eye loses its power of judging even of the breadth, confounded by the boldness of the shores, and the grandeur of the fells that rise beyond: the proportions, however, are grand; for the water retains

its dignity notwithstanding the vastness of its accompaniments.

“The approach to this sublime lake, along the heights of Eamont, is exquisitely interesting; for the road, being shrouded by woods, allows only partial glimpses of the gigantic shapes that are assembled in the distance, and awakening high expectation leaves the imagination thus elevated to paint “the forms of things unseen.” Thus, Mrs. Radcliffe observes, it was when we caught a view of the dark broken tops of the fells that rise round Ulswater, of size and shape most huge, bold, and awful, over-spread with a blue mysterious tint, that seemed almost supernatural, though according in gloom and sublimity with the several features it involved.

“The view of the first reach from the foot of Dunmallet, a pointed woody hill near Pooley Bridge, is one of the finest on the lake, which here spreads in a noble sheet, nearly three miles long, to the base of Thwaithill-nab, winding round which it disappears, and the whole is then believed to be seen. The character of this view is nearly that of simple grandeur; the mountains that impend over the shore in front are peculiarly awful in their forms and attitudes: on the left the fells soften; woodlands and pastures, colour their lower declivities; and the water is margined with the tenderest verdure, opposed to the dark woods and crags above.

“Winding the foot of Dunmallet, the almost pyramidical hill that shuts up this end of Ulswater, and separates it from the vale of Eamont, we cross Barton bridge, whence this little river, clear as crystal, issues from the lake, and, through a close pass, hurries over a rocky channel to the vale. Its woody steeps, the tufted island that interrupts its stream, and the valley beyond, form altogether a picture, in fine contrast with the majesty of Ulswater, expanding on the other side to the bridge.

“The characteristics of the left shore of the second reach are grandeur and immensity; its cliffs

are vast and broken, rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it; the right exhibits romantic wildness, in the rough ground of Dacre common, and the craggy heights above it; and further on, the sweetest forms of reposing beauty, in the grassy hillocks, and undulating copse of Gowbarrow Park, infringing the water, sometimes, over little rocky eminences that project into the stream, and at others in shelving bays, where the lake, transparent as crystal, breaks upon the pebbly bank, and leaves the road that winds there.

“ Among the boldest fells that breast the lake on the left shore, are Holling-fell and Swarth-fell, now no longer boasting any part of the forest of Martindale, but shewing huge walls of naked rock, and scars, which many torrents have inflicted. One channel only, in this dry season, retained its shining stream: the chasm was dreadful, parting the mountain from the summit to the base. The perspective, as the road descends into Gowbarrow Park, is perhaps the very finest in the lake. The scenery of the first reach is almost tame when compared with this, and it is difficult to say where it can be equalled for Alpine sublimity. The lake after expanding to a great breadth, once more loses itself beyond the enormous pile of rock called PLACE FELL, opposite to which the shore, seeming to close upon all further progress, is bounded by two promontories, covered with woods, that shoot their luxuriant foliage to the water's-edge. The shattered mass of grey rock, called Yew-Crag, rises immediately over these; and beyond, a glen opens to a chaos of mountains, more solemn in their aspect, and singular in their shape, than any which have appeared, point crowding over point, in lofty succession. Among these is Stone-cross-pike, and huge Helvellyn, scrawling over all, but losing its dignity in the masses of Alps around and below it

“ From Lyulph tower, in Gowbarrow Park, the lake is seen to make one of its boldest expanses, as

it sweeps round Place-fell, and flows into the last bend of this wonderful vale. The view up this reach to the south and to the east traces all the fells and curving banks of Gowbarrow, that bound the second reach; while to the west a dark angle admits a glimpse of the solemn Alps round Helvellyn.

“Passing fine sweeps of the shore, and over bold headlands, we came opposite to the vast promontory named Place-fell, that pushes its craggy foot into the lake, like a lion’s claw, round which the waters make a sudden turn, and enter Patterdale, their third and final expanse. In this part the lake, which in the second reach had assumed the form of a river, regains its original appearance, being closed, at three miles distance, by the ruinous rocks that guard the gorge of Patterdale, backed by a multitude of fells. On one side it is bounded by the precipices of Place-fell, Martindale-fell, and several others equally rude and awful, that rise from its edge, and retire in rocky bays, or project in vast promontories athwart it: on the other the shore is less severe, and more romantic; the rocks are lower and richly wooded: and after receding from the water, leave room for a tract of pasture, meadow, or arable land to contrast their ruggedness. At the upper end of the village of Patterdale, one or two white farms peep out from among the trees, beneath the scowling mountains that close the scene; seated in a rocky nook with corn and meadow land, sloping gently in front to the lake, and here and there a scattered grove.

“Entering Glencoin woods, and sweeping the boldest bay of the lake, while the water dashed with a strong surge upon the shore, we at length mounted a road, frightful from its steepness and crags, and gained a wooded summit, which we had long admired. From hence the view of Ulswater is the most various and extensive that its shores exhibit, comprehending its two principal reaches; and though not the most picturesque, it is certainly the

most grand. To the east extends the middle sweep, in long and equal perspective, walled with barren fells on the right, and skirted on the left with the pastoral recesses and bowery projections of Gowbarrow Park. The rude mountains above almost seem to have fallen back from the shore, to admit this landscape within their hollow bosom, and then bending abruptly, like Milton's Adam viewing the sleeping Eve, to hang over it enamoured.

“Place-fell, which divides the two last bends, and was immediately opposite the point we were on, is of the boldest form. It projects into the water, an enormous mass of grey crag, scarred with dark yews; then, retiring a little, it again bends forward in huge cliffs, and finally starts up a vast perpendicular face of rock. As a single object it is wonderfully grand, and connected with the scene its effect is sublime. The lower rocks are called silver-rays, and not unaptly; for when the sun shines upon them, their variegated sides somewhat resemble in brightness the rays streaming beneath a cloud.

“The last reach of Ulswater, which is on the right of this point, expands into an oval, and its majestic surface is spotted with little rocky islets, that would adorn a less sacred scene, but are here prettynesses, that can scarcely be tolerated by the grandeur of its character. The tremendous mountains, which scowl over the gorge of Patterdale; the cliffs, massy and broken, and overlooked by a multitude of dark summits, with the grey walls of Swarth and Martindale fells, that upheave themselves on the eastern shore, form one of the most grand and awful pictures on the lake; yet admirable and impressive as it is, as to solemnity and astonishment, its effect is not equal to that of the more Alpine sketch caught in distant perspective, from the descent into Gowbarrow Park.

“The rocks of Ulswater and its vicinity are celebrated for reverberating sounds; and the echoes

produced are described by several writers as exceedingly grand and impressive.

“ There is another species of echoes, which are well adapted to the lake in all its stillness and tranquillity, as the others are to its wildness and confusion, and which recommend themselves chiefly to those feelings that depend on the gentler movements of the mind. Instead of cannon, let a few French-horns and clarionets be introduced: softer music than such loud wind instruments would scarcely have power to vibrate. The effect is now wonderfully changed: the sound of a cannon is heard in bursts; it is the music only of thunder; but the *continuation of musical sounds* forms a continuation of *musical echoes*, which reverberating round the lake, are exquisitely melodious in their several gradations, and form a thousand symphonies, playing together from every part. The variety of notes is inconceivable: the ear is not equal to their innumerable combinations. It is listening to a symphony dying away at a distance, while other melodious sounds arise close at hand; these have scarcely attracted the attention when a different mode of harmony arises from another quarter. In short, *every rock is vocal; and the whole lake is transformed into a kind of magical scene, in which every promontory seems peopled by aerial beings, answering each other in celestial music.*”

Ulswater abounds with fish of various kinds, among which is a species of trout peculiar to this water, weighing upwards of 30 pounds; the eels are also of a very large size, and of the finest flavour.

A later tourist informs us, that the approach to Ulswater from Keswick is by Matterdale and Lyulph's Tower into Gowbarrow Park; presents us with a magnificent view of the two higher reaches of the Lake, Airey Force thunders down the Ghyll on the left, at a small distance from the road. Approaching Ulswater from Penrith, a mile and a half from

this place, we come to the winding vale of Eamont, whence the prospects increase till we reach Patterdale. As the first four miles along Ulswater are comparatively tame, in order to see the lower part of the lake to advantage, it is necessary to go round by Pooley Bridge, and to ride at least three miles along the Westmoreland side of the water, towards Martindale. Ascending from the road into the fields, the views are magnificent. Those who take this course of three or four miles on foot, should have a boat in readiness, at the end of the walk, to carry them across to the Cumberland side of the lake, near Old Church, and then follow the road upwards to Patterdale. The church-yard yew-tree survives at Old Church, but there are no remains of a place of worship, a new chapel having been erected in a more central situation.

At Dalemain, about three miles from Penrith, the stream called the Dacor is crossed; this does not enter Ulswater, but joins the Eamont a mile below; it rises in the moors about Penruddock, and passes the ancient mansions of Hutton John and Dacre Castle. From some of the fields near Dalemain, Dacre Castle, backed by the jagged summit of Saddleback, with the valley and stream in front, may be seen to advantage. A glen or valley, worthy notice, leads up to Airey Force and thence to Martindale, a wild and interesting spot. In Gowbarrow Park, the lover of Nature might linger for hours: here is a brook that dashes amongst rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood; here are beds of luxuriant fern, aged hawthorns, and hollies, decked with honey-suckles; and fallow deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets. These constitute a fore-ground for ever-varying pictures of the majestic lake, forced to take a winding course by bold promontories, and environed by mountains of sublime form, towering above each other. At the outlet of Gowbarrow Park there is another stream

flowing through a little recess, called Glencoin, with a single house, visible from the road. Having passed under the steeps of Styebarrow Crag, and the remains of its woods at Glenridding Bridge, a fourth stream is crossed. The opening of this on the side of Ulswater Vale is adorned with fertile fields, cottages, and natural groves; and if followed beyond the enclosures, will lead along bold water-breaks and water-falls to a silent tarn in the recesses of Helvellyn. This desolate spot was formerly the haunt of eagles, that built in the precipice which forms its western barrier. These birds used to wheel round the head of the solitary angler. At the head of the lake, being now in Patterdale, seven miles and a half from Ambleside, Grisdale Beck, a fifth stream from Keswick, is crossed; hence you may pass through a woody steep, up to the level area of the valley of Grisdale, where there are some hollies uncommonly large; hence there is a path for foot travellers to Grasmere, along which a horse may be led, if necessary. Whilst ascending this valley, a sublime combination of mountain forms appear in front, and increase till the path leads almost immediately under the masses of Helvellyn. The road up the main dale, the next considerable stream, would conduct us to Deep dale, which is terminated by a cove, a craggy and gloomy abyss, with steep sides; a faithful receptacle of the snows that are driven into it by the west wind from the summit of Fairfield. Lastly, having proceeded along the western side of Brother's Water, a stream soon after issues from a cove richly decorated with native wood. This is a spot seldom explored by travellers. But whoever looks back from these sylvan and rocky recesses on the gleaming surface of Brother's Water, or forward to the steep sides and lofty ridges of Dove Crag, will be equally pleased with the beauty, grandeur, and wildness of the country. Seven glens or valleys branch off from the Cumberland side of the vale. The opposite side has only two streams of any importance, one of which crosses the Kerkstone road, near the foot

of Brother's Water; this road leads to the decaying hamlet of Hartsop, remarkable for its cottage architecture. The other coming down Martindale enters Ulswater at Sandwyke, opposite Gowbarrow Park. From Blowick a narrow track conducts along the craggy side of Place Fell, richly adorned with juniper, and sprinkled over with birches, to the village of Sandwyke. Martindale is not rich, but interesting from its seclusion. The general want of wood in these vales give a peculiar interest to the scattered cottages embowered in sycamores, and few of the mountain chapels are more striking than this of Martindale. The name of Boardale, a deep, bare, and houseless valley, which communicates with Martindale, shews that the wild swine were once numerous in that nook. In Martindale, the road loses sight of the lake and leads over a steep hill, bringing us again in sight of Ulswater, or, rather, of its lowest reach, four miles in length; and the new road is terminated by the long ridge of Cross Fell in the distance. Immediately under the eye is a deep indented bay, rendered cheerful by two or three substantial houses, more ornamented and shewy than usual in these wild spots.

PATTERDALE.

Patterdale, or Patrick's-dale, takes its name from the baptisms of that saint, purported to have been performed at a fount still preserved by the roadside. It is a poor little village, in which, however, if there is but little to admire, there is nothing to offend the eye or the imagination. Its fine pastoral valley is watered by the river Coldrill, which contributes to replenish the lake. Nothing can exceed the verdure of its inclosures, which are exposed to frequent inundations, and have been known to lie half the season under water. The fine conical hill called Hartsop Dod, is seen from the western shore, thrusting forward its sharp bold breast, and shutting the vale. The lake is nine miles long, about three quarters of a mile across, and seventy yards deep. It is

well stocked with trout and char, and is exclusively famous for a fish called scaleys, or skellies, which somewhat resemble herrings, and herd in shoals. An old fisherman of the dale once netted 12,000 of these at a draught. The water possesses little transparency, and is indeed often turbid. Two small insular specks appear upon its surface. On the banks of Windermere we had admired the beautiful and picturesque; the Lake of Derwent had astonished us with the profusion of the sublime and wild; but the sober serenity of Ulswater inspired us with the more elevated notions of romantic grandeur. On the right of the road, at the entrance of the village, a finely furnished glen intersects for miles the roots of the mountains. It is overhung by the prominent summits of Glenridding Dod, Black Crag, and the Griesdale Fells; a long and beautiful chain. In the distance rises Stone Cross Pike, and beyond it peeps the spire of Helvellyn. From a tarn or little lake in its summit issues the beck of Glenridding, which rushing fretfully through the hollow of the glen, empties its crystal stores into the lake. A bridge under which it flows, serves as a land mark to divide the counties.

The annals of the royal house of Patterdale are simply these: on some sudden emergency at the time of a Scottish irruption upon the northern counties, so frequently occurring in the history of our early reigns, a chief was wanted to embody and command the shepherds of the dale. In this dilemma, an enterprising peasant, of the name of Mounsey, "disdained the shepherd's slothful life," and boldly volunteered his services as the leader of his countrymen. His offer was accepted; and such was the vigilance and precision with which his warlike genius inspired him, that he succeeded in a total rout of the invading army. He was accordingly crowned amid the acclamations of victory, and proclaimed King of Patterdale. The succession was of course hereditary, and for some generations the monarch received the more substantial homage of

his subjects. The family has risen by honourable industry to a state of comparative opulence; but the regal title and claims are only chronicled in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Mr. Gilpin's story of Mattison, the curate, extraordinary as it may appear, however affords no criterion of the benefit of a *prudent* economy, or, indeed, of the value of the articles of life, since the character of the man was palpably that of a *notorious miser*; nor did he send his son to the University, as Mr. Gilpin was wrongly informed.

Upon an income of 18*l.* and sometimes 20*l.* per annum, he married, brought up four children, and left upwards of 1000*l.* behind him!

"He himself read the burial service over his mother—married his father, and afterwards buried him. He published his own banns of marriage in the church with a woman he had formerly christened, and himself married all his four children."

The former simplicity of this place, the tourists complain, is no longer to be met with.

Travellers from the south, may see Ulswater from Ambleside in a quicker succession of fine scenes than from any other posting town. Those who take this ride, are conducted over Kerkstone by a singular descent to Brother Water, and thence through a valley to the inn, thence by an excursion in several successive changes from land to water, they will be introduced to the favourite haunts of beauty. From Penrith on the return to Ambleside all the delightful scenery lying between the foot and the head of the lake; and the vales of Patterdale and Hartshop may be enjoyed in features greatly differing from those presented in their progress from Ambleside to Ulswater. The road from Ambleside is rich in scenes of grandeur and beauty. The celebrity of this tour induces many tourists to place themselves on the outside of the coach, which leaves Ambleside at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Keswick about eleven.

EXCURSION X.

Keswick to Skiddaw.

	Miles.	Miles.
The old Road by Great Crosthwaite and Spooney Green to its union with Mr. Calvert's Road		1 $\frac{1}{4}$
(Or by permission given to the public by Wm. Calvert, Esq. and J. Banks, Esq.)		
Greta Bank Bridge		$\frac{1}{2}$
Greta Bank	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$
Union of the Spooney Green Road and the Terrace Road from Greta Bank	$\frac{3}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Junction on the Gale with the Road from Bassenthwaite to Threlkeld, reckoning by Mr. Calvert's New Road	1	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
From the Gale Road by the side of the wall, first on a roundish swell to a hollow, and thence in a steep ascent to the Common Gate	$\frac{3}{4}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Spring of Water and the First Man	1	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
From the well by the horse track, on the east of the First and Second Man to the Third Man, and thence to the sixth or highest heap of stones	1	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
Back to Keswick	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$

In good weather, when strangers visit Keswick for the purpose of viewing the grand and beautiful scenes surrounding it, a journey to the summit is generally undertaken. Skiddaw is less difficult of ascent than the rest of the superior elevations, and the road from Keswick is so constructed as to render the journey easy either on horse or foot. Many of the horses in the daily practice of surmounting this hill, pace it up and down with as little trepidation as they pass a flat; a lady of light weight may ride to the top of Skiddaw without alighting, and descend to the town in safety, if some one manages her horse's head in the steepest parts; though it is a relief both to the horse and the rider to dismount occasionally.

The nearest horse and foot road to Skiddaw is on the Wigton Road by Bassenthwaite to Great Cross-

thwaite; thence in a deviation of a quarter of a mile to the right on the Threlkeld Road, where it turns at right angles up a pretty steep hill called Spooney Green to its junction with Mr. Calvert's road, one mile and a quarter from Keswick. All this rise presents in retrospect a glorious view of the town, the lake, and the charming scenery of Ormathwaite.— Or Skiddaw may be approached by the bridge near Greta Bank, William Calvert, Esq. and John Banks, Esq. of Keswick, to whom this bridge belongs, with a highly creditable degree of liberality, gave Mr. Green permission to announce to strangers that they might use this bridge on foot or horseback as a passage to the terrace road, extending from Greta Bank to its union with the old way by Spooney Green. This road, for scenic beauty, is unequalled in the environs of Keswick.

This new approach to Skiddaw travels the Penrith road more than half a mile, chiefly on the pleasant borders of the river Greta: on the northern side of the bridge the road ascends rather steeply from Great Crosthwaite by Brundholm to Threlkeld. On entering this road the eye is rivetted on the mountains of Newlands, Brathwaite, and Thornthwaite. Over the kitchen garden is a fine burst on Grisedal Pike. Beyond the wood of larches are seen the town of Keswick and both ends of Derwent Water with its craggy boundaries. Bassenthwaite and its intermediate lands display the seats and farms on every side extending from the church. Between the top of Skiddaw and the lake of Bassenthwaite the numerous narrow avenues are thus described by Mr. Houseman, "On looking down the profound precipice almost in any direction, the sight recoils with horror. Chasms of enormous depth in the bowels of the mountain forming steeps of slaty shiver, yawn upwards with a frightful aspect."

There tow'ring Skiddaw wrapp'd in awful shade,
Monarch of mountains, rears his mighty head,
Dark'ning with frowns fair Keswick's beauteous vale,
He views beneath the gath'ring tempests sail ;

Secure nor heeds the rolling thunder's rage,
Though Scruffel trembling, marks the dire presage.

Scruffel is a mountain in Annandale in Scotland, the inhabitants of which prognosticate good or bad weather, from the mists that rise or fall on the brow of Skiddaw. Floating vapours towards the summit of Skiddaw, frequently prove sources of much amusement; as these mists sometimes encircle the party so densely as to render objects invisible that are not fifty yards from the eye. At other times momentary glimpses are caught of the far removed country. Thus by an ever-shifting exhibition the eye is kept in perpetual play, and the senses alternately delighted, vexed, or agitated into extremes.—Open sunshine or murky gloom occasionally result from this kind of vapour, and in the heat of one, or in the comparative chill of the other, the traveller very frequently descends from this mountain.

The following is a very interesting description of a visit to the summit of this height:—

“Ascending this tremendous mountain from Keswick, and passing through bowery lanes, luxuriant with mountain ash, holly, and a variety of beautiful shrubs, to a broad open common, a road led us to the foot of Latrigg, or as it is called by the country people, Skiddaw's Cub, a large round hill, covered with heath and turf. A narrower path now wound along steep green precipices, the beauty of which prevented what danger there was from being perceived; Derwent Water was concealed by others; but soon after we rose above the steeps, and it appeared with all its enamelled banks, sunk deep amidst a chaos of mountains, and surrounded by ranges of fells, not visible from below. On the other hand, the more cheerful lake of Bassenthwaite expanded at its entire length. Soon after we reached the brink of a chasm, on the opposite side of which wound our future track; for the ascent is here in an acutely zig-zag direction.

“At length, as we ascended, Derwent Water

dwindled on the eye to the smallness of a pond, while the granduer of its amphitheatre was increased by new ranges of dark mountains, no longer individually great, but sublime from accumulation; a scenery calculated to give ideas of the breaking up of a world. Other precipices soon hid it again; but Bassenthwaite continued to spread immediately below us, till we turned into the heart of Skiddaw, and were inclosed by its steeps. We had now lost all trace even of the flocks that were scattered over those tremendous wilds; and the guide conducted us by many curvings among the heathy hills and hollows of the mountains. An opening to the south at length shewed the whole plan of the narrow vales of St. John, and of Nadale, separated by the dark ridge of rock, called St. John's Rigs, with each its small line of verdure at the bottom.

“Leaving this view, the mountain soon again shut out all prospect but of its own valleys and precipices, covered with various shades of turf and moss, and with heath, of which a dark purple was the prevailing hue. Not a tree or bush appeared on Skiddaw; nor even a stone-wall any where broke the simple greatness of its lines. Sometimes we looked into tremendous chasms, where the torrent, heard roaring long before it was seen, had worked itself a deep channel, and fell from ledge to ledge, foaming and shining amidst the dark rock. These streams are sublime, from the length and precipitancy of their course, which hurrying the sight with them into the abyss, act as it were in sympathy with the nerves; and to save ourselves from following, we recoiled from the view with involuntary horror.

“The air now became very thin, and the steeps still more difficult of ascent. About a mile from the summit the way was indeed dreadfully sublime, laying for nearly half a mile along the edge of a precipice, that passed with a swift descent for probably almost a mile, into a glen, within the heart of Skiddaw; and neither a hill nor bush interrupted its vast

length: nor by offering a midway check in the descent, diminished the fear it inspired. The ridgy steeps of Saddleback formed the opposite boundary of the glen; and, though really at a considerable distance, had, from the height of the two mountains, such an appearance of vicinity, that it almost seemed as if we could spring to its side. The hills in this part rose so closely above the precipice, as scarcely to allow a ledge wide enough for a single horse. After this the descent appeared easy and secure; and we were bold enough to wonder that the steeps near the beginning of the mountain had excited any anxiety.

“Passing the skirts of the two points of Skiddaw which are nearest to Derwent Water, we approached the third and loftiest, and then perceived that their steep sides, together with the ridges which connect them, were entirely covered, near the summit, with a whitish shivered slate, which threatens to slide down them with every gust of wind: the broken state of this slate makes the present summits seem like the ruins of others. The ridge on which we passed, from the second summit to the third, was narrow, and the eye reached on each side down the whole extent of the mountains, following, on the left, the rocky precipices of Bassenthwaite, and looking, on the right, into the glens of Saddleback, far, far below. But the prospects that burst upon us from every part of the vast horizon, when we had gained the summits, were such as we had scarcely dared to hope for, and must now rather venture to enumerate than to describe.

“We stood on a pinnacle commanding the whole dome of the sky. The prospects below, each of which had been before considered separately as a great scene, was now miniature parts of the immense landscape. To the north lay, like a map, the vast tract of low country which extends between Bassenthwaite and the Irish Channel, marked with the silver circles of the river Derwent, in its progress

from the lake. Whitehaven, and its white coast, were distinctly seen; and Cockermouth seemed almost under the eye; a long blackish line, more to the west, was said by the guide to be the Isle of Man. Bounding on the low country to the North, the wide solitary Frith, with its indented shores, look like a grey horizon; and the double range of Scottish mountains, seen distinctly through the mist beyond, seemed like lines of dark clouds above it. The Solway appeared surprizingly near us, though at 50 miles distance; and the guide said that on a bright day its shipping could plainly be discerned. Nearly in the north, the heights seemed to soften into plains; for no object was there visible, through the obscurity that had began to draw over the farthest distance; but towards the east they began to swell again; and what we were told were the Cheviot Hills, dawned feebly beyond Northumberland. We now spanned the narrowest part of England, looking from the Irish Channel on one side, to the German Ocean on the other; the latter was, however, so far off, as to be discernible only like a mist.

“Nearer than the county of Durham stretched the ridge of Cross Fell, and an indistinct multitude of the Westmoreland and Yorkshire Islands, whose lines disappeared beyond Saddleback, now evidently *pre-eminent* over Skiddaw. Passing this mountain in our course to the south, we saw immediately below the Fells, round Derwent Water, the lake itself, remaining still concealed in their deep rocky bosom. Southward and westward the whole prospect was a turbulent chaos of dark mountains. All individual dignity was now lost in the immensity of the whole, and every variety of character was overpowered by that of astonishing and gloomy grandeur.

“Over the Fells of Borrowdale, and far to the south, the northern end of Windermere appeared like a wreath of grey smoke, that spread along the mountain's side. More southward still, and beyond all the fells of the lakes, Lancaster stands extended

to the faintly seen waters of the sea. To the west, Duddon Sands gleamed in a long line among the fells of High Furness. Immediately under the eye lay Bassenthwaite, surrounded by many ranges of mountains, invisible from below. We saw green cultivated vales, over the tops of lofty rocks, and other mountains over these vales in lofty ridges, whilst innumerable narrow glens were traced in all their windings, and seemed uniting behind the hills, with others that also sloped upward from the lake.

“The air on this summit was boisterous, intensely cold, and difficult to be respired, though the day was below warm and serene. It was dreadful to look down from nearly the brink of the point on which we stood, upon the lake of Bassenthwaite, and over a sharp and separated ridge of rocks, that from below appeared of tremendous height, but now seemed not to reach half way up Skiddaw; it was almost as if

‘the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight.’

“In the descent it was interesting to observe each mountain below gradually re-assuming its dignity, the two lakes expanding into spacious surfaces, the many little valleys that sloped upwards, from their margins, recovering their variegated tints of cultivation, the cattle again appearing in the meadows, and the woody promontories changing from smooth patches of shades into richly-turfed summits. At about a mile from the top, a great difference was perceptible in the climate, which became comparatively warm, and the summer hum of bees was again heard among the purple heath.”

Mr. Hutchinson, on ascending this mountain, was overtaken by a thunder storm, of which he gives the following interesting particulars:—

“Whilst we remained upon the mountain, over the hills which lie between Keswick and Cocker-mouth, dense and dark vapours began to rise; and, in a little time, as they advanced upon a south-west

wind, concealed those heights we had viewed half an hour before clear and distinct. Our guide was very earnest with us to quit the mountain, as he prognosticated the hazard of being wet, and of losing our way in the heavy vapour, from a storm then collecting, which he assured us would soon cover Skiddaw. The circumstance was too singular to be left by people curious in their observations on natural events. We desired our guide would take care of himself, and leave us to our pleasure; but the good attendant had a due sense of our impropriety in wishing to be left there, and determined to abide by us. The clouds advanced with accelerated speed; a hollow blast sounded amongst the hills and dells which lay below, and seemed to fly from the approaching darkness: the vapour rolled down the opposite valley of Newland, and appeared to tumble in mighty sheets and volumes from the brow of each mountain into the vale of Keswick and over the lakes. Whilst we admired this phenomenon, the clouds below us gradually ascended, and we soon found the summit of Skiddaw totally surrounded, whilst we on every side looked down upon an angry and impetuous sea, heaving its billows. We were rejoicing in this grand spectacle of nature, and thinking ourselves fortunate in having beheld so extraordinary an event, when, to our astonishment and confusion, a violent burst of thunder, engendered in the vapour below, stunned our sense, being repeated from every rock, and down every dell, in horrid uproar; at the same time, from the agitation of the air, the mountain seemed to tremble at the explosion, the clouds were instantaneously illuminated, and from innumerable chasms sent forth streams of lightning. Our guide lay upon the earth terrified and amazed, in his ejaculations accusing us of presumption and impiety. Danger made us solemn; we had no where to fly for safety, no place to cover our heads; to descend, was to rush into the inflammable vapour from whence our perils proceeded,

to stay was equally hazardous; for now the clouds, which had received such a concussion from the thunder, ascended higher and higher, enveloping the whole mountain, and letting fall a heavy shower of rain. We thought ourselves happy even under this circumstance, to perceive the storm turning north-west, and to hear the next clap burst in the plain beyond Bassenthwaite-water. A like event has frequently happened to travellers in the heights of the Alps, from whence the thunder storms are seen passing over the countries beneath them. 'The echoes from the mountains which bordered Keswick Lake, from Newland, Borrowdale, and Lowdore, were noble, and gave a repetition of the thunder-claps distinctly, though distant, after an intermission of several seconds of tremendous silence! 'The rain, which still increased, formed innumerable streams and cascades, which rushed from the crown of Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Cawsey Pike, with a mighty noise; but we were deprived of the beauty of these waterfalls by the intercepting vapour, which was not to be penetrated by the eye more than a few yards before us. We descended the hill wet and fatigued, and were happy when we regained our inn at Keswick, which we now esteemed a paradise."

Between Skiddaw and Ulswater is Matterdale and Mart Fell, a ridge of hill so called from the protection it affords to the Foulmart or Fitchet, an animal of the weasel tribe, whose history is chiefly curious for the singular mode in which it obtains its prey. 'The farmer's hen-roost is the scene of their nocturnal depredations. Placing themselves directly beneath the perch upon which the poultry sleep, they emit on a sudden an intolerable and noxious odour, which so powerfully operates upon the nerves of the sleeping victim, that it faints and drops almost instantaneously, and they then trail it away in the manner of foxes. The people of St. John's Dale are great mart-hunters: the animal, which is not swift, soon flies to its warren for refuge, where it is suffo-

cated with the fumes of lighted straw. There is a breed perfectly inodorous, and comparatively little destructive; this is called the Sweet-mart. In this neighbourhood there have been abundance of foxes and wild cats, for the production of every head of which the peasantry received a pecuniary compensation.

EXCURSION XI.

From Keswick to Buttermere, through Borrowdale.

	Miles.	Miles.
Rossthwaite		6
Seat Oller	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{3}{4}$
Summit of the road near Yew Crag	2	9 $\frac{3}{4}$
Honister Crag	$\frac{3}{4}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gatesgarth	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	12
Hassness	$\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Inn at Buttermere	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	14

At the small village of Seat Oller, the Buttermere road leaves that to Wast Water, and passes two hundred yards from the bridge; crossing the river that ripples by the road, all the mountain tops from Coatbarrow to Glaramara appear, by degrees, as the traveller advances. These are Coatbarrow in Watendlath; High Knotts and Wythburn Head, Goody Gill Head, and Maw Edge, on the right of which is Rossthwaite Cam, with the craggy line of summit extending to Coom head, including Dove nest, and the yawning cavern called Coom Door.

Proceeding from the top of the pass Fleetwith appears, and on its side Honister Crag, one of the most stupendous rocks in Cumberland. Here may be observed one of those tracks on which slaters ascend to their daily labours. From many quarries, where the descent is not particularly steep, the slate is conveyed to the lower lands in carts, but from Honister, not many years since, it was invariably brought down by men, in hurdles placed at their backs, and on ground so steep that it could scarcely be credited by persons not witnessing the circumstance. This use of the hurdle is still continued on Yew Crag. The

road all the way to Gatesgarth is bordered by huge rocks ; and, in a winding course, has, on the left, the tremendous Honister ; and on the right, Yew Crag and Gatesgarth side, and at their feet, a fretful stream, which after various traverses and boundings, falls into the peaceful lake of Buttermere. At the end of Honister Crag or Fleetwith, stands the sheep farm-house, and other dwellings, called Gatesgarth, half a mile from the head of Buttermere. This is, indeed, a very tremendous scene ; like all the valleys we had yet found, it had a peculiar character : its features were its own, it was not a vista, like the valley of Watenlath, nor had it any of the sudden turns of the valley of Borrowdale ; but it wound slowly and solemnly in one segment, being at least half a quarter of a mile from side to side, which distance is pretty uniformly observed ; the rocky mountains which environ it keeping their line with great exactness, at least never breaking out into any violent projections.

“ The area of this valley is in general concave, the sides almost perpendicular, composed of a kind of broken craggy rock, ruins of which every where strew the valley, and give it still more the idea of desolation. The river also which runs through it is as wild as the valley itself. It has no banks but the fragments of rocks ; no bed but a channel composed of rocky strata ; among which the water forces its course. Its channel as well as its bank is composed of loose stones and fragments, which break and divide the stream into a succession of wild impetuous eddies.

“ A stream, which is the natural source of plenty, is perhaps, when unaccompanied with verdure, the strongest emblem of desolation ; it shews the spot to be so barren that even the greatest source of abundance can produce nothing. The whole valley, indeed, joined in impressing the same ideas. Faithful nature making in every part of her ample range, unremitting efforts to vegetate, could not here produce a single germ.

“ As we proceeded the grandeur of the valley in-

creased. We had been prepared indeed to see the highest precipices, which the country produced; such a preface is generally productive of disappointment, but on this occasion it did no injury; the fancy had still its scope. We found the mountains so overhung with clouds, that we could form little judgment of their height: our guide told us they were twice as high as we could see; which, however, we did not believe from the observation we were able to make, as the clouds at intervals floated past, and discovered here and there the shadowy forms of the rocky summits. A great height, however, they certainly were; and the darkness in which they were wrapped gave us a new illustration of the grandeur of those ideas which arise from obscurity. The middle of the valley is adorned as these valleys in some parts often are, by a craggy hill; on the top of which stands the fragment of a rock, that looked, in Ossian's language, like *the stone of power*, the rude deity of desolation. The most eligible rout to Buttermere is considered to be by a ride up Newland Vale, which brings you to Buttermere, where the rich vale of Newland skirts a horrible precipice for miles; a chain of bold fells range themselves upon its borders, clothed with a green vellum down to the bottom, and agreeably relieve the eye, long stretched in a painfully exclusive survey of the Gouldscope, a stupendous ferruginous mountain on the right. It was worked as a copper mine in the reign of Elizabeth, and was formerly probably called *Gold Scoop*, for it is said to have yielded some quantity of gold to a party of Dutch miners, who came into England with the Prince of Orange, and studiously concealed their discovery by conversing only in their vernacular tongue. About the year 1715 the Mine Acts were passed, and the Dutchmen dispossessed of their treasure. It was again worked in 1780, but with little encouragement.

But to return to our route; proceeding up Newland Vale, eight miles brings us to Buttermere. On the

way, the stranger will be most agreeably surprised by some of the finest pastoral scenes that can be imagined. The mountains are grand and sublime and void of projecting precipice or over-hanging cliff. They differ much both in form and colour; large hollow craters scooped in their bosoms, once the seeming seats of raging liquid fire, now overflow with the purest water, that foams down their craggy sides; other woods adorn their base, and other lakes, clear as the Derwent, lie at their feet. The softer part of these scenes are verdant hills patched with wood, spotted with rock, and afford pasture for herds and flocks. Having turned the brow of the hill from Swinside, the road continues winding through a glade along the side of a rapid brook that tumbles down a stony channel with water as clear as crystal.

Turning at the hedge-row tree, under Rawlingend, we have a new and pleasant view of the vale of Keswick. The road now takes a gentle ascent, and the rivulet is heard murmuring below. At the upper end of the cultivated part of the vale, a green pyramidal hill, divided into waving enclosures, looks down upon Keswick. The verdant hills on each side terminate in rude awful mountains, towering to the skies in a variety of grotesque forms, many torrents foaming from their sides. Above Keskadale, which are the last houses in Newland, few traces of human industry appear: Mr. Gilpin calls this "a dead mountain recess, environed on every side, except the entrance, by smooth sloping hills which are adorned neither by wood, rock, nor broken ground." The vale now becomes a dell, the road a path. The lower parts afford pasture; the middle feed sheep, and the upper regions, inaccessible to men, are abandoned to the bird of Jove. In approaching the head of Newland Hawse, on the left, a mountain of purple-coloured rock presents numerous gaping chasms, excavated by torrents that fall into a basin formed on the bosom of the mountain, and thence precipitating themselves over a wall of rock, they be-

come a brook below. In front is a vast rocky mountain, the barrier of the dell that seems to oppose all further access: but Mr. Gilpin and his party mention their passage through the Hawse or stoppage, which, though not so steep as the mountain which led them to Watenlath, was of much longer continuance, and in some parts carried them very near to the edges of the precipice. Here, says Mr. West, whoever would enjoy with ease and safety, alpine views and pastoral scenes, in the sublime style, may have them in this morning ride.

Here innocence may wander safe from foes,
And contemplation soar on seraph wings;
O solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

As we proceed we see a new creation of mountains as unlike those left behind as the Andes are to the Alps. On the right, at the head of a deep green hill, a naked furrowed mountain of an orange hue has a strange appearance amongst its verdant neighbours, and in height rivals even Skiddaw itself. Descending the track on the left, we behold a most singular contrast: viz. four spiral towering heights, dark, dun, and gloomy at noon day, rising immediately from the western extremity of the deep narrow dell, and hanging over Buttermere. The more southern is called by the dalesmen, Hayrick, from its form, the most pointed one, High Crag; the third, Highstile, and the fourth, from its iron colour, Red Pike. Between the second and third there is a large crater, that appears to have been the focus of a volcano at some distant period of time, when the cones were produced by explosion. At present, it is the reservoir of water that feeds the roaring cataract seen in the descent to Buttermere. Here all is barrenness, solitude, and silence, only interrupted by the murmurs of a rill, running unseen in the narrow

bottom of a deep dell. The smooth verdant sides of the vast hills on the right are furrowed by the winter rains. Some traces of industry, however, soon obtrude themselves at the foot of the glen, and point out our return to society, for we now approach the village of Buttermere, situated betwixt the lakes. The life of the inhabitants here before the lake were so much frequented, was purely rustic; the women spun woollen yarn, and some of the men were employed in the slate quarries. Above the village we have the view of the upper lake, two miles in length, and short of one in breadth, and terminated on the western side by Red Pike. The shore on the east is cultivated; and a group of houses, called Gatesgarth, forms the southern extremity under the most extraordinary amphitheatre of rocks that ever were seen. Honister Crag rises to an immense height, flanked by two conical mountains, with Scaf on the western side, and Fleetwith on the eastern. A hundred torrents supply the ceaseless cataracts that thunder down the rocks and form the lake or mere below.

The vale of Buttermere, which extends many miles below the lake, is a wide variegated scene, full of rising and falling grounds, woody in many parts; well inhabited in some; but fruitful and luxuriant in all; the looks of the inhabitants are generally marked with health and cheerfulness.

The best approach to Buttermere is from Scale Hill; the mountains of this vale are nowhere so impressive as from the bosom of Crummock Water.

SCALE FORCE

Is a fine water-fall about a mile and a half from the village of Buttermere; which, being difficult of access, is not visited so much as it deserves. The fall is nearly two hundred feet, and it exceeds that of Niagara about fifty feet. Scale Force is approached by water across Crummock, which is about half a mile, or by land from Buttermere a mile and a half. After crossing the Cocker, between Buttermere and

Crummock, and the road over a boggy pasture scattered with stones, the sides of the mountain on the left will be found, on approaching, to be covered only with a few straggling trees interspersed amongst rocks. At length the way to Scale Force appears between the mountains of Mellbreak and Blea Crag. At the foot of the latter a large fissure presents itself, extending an hundred feet into the mountain. Proceeding through this frightful avenue, not more than four or five yards wide, and fenced by perpendicular rock, the force, or water-fall, presents itself in one unbroken stream, with a roar that seems to shake the mountain. The steep on each side is covered with a variety of moss, fern, ash, and oak, which being continually fed by the spray, flourish with the most delightful verdure. Some of the trees, which grow from the fissures near the top, throw a shade over the cavern below, of itself sufficiently gloomy. The spray occasioned by the falling of the water frequently rises in the form of a thick mist. This cataract is seen in all its grandeur on the day after a heavy rain. The contention between rock and water is then so loud as to alarm every stranger; but this generally subsides in the course of a few days.

The history of Mary of Buttermere, is sufficiently known to excuse its re-appearance here. Mary and her husband, a young man from the neighbourhood of Carlisle, occupied the inn kept by her father at Buttermere some years, from which they have lately removed, and now live in another part of the country.

Hassness, erected by the late Thomas Benson, Esq. looks to the foot of the lake of Buttermere, and is one mile from the inn. Fleetwith and Green Gable may be seen from the road to Hassness.

The space between Buttermere and Crummock Water, is not a mile, and consists of meadow and pasture ground.

CRUMMOCK WATER

Opens soon on your right, after you leave the village of Buttermere, and pass through an open grove. A

fine expanse of water sweeps away to the right, under a rocky promontory; Randon Knot, or Buttermere Hawse. The road then winds round the rock, and under a rugged pyramidal craggy mountain. From the crest of this rock, the whole extent of the lake is discovered. On the western side, the mountains rise immediately from the water's edge, bold and abrupt. Just in front, between Blea Crag and Mellbreak, two spiral hills, the hoarse resounding noise of a waterfall is heard across the lake, concealed within the bosom of the rock, through which it forces its way. This lake is beautified with three small islands; one of rock, and the whole eastern shore is diversified with bays, the banks with scattered trees, and a few inclosures, terminated by a hanging wood. At the foot of Crummock Water is a high crowned hill, fringed with trees, and above it, on a cultivated slope, is the chapel of Loweswater, surrounded with scattered farms. Behind all, Low Fell raises its verdant front, a sweet contrast to its murky neighbours, and a pleasing termination, either as seen from this rock, or from the bosom of the lake. The chains of pyramidal mountains on each side of this narrow vale are extremely picturesque. They rise from distinct bases, and swell into the most grotesque forms of serrated or broken rocks. The water of Crummock is clear, but not so transparent as Derwent. The out-let is at the north-east corner, by the river Cocker, over which is a handsome stone bridge of four arches. This lake is four miles in length, and, in some places, almost half a mile over.

At the northern extremity of Crummock Water, stretching to the westward, is Lowes Water. This is something more than a mile long, but scarcely half a mile in breadth. It is a matter of doubt, whether the eastern or western side of this little lake should be traversed first. From the inn, down hill to the bridge, and thence up hill to the Smithy, it is three quarters of a mile to the church, an ancient and picturesque building, in which Mary of Butter-

mere was married. Near the church is a public house. From the chapel, over the bridge, and by Kirk head, it is half a mile to the common, where, under the rugged end of Mellbreak, Lowswater may be seen at each end, bordered by delightful groves of trees. Carling Knott, on the left, and Low Fell, on the right, shelter it east and west. On the north it is inclosed, and the elevations are humble. Hence, the way to the lake is by Barrgate, Steal Bank, Mill Hill, High Nook, and Water Yeat, and a number of farms and cottages.

The road on the western side of Lowswater is good, in dry weather, and at all times much better than that under Mellbreak. The road from the side of the lake to the water-fall stream, is thence over fields, leading up to some houses called Water End. From this place it is a quarter of a mile to the common, and half a mile to the joining of this road to that, by Ennerdale and Colder bridge to Wast Water. But, in this excursion round Lowswater, the road is on the right from Water End to the public road, which on an abrupt descent to the lake, by the lower houses at Water end, has in view the rich landscape encircling Lowswater.

ENNERDALE WATER

Is situated about four miles south of Lowswater, but the most convenient way to Ennerdale is by a circuitous route, by Lamplugh; and entering the vale on the west of the lake, the only side not defended by mountains almost impassable. It is about two miles and a half in length. Gillerthwaite is a narrow tract of cultivated land, formed into a peninsula on the lake, the verdure and fertility of this spot is strongly contrasted by the barren mountains by which it is environed. From Gillerthwaite the road leads to How Hall, once a stately mansion, belonging to the family of the Patricksons. This is a good station for a general view of the lake and Vale of Ennerdale.

Sty Head, Honister Crag, Wast Dale, the Pillar, and Red Pike, compose the mountain scenery of this

dreary region. Honister Crag, not producing even a blade of grass, exhibits a most dreary aspect, and the scenery around him is nothing but extreme sterility and wildness.

In a ride from Keswick to Ennerdale, the mountains, between whose bases an irregular avenue opens for the curious tourist, are more variegated than those in other regions of this little world of wonders. In the course of ten minutes' travelling, he will behold the most beautiful verdure climbing to the summit of one, a bushy wood creeping to the top of another, and the most tremendous fragments of rock scowling from the front of a third. The pillar challenges particular notice.

If a transient storm disturb or intercept the view, which frequently happens in the serenest days of summer, the appearance is not only awful but pleasing; and the traveller will frequently *behold* a tempest without *feeling* it. The commotion is far above him; and where he treads, all is calm, solemn, and silent. As he approaches the vale of Ennerdale, in whose bosom one of the most euchanting of the lakes is seated, he will find the rugged scenery of the country gradually refining; and as he winds round the foot of the Pillar, he will discover a vista, which cannot fail to strike the most indifferent observer with astonishment and pleasure.

Gillerthwaite is not, however, an island, though almost as much contrasted in the landscape as land with water. It is a patch of enclosed and apparently high-cultivated ground, on a stony desert of immeasurable extent; for the mountains on each side of it are the most barren in their aspect, and continue that appearance till their heads mix with the horizon. There are two decent farm-houses on the enclosure, and, from the serpentine tract of the valley, no other habitation of man is visible.

From Gillerthwaite, the road already briefly described leads towards the pride of the valley, once the seat of power and splendour, of which some

faint remains are yet to be traced. The place here alluded to is How-Hall, a mansion formerly of some note. The estate, by purchase, came into possession of the Senhouses, and is now the property of Joseph Tiffin Senhouse, Esq. of Calder-Abbey.—The following inscription, in Saxon characters, is yet visible over the principal door of How-Hall:—

“This house was built, A. D. 1566, by William Patrickson, and Frances his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Swynburn, one of the privy counsellors to King Henry VIII.”

Within these few years, several visitors of the lakes extend their tour, by taking in Whitehaven, and proceeding from thence, by Cleator and Kinnyside, to Ennerdale Bridge, at which place guides can be procured, to conduct them by the best route to Ennerdale Broad-water; and, if they choose, from thence to Lowes-water, Buttermere, &c.—This part of the journey (without which the tour is incomplete) cannot, however, be performed in a carriage; but a ride on horseback will amply recompense the trouble, for the scenery is delightful, and the objects have been pronounced (as well by many gentlemen of taste as by artists of much celebrity) *highly interesting*. Many such have ventured to prefer these views even to some of those which have attracted so much attention from the patrons of the fine arts.

Certain it is, the approach to the lake of Ennerdale, to Lowes-water, and to Buttermere, is from no other quarter so magnificent and captivating. The lake of Ennerdale appears in view. To the left, a majestic wood, rising gradually up the side of Cold-Fell from the opposite shore of the water, imparts the most graceful ornament to the entrance into a region perfectly different from the last. A short turn to the right lays the whole lake and valley open to the view, and Herd-House presents his tawny front, as regent of the scene. The furniture of the lake (if the expression may be allowed) is totally changed: on the traveller's side (the east) the farms are stretched

out, and exhibit a verdure seldom exceeded in the most fertile parts of this kingdom; and in a compass of a few miles, the number of small tenements seem to say, with Goldsmith,

“*Here every rood of ground maintains its man.*”

On the opposite shore of this little ocean (which is frequently seen vexed with *little* storms of short duration) the mountain towers with great dignity; neither terrible nor inviting in its aspect, but suited to the serenity of the spot, which is calculated to inspire sentiments at once sublime and cheerful.

Wast Water lies about five miles to the south of Buttermere, and may be visited without approaching the latter place.

The road to this lake from Keswick, through Borrowdale, leads by Sty Head. The descent from Sty to Wastdale is much easier, and perhaps more amusing than the ascent. As a horse-road, this way to Wastdale Head, Mr. Green thinks the grandest among the lakes. “The road is well defined, generally well made, and kept in as good repair as the extraordinary declivity will admit of. It is full of sharp turns and bends, which, though lengthening the journey, renders it much easier to travel than if carried forward in a straighter line. From the top of the Sty is seen the peaceful vale of Wastdale, and in the distance Yewbarrow. The road is down the side of Great Gable, whose surface is one series of huge projecting rocks. On the left, over the deep ravine below the road, in towering sublimity, appear Great End and the Pikes. Nearer the bottom of the vale are Lingmell Crag.

WASTDALE HEAD is a narrow but fruitful vale; all its inhabitants are shepherds, and live at the feet of the most stupendous mountains. Of six families at Wastdale, when Mr. Green visited it, three of them were landholders. There was no mill, public-house, shop or tradesman in the valley, notwithstanding its distance, fifteen miles from Egremont or Keswick.

Wast Water has in its composition more of the sublime than the rest of the English lakes, and each of the mountains that enclose it has a distinct and characteristic appearance. Near the head of the lake, at the end of Lingmell, Scawfell gradually makes its appearance, and Mickledoor, with its awful mouth, is succeeded by the Pikes.

Into Wastdale are three horse-roads, viz. over the Sty from Borrowdale, a short cut over a ridge from Scawfell, by Burnmoor Tarn, the road from which descending by the head of Wastdale-water is much the best approach. From Burnmoor we may proceed to Ravenglass, the peculiar situation of which, as to water, is worthy of notice.

Some wit in the Lonsdale Magazine, taking advantage of the local situation of Ravenglass, and its proximity to the *Mite*, the *Esk*, the *Irk*, and the *sea*, has thus given vent to his satirical humour.

Every place has something good,
Flowery lane or coppice wood,
Stately grove or glade of glass,
Every place but Ravenglass.

Twice a day the Little *Mite* .
Swells itself to such a height,
That not a living soul can pass
From Egremont to Ravenglass.

Then the *Esk* comes rolling down,
Threat'ning every one to drown,
As from *Wabbethwaite* they pass,
Across the Ford to Ravenglass.

The *Irt* to seaward cannot creep
Till at the town it had a peep,
And joins the *Mite*, and thus they pass
Right in front of Ravenglass.

Mountains come so near the *sea*,
Scarce permitting house or tree,
And Sandhills brown make up the mass
Of prospects had at Ravenglass.

An elegant writer adverting to the situation of Stybarrow Crag, with the deep waters of Ulswater on the one hand, and "the mighty Helvellyn" on the other, observes, we might easily suppose these had given rise to the following description, by Sir Walter Scott, which certainly pourtrays with great accuracy this celebrated pass.

At length they came where stern and steep
The hills sink down upon the deep.

Here, Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on
Beneath steep bank and threat'ning stone:
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against an host.

The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of ash and oak;
With shingles bare and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black that wav'd so high
It held the copse in rivalry.

But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dark osiers fring'd the swamp and hill,
And oft both path and hill were torn
Where wintry torrent down had borne
And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.

From the difficulty of access, excepting on the side of Egremont, Wastdale Lake and Village are seldom visited. Once seen, however, these interesting objects will amply compensate the traveller for his pains. "Here every thing," Dr. Robinson observes, "is rural, and appears in the true style of pastoral simplicity.

"The Screes, a very high ridge of mountains, run along the eastern side of the lake, and the loose rocks on its sides are in almost continual motion, falling in shivers into the water. In Lower Wastdale is a public house. Hospitality is the characteristic of the inhabitants of this secluded valley."

The lake here is three miles in length, and in the widest part about three quarters of a mile in breadth. The scenery of this lake has been portrayed with equal beauty and accuracy by a modern poet:—

“There is a lake hid far among the hills,
That raves around the throne of solitude,
Not fed by gentle streams or playful rills,
But headlong cataract or rushing flood.
There gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood,
No spot of sunshine lights her sullen side,
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,
And o’er the tempest heaved the mountain’s pride.”

Wilson’s Isle of Palms.

If, however, you should decline visiting West Water, which is generally done, after exploring the beauties of Buttermere and Crummock Water, you may extend your researches to the vale of Lorton; visiting or not, as may be convenient, Lowes Water in the way. Proceeding from Brackenthwaite, a guide may be hired at the commodious Inn at Scale Hill, to the summit of the Craggy height, about half a mile from it, whence the view is rich. On one side is spread a bird’s eye landscape of immense extent, terminated by the VALE of LORTON, which is watered by the river Cocker. Exactly over head, Grasmere rears its frowning aspect; and Crummock Water appears on the right, in an advantageous point of view. Mr. Gilpin observes of the Vale of Lorton, here “all is simplicity and repose. Nature in this spot lays totally aside her majestic frown, and wears only a lovely smile.” The Vale of Lorton running a considerable way between mountains at about a mile distant, these are near enough to screen it from the storm, and yet not so impending as to exclude the sun. A bright stream which pours along a rocky channel, ornaments this vale, and sparkles down in numerous little cascades. Its banks are adorned with wood, and varied by different objects; a bridge, a mill, a hamlet; a glade overhung

with wood, or some little sweet recess, or natural vista. The vale is about two miles and a half in length.

EXCURSION XII.

From Ambleside.

				Miles.	Miles.
Lake of Windermere	.	.	.		
Brathay Bridge	.	.	.	1	1
High Wray	.	.	.	4	5
Ferry House	.	.	.	3	8
Newby Bridge	.	.	.	7	15
Bowness	.	.	.	8	23
Ambleside	.	.	.	6	29

The eastern or the western side of Esthwaite Water may be pursued instead of passing High Wray and the Ferry House. This will cause little difference in the distance; but is recommended only as a variety to those who may have before seen the northern half of the Lancashire side of Windermere.

Windermere is usually crossed at the Ferry House in all carriage excursions, where it is intended to be viewed on both sides on the same day, unless it is in an excursion round the lake, a distance of about 29 miles. The best way of pursuing this journey is to pass down the western side of the lake by Brathay Bridge according to the route.

WINDERMERE.

Windermere is the largest lake in England, being twelve miles long; it is, towards the head, considerably more than a mile broad; and between this and the islands, about half way down the water, it is seldom less than a mile, but narrows gradually from the islands to Newby Bridge at the foot of the Lake. This water may be conveniently navigated from all the Inns round it, boats being moored at proper distances. Some make a morning's aquatic excursion from Ambleside to the Ferry House, the Station, the great or Curwen Island, and sometimes to Bowness.

To see all these places to advantage, will take up nearly a day. Such as like boating, and who remain at an Inn or a lodging for any time, may be greatly pleased with the little excursions in their different neighbourhoods. The views both from land and water have each a peculiar attraction. Open carriages are generally preferred; for if the weather be fine, the party by changing places may see the surrounding objects in all directions. The river Brathay, after making several winding sweeps and exquisite openings to the country, empties itself into the lake. Here rocks splendidly crowned with trees, rise beautifully out of the water, and make excellent combinations with the craggy steep of Loughrigg Fell, the mountains of Ambleside and Rydal. The finest water view from the head of the lake is about half a mile south of the Brathay's junction with the lake: here, as from one station on the water, are seen to the greatest advantage, Little and Great Langdale, Loughrigg, Rydal, Ambleside, and Troutbeck; the high grounds of Applethwaite, Orrest, Bowness, Cartmel Fell, and the lands above Wray. Dove Nest is a delightful seat, greatly improved by Mr. Pedder, and commands a very interesting view down Windermere.

The lands on the immediate borders of Windermere are fertile, and richly decorated with a profusion of fine trees and shrubs in every imaginable and tasteful variety. Windermere is rich in its prospects, having several distinctly featured distances; first, the Longdale Pikes; the views of the island down the lakes; the head of the lake having the great and lesser islands in the middle, the Rydal mountains, &c. in the extreme distance; the view from the Station-house, looking over the great island, having Rayrigg and the Old and New Calgarth on the banks of the lake, with the Applethwaite and Calgarth mountains in the furthest distance; and lastly, the Rydal and Ambleside mountains in an entire new combination, different from any observed be

tween Belle Grange and High Wray. Windermere is usually crossed at the Ferry-house in all carriage excursions; that round the lake makes a circuit of about 29 miles. On the opposite shore, the village of High Wray, and the buildings at Brathay and Clappersgate, give animation to the scenery. The pikes of Langdale, and the mountains of Eskdale, Wastdale, and Borrowdale, finish this splendid exhibition. Bowfell is the principal.

Windermere has been justly described, as preserving the dignity of its character under all circumstances, being seldom depressed below, and as seldom elevated above its ordinary level. But though not perceptibly swollen by rains, it is often agitated by winds and sudden squalls, thus emulating the grandeur of a disturbed ocean. Thus navigators are warned against every appearance of a tendency to stormy weather. Besides trout, perch, and pike, char abounds here, the *case char* and the *gelt char*; the first is so called because it has not spawned the preceding season, and is thought more delicate. The *char* here are nearly twice as large as the herring, and in form resemble the trout, though of a much more delicate flavour. Wild fowl haunt the banks of Windermere, and appear sometimes sitting in black groupes on the water; or they rise and sink with the waves. At other times they fly round the lake in files, or settle upon some bank or station.

This lake has seventeen islands, Lady Holm, near the largest of them, called Great Holm, was so named from the Virgin, who had formerly a Chapel or Oratory upon it. On the road from Kendal to the Great Boat House, might lately have been seen the ruins of the Holy Cross; where Pilgrims used to offer up their devotions. Two other of these islands are named from the lily of the valley which grows upon them in profusion. To Lowood Inn, the road continues almost on a level with the lake, more than a mile from the head of Windermere. This is a pleasant halting place, and the fields above it, and the lane

that leads to Troutbeck, present beautiful views. From this place and from Ambleside, rides may be taken in numerous directions, and the interesting walks are inexhaustible.

A late tourist makes the following reflections upon a tour round Windermere. I left Kendal on the 15th July, in company with two learned and agreeable friends. Our prime intention was to visit Windermere—the Queen of the Lakes. As the morning was invitingly fine, we determined to accept the opportunity of exercising our frames, and gratifying our minds with what the pleasing walk to Bowness could afford us. Agriculture smiled around us; and Plenty was gathering into her lap the earliest of the summer's produce. The town had poured out its swarms into the environs to hive within it the surrounding stores; and the country with its tawny sons and daughters of Industry was universally engaged in the same act of toilsome labour. The eye could wander around in no direction, but it there met with either the traces, or the fruits of their salutary toil. Happy, thought I, are ye, ye rustics, in a state of such apparently blissful simplicity. When an almost diurnal variety of pursuits leads you forth from your cots of content—in the salubrious hour of morning—ere the sun has yet burst upon the eastern horizon! When the sparkling dew-drops glitter around you, and you seem to trample a myriad of diamonds beneath your feet! When the air is impregnated with the odorous scents of a thousand nectareous flowers—when it wafts their grateful effluvia around you, and you inhale the pure breath of more than ambrosial sweetness! When the gentle refreshing breeze cools your blood in the sultry hour of noon-tide! When the mild zephyrs fan your bodies parched by the action of post-meridian sunbeams; and charged with health collected beyond the Atlantic, when they wing their way to shed its balmy influence in reviving gales upon you! Yes, happy are ye, ye rustics—happy indeed—if happy.

ness consist in *externals*, or if happiness consist most in a *variety* of pursuits!

The rustic and his hay-making we soon left principally behind us. The geological aspect of the country changed. The transition rock of stratified lime-stone, which abounds near the town and in the vicinity, gave way to the primary or blue schist of a nearly perpendicular lamellar strata. Nothing but angular elevations of this rock now characterized the scene both on hill and in dale; so that it appeared as if we had stepped out of *Arabia felix* into *Arabia petræa*. Our contemplations were imperceptibly carried away with this change, and from the regular and pleasing we scanned the irregular and frowning. What impressions were now stamped on our minds! What ideas now excited! Such, as it be may supposed, would have laid eternally dormant within us, had they not been roused by objects so novel to us in the extreme! Oh how man enjoys a continually varying scene! How it delights his senses—how it entertains and edifies his mind—especially, when with a philosophic and religious eye he views the created objects around him, and then, from the ecstasies of his soul, silently breathes out aspirations of wonder and praise to creation's God.

The exhaling powers of the sun's caloric rendered it necessary for us to apply frequently to the houses upon the road, for fluids to quench our thirst, and supply the respective glands with their requisites for action. The almost artless simplicity, which chiefly predominated in the expression of most of the peasants' countenances, recommended them to our notice, and particularly the unmerited respect which they paid us. I sat mostly in silence, with my eyes intent upon their countenances, while my friends conversed with them; and I must say that I felt myself much interested, both in their looks and in their expressions. How natural and how powerful were most of their attitudes! How strong and ener-

getic their diction! Nature, uninfluenced by the prejudices of education, sat dictator in their hearts. Their language was thence void of ornament—shall I say, and altogether void of *art* too? No, even here Art has its abode. It is a constituent of our corrupt nature: and will be ever found, more or less, to pervade the poor man in his cot, as well as the rich man in his mansion. Learning and influence cannot produce it—they can only extend and modify its action. For a continued observation of human nature in all the circles of life, tends to prove, that artifice lurks within us, and operates generally in the proportion, in which opportunity and outward circumstances present it with a medium for action.

At length we gained the elevation on the road which commands the first prospect of the lake. Our minds had hitherto been, as we thought, sufficiently engaged—yet their engagements now at once became more particular and more general—more particular, in noticing the peculiar effects of detached portions of the scene—and more general, in observing the grand novel contrast of the varied whole. The dim undulating outline of the *distant* mountains shooting far into the western horizon—the bleak inhospitable aspects of those *intervening*, increasing their cliffy summits in proportion to their near approach—and the long extended lake stretching its prostrate length almost like a sea before us, were such striking characteristics as the eye seldom witnesses. It was here where I first obtained some idea of the wild majesty, the noble and vast sublimity of nature—here, where I first could bring into one natural scope, the combined grandeur and delectability of Swiss and Italian scenes.

We had scarcely arrived at Bowness, ere we ordered a boat and launched out into this miniature Mediterranean. The sun was just descending to the verge of the opposing mountains as we set sail; and that still calmness which in fine weather generally

commences upon his departure, had already smoothed the surface of the deep, and given a glorious reflection to the limpid mirror beneath us. We seemed to float in the middle space of ether—before us were two suns upon their horizons, both sinking in the mild refulgence of their departing splendour into the bosom of another hemisphere: and beneath and above them two similar concave vaults stretching their azure projections far behind us. From these the philosopher with his quadrant might have found the just power of the refraction of the water. Conjecture told us that the height of the mountains, and the distance of other objects appeared diminished one third; but, as we were not *professed* philosophers, conjecture might deceive us. Suffice it however to say, that our theoretical notions of optics were not impaired by our observations, but rather strengthened. The reason perhaps too is obvious—“*exercitatio optimus est magister.*”

We landed at the Ferry Inn and advanced to the Station. We soon arrived at a superb gate and entrance, set, as I thought, in mock majesty, at the foot of an inaccessible rock, and wood impervious. But upon gaining admission, how great was my surprise, when it unfolded unto me a paradise decorated with all the garden-blooms of an Eden! I halted, and cast my eyes around this little enchanting spot. It was wholly the work of Art—the hand-maid to Nature, purposely designed to relieve the attention with the utmost efforts of her skill, till she ushered us into a scene which sets the very genius of description at defiance. The effect of the scene, when viewed through these, was such as the finest imagination might perhaps in some propitious moment produce. I now sat down in the front window, and threw up the sash. A number of boats was shooting along the lake in different directions. The uncommon stillness of the evening rendered every sound accessible to the ear. The dashing of the oars, softened by

their distance, and the alternate blasts of a shrill-toned trumpet, mingling occasionally into a wild harmony, had something of a soothing influence in them, which corresponded with the prevailing taste of our minds. We long listened to them with pleasure, till they reached their respective harbours.

Twilight had now begun to overspread the heavens with her dusky mantle: and we meditated our return. All the crannies of the cliff upon which the station is erected, support some shrub, either indigenous or exotic. The common laurel here vegetates surprisingly: and the different species of the rose bloom in all their glory; while lichens of different habits clothe the very rocks. But we had no time to botanize; indeed, our minds were not in a state suited to that rational pursuit. The whole garb of Nature, and her bold structure, were more the objects of our present attention than the analytical parts of her contexture or superficial conformation. We dared to embrace more of her wonders than those concentrated in a single plant or mineral—we stretched out our minds to the contemplation of myriads. Oh Nature—thou art surely alike formed for the corporeal and mental advantage of man! One spark of thy inspiration is more expansive to the soul, than all those which the world can strike beside!

We resumed our seats in the boat and set sail. Distant objects were now but imperceptibly seen. Every recreating party had retired, and we were left alone on the bosom of the lake. Darkness was gradually gathering around us, and a universal "expressive silence" was commencing, as if creation's self was retiring to rest. No picturesque object now entertained the eye, save the still reflecting lake faintly dispersing the rays which fell upon its surface from the languishing western horizon. 'Twas a time fitted for meditation. My two friends landed at the nearest point; and I remained in the boat—a silent passenger. I gave way to a train of reflections, such as the previous impressions on my mind

and the surrounding solemnity required; in the midst of which I arrived at Bowness, where I waited until my friends came up.

Passing Orrest, Elleray is seen, and the Bowness road to Ambleside from the bridge, in the same direction, we observe the avenue to Calgarth Park, the seat of the late Bishop of Llandaff.

Calgarth House is a heavy edifice, in a marshy bottom, a station so unhappily selected as to exclude every interesting view of the enchanting scenery that surrounds it. This perhaps may account for the general silence of tourists with respect to this mansion.

Windermere on this side communicates with two lateral valleys—Troutbeck and that of Hawkshead. The latter is best seen from the approach from the Ferry over Windermere. At Lowood Inn a small cannon has long been kept to gratify the curious with those remarkable reverberations of sound which follow the report of a gun.

“ Here oft the cannon’s roar
Bursts from the bosom of the hollow shore;
The dire explosion the whole concave fills,
And shakes the firm foundation of the hills.
Now pausing deep, now bellowing from afar,
Now rages near the elemental war:
Affrighted Echo opens all her cells,
With gather’d strength the posting clamour swells,
Check’d or impell’d, and varying in its course,
It slumbers—now awakes with double force,
Searching the straight and crooked hill and dale,
Sinks in the breeze and rises in the gale:
Chorus of earth and sky! the mountains sing,
And Heaven’s own thunder thro’ the valleys ring.”

After quitting Lowood Inn, the traveller may leave the margin of the water, and pass through groves and secluded farms without seeing the water again till he arrives opposite Calgarth; about half a mile further from which is a prospect of Winder-

mere, and the principal part of its islands. The surrounding mountains, though high, are inferior to those we have described on the confines of the lakes, and slope to the water in an irregular manner. About a mile from Bowness is Rayrigg, a little village, with Rayrigg Hall, the seat of the Reverend J. Fleming.

The picturesque beauties of Windermere have been thus described by Mr. Hutchinson:—

“The hills seen around the lake, except those above Ambleside, are humble, the margin of the water is irregular and indented, and every where composed of cultivated lands, woods, and pastures, which descend with an easy fall down to the lake, forming a multitude of bays and promontories, and giving it the appearance of a large river; in the narrowest parts not unlike the Thames below Richmond. On that part where the Furness Fell forms the shore, the scene is more rude and romantic. The western side of this lake is in Lancashire, the eastern in Westmorland. As we sailed down the lake, we had two views which comprehended all the beauties of the lake; we rested upon the oars in a situation where, looking down the lake, we took into the prospect the greatest extent of water; the shore was indented by woody promontories, which shot into the lake on each side to a considerable distance, to the right, were the hills of Furness Fell, which are the highest that arise immediately from the water, consisting chiefly of rocks, which, though not rugged and deformed, have their peculiar beauty, being scattered over with trees and shrubs, each growing separate and distant; the brow of this rock overlooks a pretty peninsula, on which the ferry-boat house stands, concealing its white front in a grove of sycamores. Whilst we were looking out on it, the boat was upon its way, with several horse passengers, which greatly graced the scene. To the left a small island of a circular form, covered with a thicket of birch and ash wood;

beyond which the hills that arose from the lake in gentle ascents to the right, were covered with rich herbage and irregular groves; on the left side of the lake, enclosures of meadow, sweeping gently away from the water, lay bounded by a vast tract of woods, and overtopped with hills of moorish ground and heath; the most distant heights, which formed the back-ground, were fringed with groves, over which they lifted their brown eminences in various shapes. Upwards on the lake we looked on a large island of about 30 acres of meagre pasture ground, in an irregular oblong figure; here and there some mis-shapen oak-trees bend their crooked branches on the sandy brinks, and one little grove of sycamores shelters a cottage."

Mr. Wordsworth thus poignantly describes the alterations, called *improvements*, that have been recently made upon this island:—

"The venerable wood that had grown for centuries round the small house called St. Herbert's Hermitage, had long been felled by its native proprietor, and the whole island planted anew with Scotch firs, a melancholy phalanx, defying the power of the winds, and disregarding the regret of the spectator, who might otherwise have cheated himself into a belief that some of the decayed remains of these oaks, the place of which was in this manner usurped, had been planted by the hermit's own hand. 'This sainted spot', however, has sustained comparatively little injury. At the bidding of an alien improver, the Herd's Cottage, upon Vicar's Island, in the same lake, with its embowering sycamores and cattle-shed, disappeared from the corner where they stood, and right in the middle, and upon the precise point of the island's highest elevation, rose a tall square habitation, with four sides, exposed like an astronomer's observatory, or a warren house, reared upon an eminence for the detection of depredators; or like the Temple of Æolus, where all the winds pay him obedience. Round this novel

structure, but at a respectful distance, platoons of firs were planted, as if to protect their commander when weather and time should somewhat have shattered his strength. Within the narrow limits of this island were typified also the state and strength of a kingdom and its religion, as it had been and was ; for neither was the Druidical circle uncreated, nor the church of the present establishment ; nor the stately pier, emblem of commerce and navigation : nor the fort to deal out thunder upon the approaching invader. The taste of a succeeding proprietor rectified the mistakes, as far as practicable, and has ridged the spot of all its puerilities. The church having been docked of its steeple, is applied both ostensibly and really to the purpose for which the body of the pile was originally erected, namely, a boat-house. The fort is demolished, and without indignation on the part of the Druids, who officiated at the circle upon the opposite hill, the mimic arrangement of stones, with its *sanctum sanctorum*, has been swept away."

But to return to Mr. Hutchinson :—

" Whilst I view the lake upwards, with its environs, the beautiful crags of Furness Fell, over which trees, dispersed in an agreeable wilderness, form the front ground on the left, and, by their projection, cover the hills, which are further advanced towards the head of the lake, which makes a curve bearing from the eye ; three small woody islands, of a fine circular figure, swelling to a crown in their centres, arise from out of the lake ; and, with the deep verdure of their trees, give an agreeable tint to the expanse of water, in length six miles, and nearly a mile in breadth, shining and bright as a mirror ; we viewed the agreeable variety of the adjacent country. To the right, woodlands and meadows, in many little peninsulas and promontories, descended with easy slopes to the brink of the lake, where Bowness Church, and its cottages, arose above the trees ; beyond which lay the seat of Fletcher Fleming, Esq.

situate on the brink of the lake, and covered on every side with rich woodland; further were cots and villages dispersed on the rising ground: in front stood Ambleside, and at the opening of the deep vale of Rydal, the house of Sir Michael le Fleming, shielded on either hand by a wing of hanging forests, climbing up the steeps of the mountains. The nearest back-ground to the right is composed of an eminence called Orrest-head, rising gradually to a point, and cultivated to its crown, which sweet mount is contrasted by the vicinage of the crags of Briscot-hoe, which overtop the extensive woodlands of Sir M. le Fleming; then Troutbeck Parks arise, where the hills begin to increase in magnitude, and form the range of mountains which are extended to Keswick, diversified with pasturage, dells, and cliff; looking over, with Langdon Pikes, three mountains, rising in perfect cones, extending their heads, surmounted only by the rocky and barren brow of Kirkstone Fell, whose cliffs overlook the whole.

“The lake of Windermere differs very much from those of Ulswater and Keswick. Here almost every object in view, on the whole lake, confesses cultivation. The islands are numerous, but small and woody, and rather bear a resemblance to the artificial circles raised on gentlemen's ponds for their swans.

“The greatest depth of Windermere, we were told, was not more than forty fathoms. The water abounds in pike, trout, char, eels, and perch. The lake, whilst we visited it, was covered with the boats of fishing parties; it being customary for the country people, after their harvest, to make their days of jubilee in that diversion.”

Bowness, on the eastern side of the lake, is the great mart for fish and charcoal, commodities largely imported here, and carried inland. Its harbour is crowded with different vessels, and some of them are used as pleasure boats upon the lake. From an emi-

nence above Bowness, this, and all its accompaniments, appear in all their grandeur. "Were I your guide," said Mr. Young, "I would conduct you behind a small hill, that you might come at once upon the view, when you will be struck with astonishment at the prospect spread beneath your feet. You look down on a noble winding valley, of about twelve miles long, every where inclosed with grounds rising in a very bold and various manner; in some places bulging into mountains, abrupt, wild, and uncultivated; in others breaking into rocks, craggy, pointed, and irregular. Here rising into hills covered with the noblest woods, presenting a gloomy brownness of shade, almost from the clouds to the reflection of the trees in the limpid water of the lake they so beautifully skirt; there waving in slopes of cultivated inclosures, adorned in the sweetest manner with every object that can give variety to art, or elegance to nature; trees, woods, villages, and farms, scattered with picturesque confusion, and waving to the eye in the most romantic landscapes that nature can exhibit.

When shades of night are hast'ning down,
To steep in blue the mountains brown,
'The sky is cloudless and serene,
The winds are pinion'd; and the scene
So beautiful, so wild, so sweet,
Where forests, fields, and waters meet,
Is bathed in such delicious hues,
Beneath the twilight's falling hues,
That man afar from sorrow's sphere,
Might muse away his anguish here;
Whilst o'er his erring thoughts subdued,
That quiet—tranquillizing mood,
That tone of harmony, would steal,
Which poets feign, and angels feel.

Bowness is six miles from Ambleside; the country may be seen to great advantage from an open carriage, from this place to Newby Bridge, which lies at

the foot of the lake; or an excursion may be made by water from Bowness.

From Bowness we may proceed by water to Curwen's Island, formerly called Windermere Island. As the largest on the lake was purchased from Thomas English, Esq. by Mrs. then Miss Curwen, who long ago removed the garden to Belle Grange. This island has a good landing place, and is about thirty acres in circumference. Its form is oblong; its shores irregular, occasionally broken into small bays and creeks. To the taste of John Christian Curwen, Esq. it owes many of its decorations. The surface of this island is uneven, and a sort of little Appenine ridge runs through the middle of it, falling down in all shapes into the water. The southern part is smoother than the northern, which is broken and rocky. This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland, during the civil wars, and their mansion here was called Holm House. Two brothers served Charles the First, the younger, whose name was Robert, for his many feats of personal valour, was called *Robin the Devil*, by the Oliverians in this part. In crossing the water at the ferry, Mrs. Ratcliffe observed, "the illusions of vision give force to the northern mountains, which, viewed from hence, seem to ascend from the margin and spread round it in a magnificent theatre. This was to us the most interesting view on Windermere. On our approaching the western shore, the range of rocks that form it, discovered their cliffs, and gradually assumed a consequence which the breadth of the channel had denied them, and their darkness was well opposed by the bright verdure, and variegated autumnal tints of the isles at their base." Near the isthmus of the ferry point, is a building called the Station, one of the most delightful places near the lake. In front is Rampsholm, or Berkshire island. The eastern view is adorned with all that is beautiful, grand, and sublime. To the south is Rawlinson's Nab, a high promontory jutting far into the lake,

from whence you see the lake bending in different directions in two fine sheets of water : the northern view is pleasantly broken by promontories, and small islands, and the whole is terminated by a back-ground of distant, high, and rocky mountains, which will scarcely fail to enrapture the traveller, who has scarcely seen a mountain, or a lake of more extended dimensions than the Serpentine in Hyde Park,

Proceeding from Ambleside by Bowness, towards Newby Bridge, we pass STORRS, a handsome mansion, built by the late Sir John Legard, Bart. John Bolton, Esq. the present proprietor, has added to it a superb mansion, from designs by Mr. Gandy, both fanciful and elegant. The grounds are also highly improved. At Storr's Gate, the new road to Kendal, on a fine elevation, leaves the road to that town by Bowness, and joins that to Hawkshead to Kendal, by the ferry, and that to Kendal near Windy Hall, a mile and a quarter from Bowness.

About a mile before Newby Bridge, the road along Windermere leaves Fell Foot on the right. Here the direct road to Kendal passes over Gummer's How, and one to the right, either over the sands by Cartmel, or through Millthorpe and Burton, to Lancaster. Leaving the public road, the way to the mansion of Fell Foot is through an ancient grove of evergreens.

EXCURSION XIII.

From Kendal to Hawes Water, through Long Sleddale.

	Miles.	Miles,
Watch Gate	3	4½
Long Sleddale Chapel	2	7½
Sadgill Bridge	4½	9½
Chapel Hill at the head of Hawes Water		14

Kendal is situated in that part of Westmoreland at which the district of the lakes is considered as commencing on the eastern side.

Should the traveller wish to proceed from Lancaster to Kendal, beginning his excursions, instead of ending them, according to our arrangement with

that route, he may proceed from Lancaster, along the Kendal road, as far as Burton, eleven miles, where, instead of passing on to Kendal, he may leave that road for Milthorpe, fifteen miles from Lancaster; to Levenshall, seventeen miles; to Witherslack twenty one; Newby Bridge twenty eight miles.

The new road from Carnforth by Levens, over the Mosses, and under Whitbarrow Scar, will render a tour to Ulverston highly interesting.

From Burton there is an excellent road to Kendal, by Milthorpe. Levens Bridge is the next station; Sizergh Hall, the ancient family seat of the Stricklands, stands on the left about three miles from Kendal. This is a venerable old building: in a pleasant situation, formed, like others in ancient times, for defence. The tower is a square building, protected by two square turrets, and battlements. One of them is over the great entrance, and has a guard-room capable of containing ten or a dozen men, with embrasures. The winding staircase terminates in a turret, which defends the other entrance.

The river, on the banks of which the town stands, rises in the vale of Kentmere, about fourteen miles north of Kendal; and being joined by the streams of Applethwaite, Longlesdale, and Grayrigg, becomes so powerful, when it arrives at Kendal, as to work the machinery of several large mills. This river abounds in trout, but the salmon have lately deserted it, owing to the number of weirs that have been erected.

From Kendal to Ambleside there are two roads: one by Stavely, the direct road; the other through Bowness, which is the best. Both join at Cook's House, about four miles from Ambleside; but neither of them are particularly interesting if within sight of Windermere.

Kendal is pleasantly situated upon the river Kent, over which it has two stone bridges, and one of wood. The main street originally leading from the principal bridge, slopes upwards to the centre of the town,

and contracted itself into an inconvenient passage, where it joins another principal street, which falls, with a gentle declivity, both ways. This is a mile in length, and of a handsome breadth. The narrow passage has been widened, and a new street formed, from the centre of the town to the river side, which has much improved the road through it for carriages. The town, though ancient, is in general well built, and has a cheerful appearance. The principal Inns are genteel and commodious.

Mr. Todhunter has a valuable Museum at Kendal, highly deserving the attention of strangers and others who visit the Lakes. It consists of a very large collection of the minerals and fossils found in this part of the country: musical stones, and other curiosities, such as ancient armour, coins, medals, and sculpture. Several Roman urns, found near Kendal; a collection of stuffed birds, quadrupeds, &c.

About a mile and a half from Kendal, on the road to Ulverston, is Scout Scar, a high rock, on which is a terrace about a mile in length, facing the west, from which there is a most surprising and extensive view, which opens upon you all at once as you approach the top.

From Kendal the descent into Long Sleddale is more than three miles. In approaching the mountains Horton-fell scrawls forward in all the terrific grandeur of hanging rock. As you advance, a yawning chasm appears to divide it upwards from the base, and within it is heard the hoarse noise of un-gulphed waters. The tumult of cataracts and waterfalls on all sides add much to the solemnity of these tremendous scenes. The path soon becomes winding, steep, and narrow, and is the only possible one across the mountain. The noise of a cataract on the left accompanies you during the ascent. On the summit of the mountain you soon come in sight of Long Sleddale, Lancaster Sands, &c. and in the course of your descent, you will meet with a cataract on the right. The road traverses the mountain as on

the other side, but is much better made and wider. The water-falls on the right are extremely curious. You enter Long Sleddale between two sheltered rocky mountains. That on the left, Crowbarrow, is not less terrible to look up at when under it, than any rock in Barrowside or Borrowdale. Here is every possible variety of water-falls and cataracts, the most remarkable of which is on the left. Over a most tremendous wall of rock, a mountain torrent leaps head-long one hundred yards and more in one unbroken sheet. The whole vale is narrow; the brows of the hills on each side are wooded; their feet covered with grass or cultivated; and their summits broken. The road along the vale is tolerable, and joins the great road at Watch Gate, about four miles from Kendal.

From the town of Kendal there is a steep ascent having the workhouse on the right, and a prison on the left; about two miles from the town the Bowness road turns on the left from that direct to Ambleside; Townson Hall, on the right, a little beyond the turn-pike, is the seat of James Bateman, Esq. On the banks of the river Kent, about half a mile to the right, are the ruins of Burnside Hall. From Townson Hall the ascent is to a steep common, called Rotherheath. Hence, the heights of Staveley and Kentmere appear in the distance. From Staveley, five miles from Kendal, a road runs to the right, which, after passing Kentmere Tarn, proceeds through the grand and solitary vale of Kentmere, and over the high pass called Nanbield; from thence in a steep descent, by Small Water, it winds down a rugged track to Mardale, which lies at the head of Haweswater. About six miles and a half from Kendal, stands Ings Chapel, a neat erection. After the old Ambleside road has passed St. Catharine's, from a steep descent, it joins the new road at Troutbeck Bridge; this descent displays the head of the lake of Windermere in full glory. But, from the summit of the hill above, Orrest, still nearer Ambleside, that sudden burst on the

head of the lake, with all its mazy windings, and massive woods, and verdant plains, are delightful.

Proceeding on the direct road to Hawes Water, we pass Skeggles Water, about a mile on the left, lying between us and Kentmere Tarn Hill. Bell next rears its head in the distance, between which and our road winds Harter Felly, on the same side, on a line with Hawes Water; at about a mile distant, rises Kidsey Pike. Hawes Water, which we have now arrived at, is fourteen miles from Kendal, and about eleven from Penrith, from which it is approached between two high ridges of mountains; on the right, are two beautiful hills, one of them covered with wood. "The lake is a small one; about three miles long; half a mile over in some places, and a quarter in others; almost divided in the middle by a promontory of enclosures, joined only by a strait, so that it consists of two sheets of water. The upper end is fine, with bold, steep, craggy rocks and mountains; a noble ridge of these run along the southside of this lake, very bold and prominent, down to the water's edge. This lake has been seldom visited by travellers, though it is distinguished by the solemn grandeur of its rocks and scenery. The second expanse of this lake seems to terminate its perspective by the huge mountain of Castle Crag; but as we proceed, Harterfell rears his awful front, impending over the water, and bounds the view. Here, at the entrance of a glen, almost choked by fragments, stands Mardall Chapel. Here we see the fells of Lathale, Wilter Crag, Castle Crag, and Riggendale, in succession. Beyond the eastern shore, Kidsey Pike is pre-eminent: on the west is High Street, overlooking the head of Ulswater. Trout, chub, perch, eels, and occasionally a few char, are taken here, but these are deemed inferior to those in other lakes. Haweswater has been rightly styled a lesser Ulswater, with this advantage, that it remains undefiled by the intrusion of bad taste.

Mr. West says, Haweswater may be conveniently

visited from Penrith, returning to it by the ruins of Shap (or Hefpe Abbey). A square tower, with piked windows, forms the principal ruins. This pile was built in the reign of King John, for Canons of the Premonstratension order. Towards the south end of the village of Shap, near the turnpike road, on the east side of it, there is a remarkable monument of antiquity; which is an area upwards of half a mile in length, and between twenty and thirty yards broad, encompassed with large stones, many of them three or four yards in diameter, and of such immense weight, that no carriage now used, could support them. Undoubtedly, this has been a place of Druid worship, which they always performed in the open air, within this kind of inclosure, shaded with wood, as this place of old time appears to have been, though Shap Thorn excepted, a tree is not at present to be seen here. Shap Thorn was planted on the top of the hill for the direction of travellers. At the high end of this place, there is a circle of the like stones, about eighteen feet in diameter, which was their *sanctum sanctorum*, and place of sacrifice. The stone is a kind of granite, and when broken, appears beautifully variegated, with bright shining spots, like spar. When polished, they would make beautiful chimney pieces.

The daughters of Long Meg are not placed in an oblong, like the stones of Shap, but in a perfect circle, eighty yards in diameter, and are seventy-two in number. Their height is from above three yards to less than so many feet. A little out of the way stands LONG MEG herself, a single stone eighteen feet high.

The ruins of the Abbey of Shap, to which we next proceed, suggest many melancholy ideas:—

What art thou now, Oh pile of olden time?

The sparrow chatters on thy buttresses

Throughout the live long day, and sportively,

The swallow twitters through thy broken roofs,

Fluttering the whiteness of its plumes

Through shade, and now emerging to the sun.

The night-owls are thy choristers, and mope
Amidst the dreary darkness of the night.
The twilight-loving bat with leathern wing
Finds out a crevice for her callow young,
Amid dilapidated halls on high,
Beyond the unassisted reach of man;
And on thy utmost pinnacles the rook
Finds airy dwelling place and quiet home.
When sweeps the night-gale past on rapid wing,
And sighs amidst thy portals desolate,
The alders creak, with melancholy sound,
The ivy rustles, and the hemlock bends,
Springing above the grassy mounds of those
Whose tombs have long been tenantless. But now,
With calm and quiet eye, the setting sun
Beams mellowness upon the wrecks of time,
Tinges the broken arch with crimson rust,
Flames down the Gothic aisle, and mantles o'er
The ruined altar and baptismal font:—
Monastic pile farewell.

From this sequestered spot we may continue our route to the village of that name, situated near the mouth of the Lowther, a proper place for refreshment before we enter Shap-fells, a dreary melancholy tract of twelve miles. On the east side of the road, soon after we leave the village, we observe a double range of huge granites at some distance from each other, leading to circles of small stones, and increasing the space between the rows as they approach the circles where the avenue is about twenty-seven paces wide. They are supposed to have run quite through the village and terminated in a point. Antiquaries have long been perplexed what to call this very uncommon monument; by some it has been imputed to the Druids, by others to the Danes. Shap Spaw is at a small distance to the east of these stones. Leaving this gloomy region of black moors and shapeless mountains behind, we now approach a charming vale, best seen about the midway, between the third and fourth mile-stone on the east side of the

road, called Stone Crag, which cannot be mistaken. Many beautiful hills and knolls are scattered about this valley, some cultivated, others covered with wood. But the oval green hill, crowned with the ruins of a castle, divides the valley and overlooks the town of Kendal, apparently hanging on the side of a steep mountain.

The narrowest part of Haweswater by report is fifty fathoms deep, and a man may throw a stone across it. Thwaite force, or fall, is a fine cataract on the right, and opposite to it; the first sheet of water is lost among the rocks and wood in a beautiful manner. Bleakhow Crag, a ruinous rock, and over it Castle Crag, a staring shattered rock, have a formidable appearance; and above all is seen Kidstow-pike, on whose summit the clouds weep into a crater of rock that is never empty. On the eastern side, a front of prominent rock bulges out into a solid naked mass, and a waving cataract descends the furrowed side of a soft green hill. The contrast is fine. At Bleakhow Crag there is a pleasing back view. Above the Chapel all is hopeless, waste, and desolation. The little vale contracts into a glen strewn with the precipitated ruins of mouldering mountains.

From Hawes Water the road proceeds to Penrith, nearly following the direction of Lowther River; those who wish to view the magnificent seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, frequently pursue that route, when the village of Bampton is passed at the junction of the road from Shat. Lowther river constantly running, on the right we arrive at Aikham, opposite which to the right is Lowther Hall; we now have a distinct view of King Arthur's Round Table.

Four miles from Penrith, we arrive at Lowther Castle. This magnificent pile was erected about the year 1809; it is composed of stone of a rose-tinted white colour, and both the exterior and interior display that style of architecture which prevailed in the 13th and 14th centuries. The entrance is on

the north side through an arched gateway, from which a high embattled wall branches out each way, with towers at intervals, and encloses the entrance Court, a fine level lawn, having on each side roads thirty feet broad, leading to the terrace which is about 35 yards wide and 170 long. There is also opposite the gateway, a handsome flight of steps, 20 yards wide, by which the terrace may be attained from the entrance court. A rich open porch embellishes the centre of the north front: this conveys to the entrance hall, which opens to a staircase of 90 feet high, and sixty feet square, surrounded on each story by arched corridors that communicate with the apartments: it is wholly of stone, and is lighted by windows filled with painted glass. The saloon, 60 feet by 30, is in the centre of the south front; on the right and left of this apartment are the dining and drawing rooms, each 45 feet by 26, which, with the breakfast and billiard rooms, complete the apartments in the south front; from each extremity of which, branching off at right angles, there are arched open cloisters that communicate with the riding house and stables on the left, and with the kitchen offices on the right; this front is within the cloisters, about 280 feet long, and the prospect hence is extremely beautiful, extending into a long vista of the deer park, with ancient forest trees and rising grounds on each side. The north front is 420 feet long, and is ornamented with eight lofty towers; it likewise contains a number of elegantly decorated apartments of noble dimensions, and commands a very delightful view which opens to Penrith beacon-hill, lately planted, by the present Earl, to Saddleback and the Scotch mountains. This mansion is universally allowed to be one of the most splendid specimens of modern Gothic; and the park and grounds surrounding it, are perhaps not to be surpassed in the British dominions, for extent, beauty, diversity of prospect, and richness of scenery.

A very useful diversion has been made in Penrith

road, near Lowther Castle, by which the steep hill is avoided, and the road brought considerably nearer, through the village of Hackthorpe.

High Heskett is half way between Penrith and Carlisle, being nine miles from each, forming the northern extremity of the lakes. On the progress from Penrith, the prospects are pleasant and extensive: Heskett is a pretty large village; on its eastern side is Tarn Wadling, a lake covering about one hundred acres of land. On the crown of a lofty eminence, on the north-east side of the lake, are the remains of a very strong building, 233 feet by 147. The foundations still appear faced with large stones of ashler work, in some places eight feet in thickness. At what time this fortress was erected is uncertain; by the neighbouring inhabitants it is called Castle Hewin.

An Excursion from Hawes to Middleham.

“I have lately (says a modern tourist) traversed a considerable portion of this country. My own affairs affording little scope for mental exercise, I have often found employment for the eye, and thence for the mind, in surveying the circumjacent scenery.—During the course of the summer, I have beheld the colossean fronts of our northern mountains—with wearied steps have ascended their steep sides—their summits gained, have gazed upon the splendid display of “hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,” that was there spread before me, till the last rays of the retiring sun, adorning the vault of heaven in all the richness of colour, have warned me of the approach of darkness, and of my necessary return to other contemplations, which, if less pleasing, are more profitable.—While the remnant of the harvest was yet scattered over the fields, and the withering leaves had scarcely forsaken the branches, I have seen the snow-clad summit of Skiddaw sparkling in the mid-day sun-beam, like an enormous aggregation of brilliants—dazzling my eye by its inimitable lustre, and

delighting my fancy by the pleasing contrast with the various autumnal tints which variegated the valleys below.—I have crossed the dreary commons between Kendal and Shap. The passing mists now affording an opportunity of espying the top of some lofty mountain—now revealing the depths of some profound ravine, or the dangers of some hitherto unseen precipice. Here all was wildness and chaotic confusion.—But of all my excursive rounds, none has given me so much delight as the ramble of a day from Hawes to Middleham.

Before the dawning morn had been brightened into day, I left Hawes, with an esteemed friend; and took the road to Hardraw, intending to visit the Scar, which is named after that hamlet. After passing over a few fields behind the village ale-house, we arrived at a huge barrier of rocks, which rises to the height of twenty yards. To the right is a similar natural fortification. The intermediate space is of course a deep chasm. Proceeding up this chasm, the rocks increase in loftiness; but are on the left irregular and less perpendicular. There was on the left a singular accumulation of stones, forming a striking resemblance of a cross. Though very accurate, it was without doubt a natural production. But we were deprived of the sight of this curiosity; for some of the country *Vandals* have lately reduced it into a heap of rubbish —“Strange,” said my friend, “that there should be found one being who can thus wantonly devastate the ‘frolic scenes’ of Nature, and suppress that stream of pleasure which flows from the purest fountain of the human heart—stranger still that no punishment should await him!”—After cautiously advancing for a considerable distance we reached the extremity of the glen. Here at a single leap a great body of water falls in one unbroken sheet from the summit of the rocks into a deep receptacle below—What singular sensation pervades us, while the eye is accompanying the descent of the falling water; which, as it approaches

the earth with increasing velocity, appears as if it was about to separate from itself, and to desert the pursuing stream; while another portion apparently dissolves into "thin air," and floats far above the level of the ravine!—When the eye is weary of viewing the foaming water, it is finely relieved by the few hardy shrubs which, springing out of the fissures of the rocks, spread their scanty foliage over the dark and dismal aspect of the castellated precipices. Behind the cascade is a large excavation. In it we stood, and eyed the firmament through the liquid element. We retired, casting an occasional glance at the overhanging steeps, which seemed to threaten us with destruction. And we could scarcely assure ourselves that the danger was imaginary, when we were clambering over the vast masses, which have at some period fallen from the adjoining cliffs, and now obstruct the pathway,

Returning, we bade adieu to Hawes, which is remarkable for nothing but the politeness, intelligence, and hospitality of its inhabitants.

We descended the vale to Askrigg,—The scenery thither is marked with tameness. A want of wood, water, and mountains, leaves little to gratify the eye of observation. A few minutes were spent in observing the simple neatness of Askrigg. Thence we proceeded downwards.

Nappa, a curious old building, the most ancient part of which is now uninhabited, claimed our attention. It is situated in such a declivity that it might easily be assailed from the road; hence it can scarcely be supposed to have been designed for defence. Yet it is surrounded on the assailable sides by a wall, which may formerly have been of more considerable height. It has evidently been erected soon after the civil discords of York and Lancaster. The mansions of our ancestors about that period present a strange incongruity. New and more tasteful ideas of architecture were then beginning to prevail. But the apprehensions of danger had scarcely subsided. The

feudal lord, himself governed by no law, save his own caprice—relied more on the stability of his walls than on the honour of his neighbour. Taste and fear thus opposed, frequently ended in producing a structure of no beauty and of little strength.—We were informed that one of the former owners of Nappa, being High Sheriff of Yorkshire, was attended by three hundred of his own tenantry, all mounted on grey horses. Though the present resident is distinguished by no such empty parade, the blessings of social life will yield him more solid satisfaction, and his own virtues will endear him more closely to his friends, than all the gaudy symbols of ancient time.

After leaving Nappa, the vale by degrees expands. In a short time the stately ruins of Bolton Castle appeared in view. It is placed on the side of a steep hill. The situation not particularly commanding. A part of it is yet habitable. Here we applied, and found a person who civilly accompanied us through the building. We ascended the narrow winding staircase of the north-western tower, and gained the embrasured roof. Hence the prospect is pretty extensive and very agreeable. The hills are more prominent—the woods more extensive. To the south is Preston rock. Before us Pennyhill. To the left, the straggling village of Bolton.—While gazing upon the expanse around us, we conceived that we might be experiencing as much real enjoyment as any of its former haughty lords, though they were viewing the servility of their vassals in the court-yard below—or were surveying the surrounding country, unable to discover the boundary of their own domain.—From the distant scenes we soon return to the desolation before us. How is the importance of this remnant of other days departed! Four towers (connected by trifling erections) formed it. Of one no vestige remains—another is in ruins—and the two remaining, their pomp vanished, their strength destroyed, are kept in order by two hinds, who gain a pittance by guarding the relics of former greatness!

Yet how can we lament its destruction, when we remember that in it was confined the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots? When we reflect that its lord performed a part in that bloody drama which concluded in hurrying to the block an illustrious princess whose beauty and whose misfortunes were her greatest crimes—a drama which will for ever stain the name of Elizabeth, and tarnish the otherwise glorious achievements of her eventful reign?—Well for her and well for the nation if the curtain of oblivion could fall upon the disgraceful scenes!—Is there one so callous as to tread the dreary and desolate apartment in which Mary was immured, without being agitated with the fury of indignation against her oppressors—while his soul is melting at the recollection of all her misery and of all her woe?

Quitting Bolton Castle we reached Bolton Hall.—Observe the contrast! The one worn out with age—decayed and deserted!—The other flourishing in all the pride of youth—clothed in all the splendour which munificence can supply—and so guarded by the shelter of surrounding woods, that scarce “the winds of heaven can visit it too roughly.”

At every step the scenery becomes more engaging. The villages seem peopled by that kind of “bold peasantry” which is at once the pride and support of Old England. The seats of the gentry are marked with modest elegance. The land appears more fertile. The groves, scattered around the country with peculiar neatness, are more majestic. While the whole is mellowed by the gentle glidings of the river Ure. In short, the whole district reflects that description of simple beauty, which, like the balm of heaven, gently falls upon the sight, and soothes the mind without disturbing the passions.

We now arrived at Leyburn.—Its spacious streets did not detain us long; and we proceeded towards Middleham. This was the pleasantest part of our ramble. The two towns are charmingly situated on the summits of trifling eminences, in full view of each other. As we crossed the valley which sepa-

rates them. the departing sun shed his golden beams upon Middleham, and tinged the pinnacles of the groves in its vicinage with softened richness. Down the centre of the vale the Ure impels his streams, in beauteous curves; and destitute of wood, (save here and there a solitary shrub,) relies solely on his own attractive powers for eliciting the admiration of those who perambulate his humble banks.

The end of our journey gained, we paid a short visit to the remains of Middleham Castle.

“There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragments fall.

“Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
To watch the sport of Fate,
While Time against the pillars leans,
And bows them with his weight.”

Should those who have pursued our arrangement of routes, wish to conclude their tour of the lakes at Lancaster, the place from whence we started the route, prefixed to the commencement of this excursion, as it supplies the distances from place to place, will easily accommodate itself to that arrangement. As this last excursion is, perhaps, that of the least interest, it may, if time be wanted, be omitted by the traveller. It is, however, given here, in order to make the tour of the lakes complete.

The curious in Geology may feel no small interest in the following remarks. On the succession of rocks in the district of the lakes, by Mr. J. Otley.

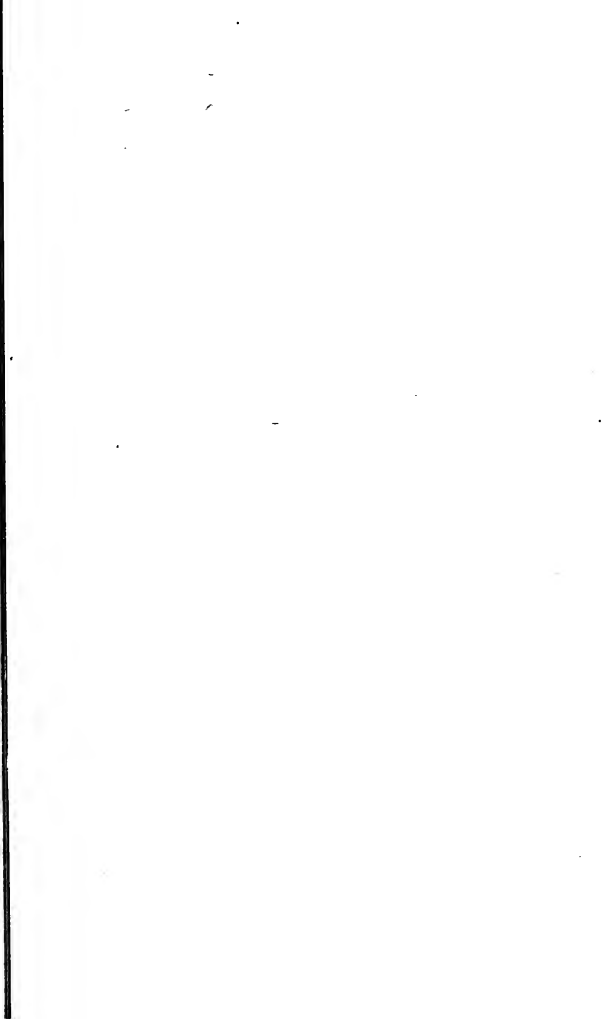
Granite is understood to occupy the lowest place in the series of rocks, which have hitherto been exposed to human observation; it may be called the foundation rock upon which all the others rest; there are however, rocks of granite found in other situations; these may be considered as of a later formation. The only granite which I think entitled to the name primary, appearing in this district, is of a grey kind, composed of quartz, white felspar, and

black mica; it may be seen denudated in the bed of the river Ca'dew, near its source on the north east side of Skiddaw; and in a branch of the river Greta between Skiddaw and Saddleback, about 400 yards above the level of the sea.

The rocks which succeed, and have been confounded together under the general name of slaty rocks, may be classed in three principal divisions. The first of which, or lowest in the series, forms the mountains of Skiddaw, Saddleback, Grisdale Pike, and Grasmoor, with most of the Newlands' mountains, extending across Crommack Lake, and by the foot of Ennerdale, as far as Dent Hill.

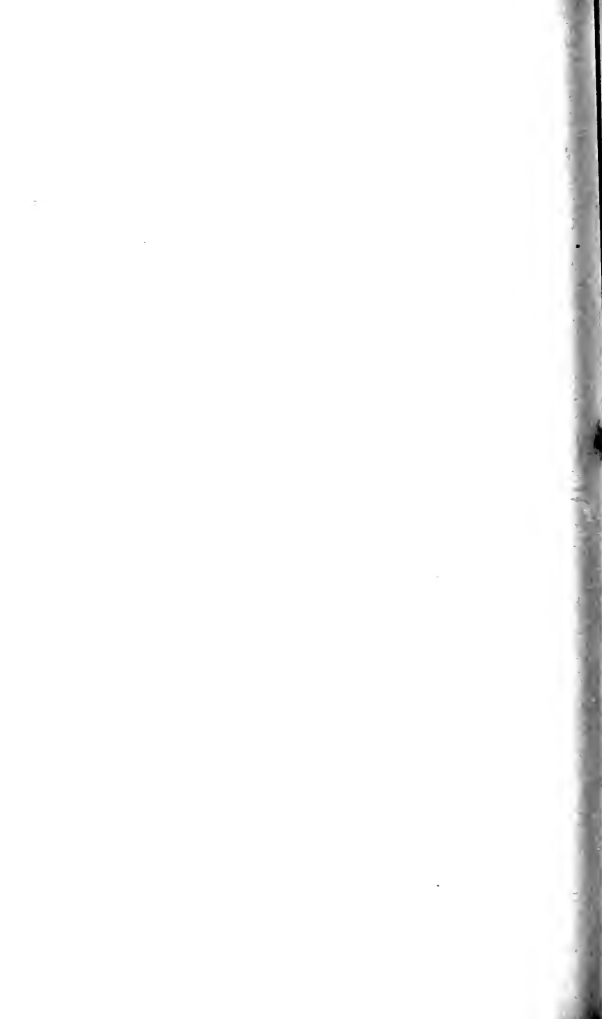
The second division consists of rocks more varied in their composition; they have been included under the general name of slate rocks; but as those rocks which exhibit the slaty cleavage, form but a small portion of this division, it does not accord with my ideas to apply the term slate to the rocks not possessing the laminar, or slaty structure.

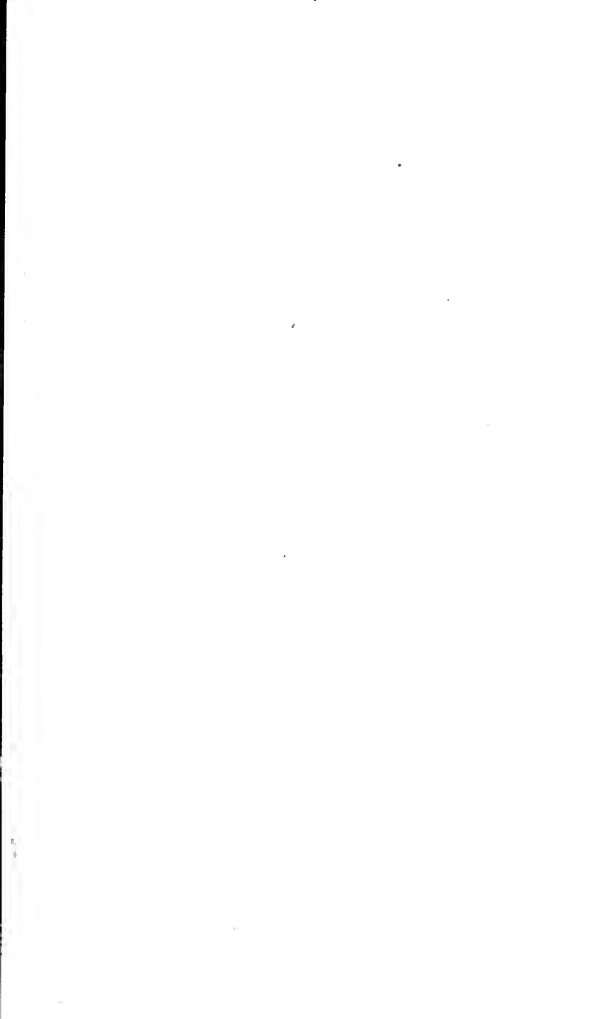
The third division, forming only inferior elevations, commences with a bed (erroneously called a vein) of a dark-blue limestone, (the transition limestone of some geologists,) intermixed with a slaty rock of the same colour: this is the first stratum in which I have recognised any organic remains of shells, &c.











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